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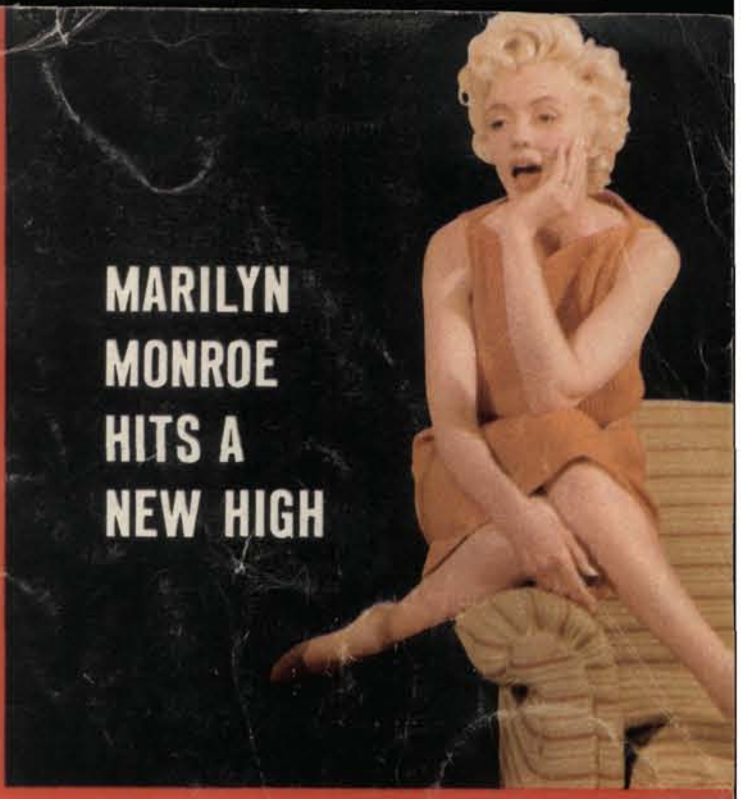

MARILYN MONROE HITS A NEW HIGH

TOP SECRET
SECRET
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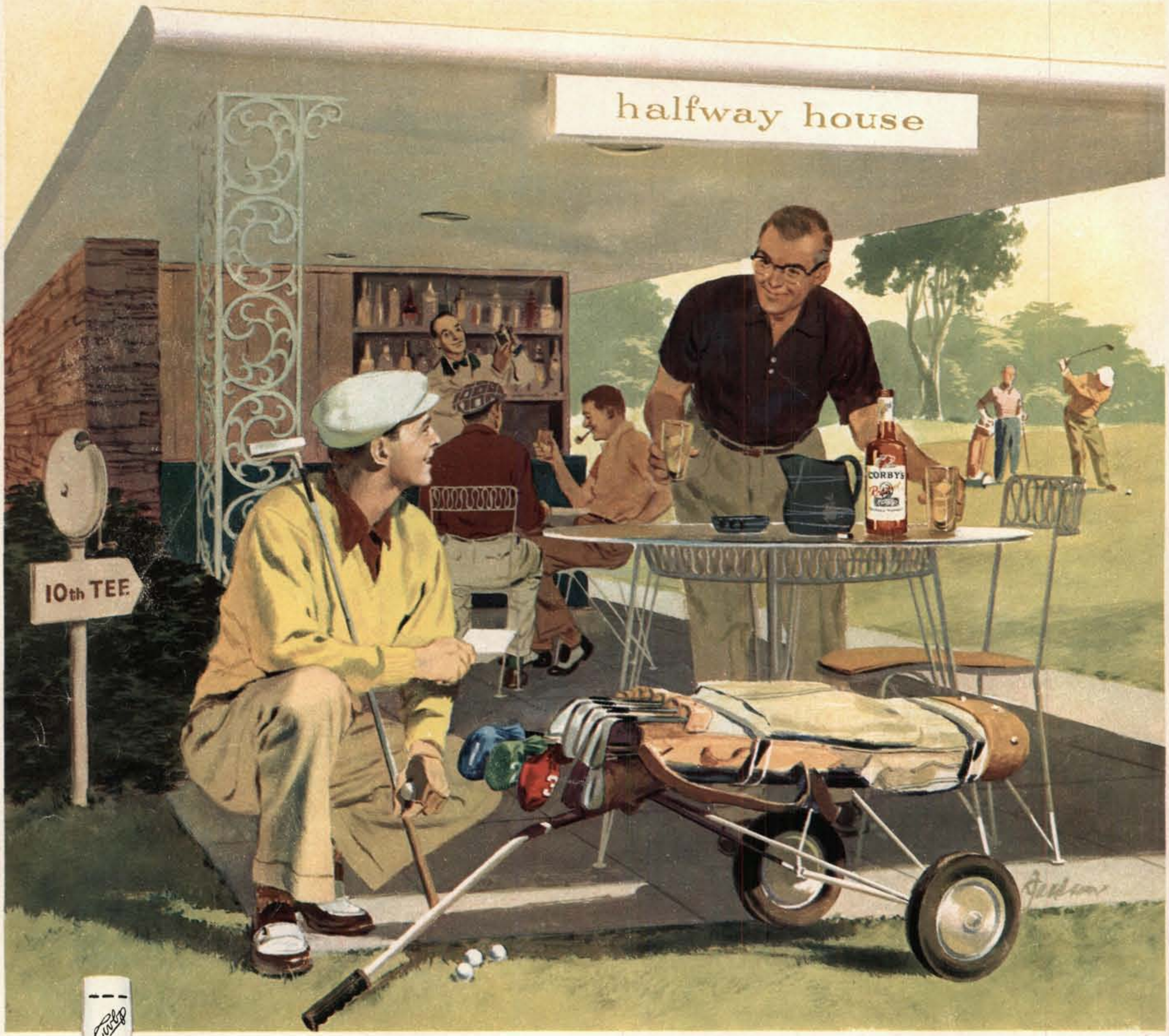
SPECIAL REPORT

WHAT PRICE SECURITY?

PAGE 58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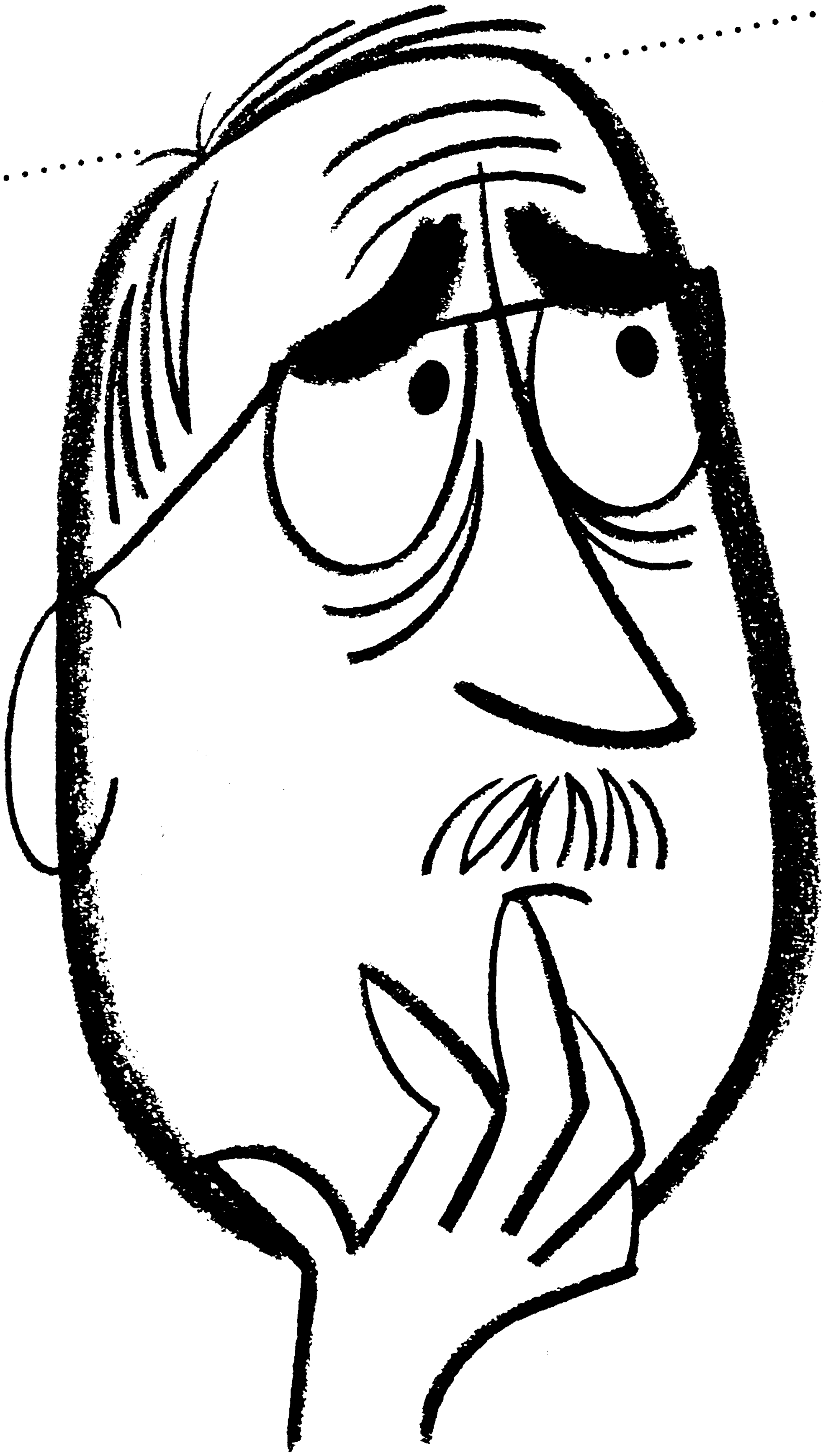

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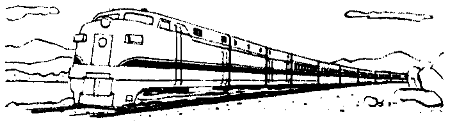

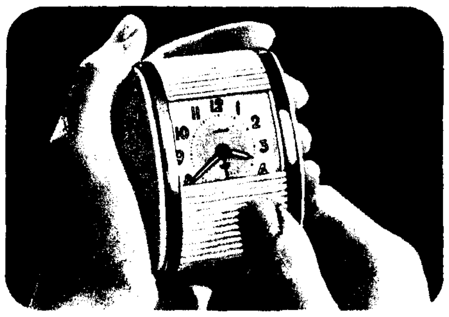

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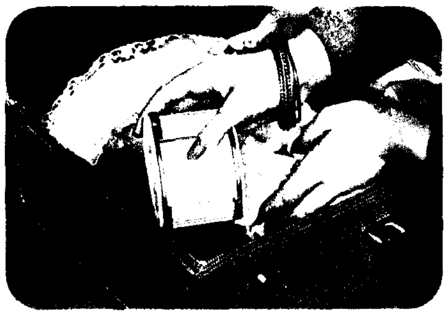

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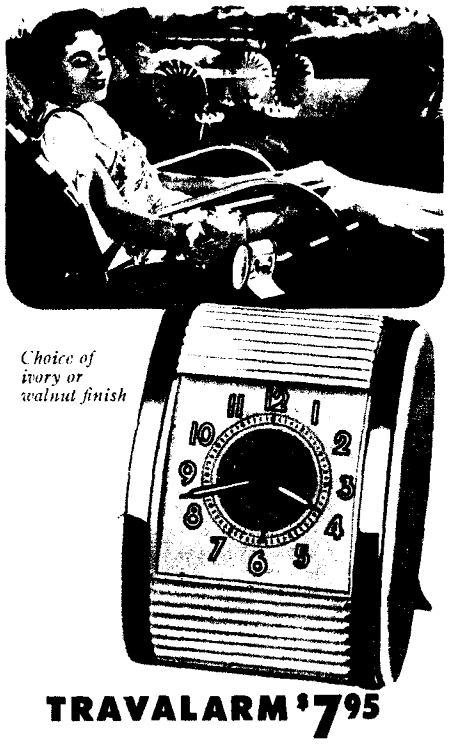

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THE COVER . . Rebecca Merrilees

The security stamps which make up the cover design for this issue suggest the heart of a matter having tremendous significance for the world, and for you. Early in 1953 a new security plan was announced in Washington, aimed at protecting government secrets while safeguarding the rights of federal workers. Critics have claimed since that the program hurts American prestige abroad and damages individuals—without noticeably increasing security. Writer Charlotte Knight spent two months researching the situation in our State Department. The result of her effort appears as a special report on page 58

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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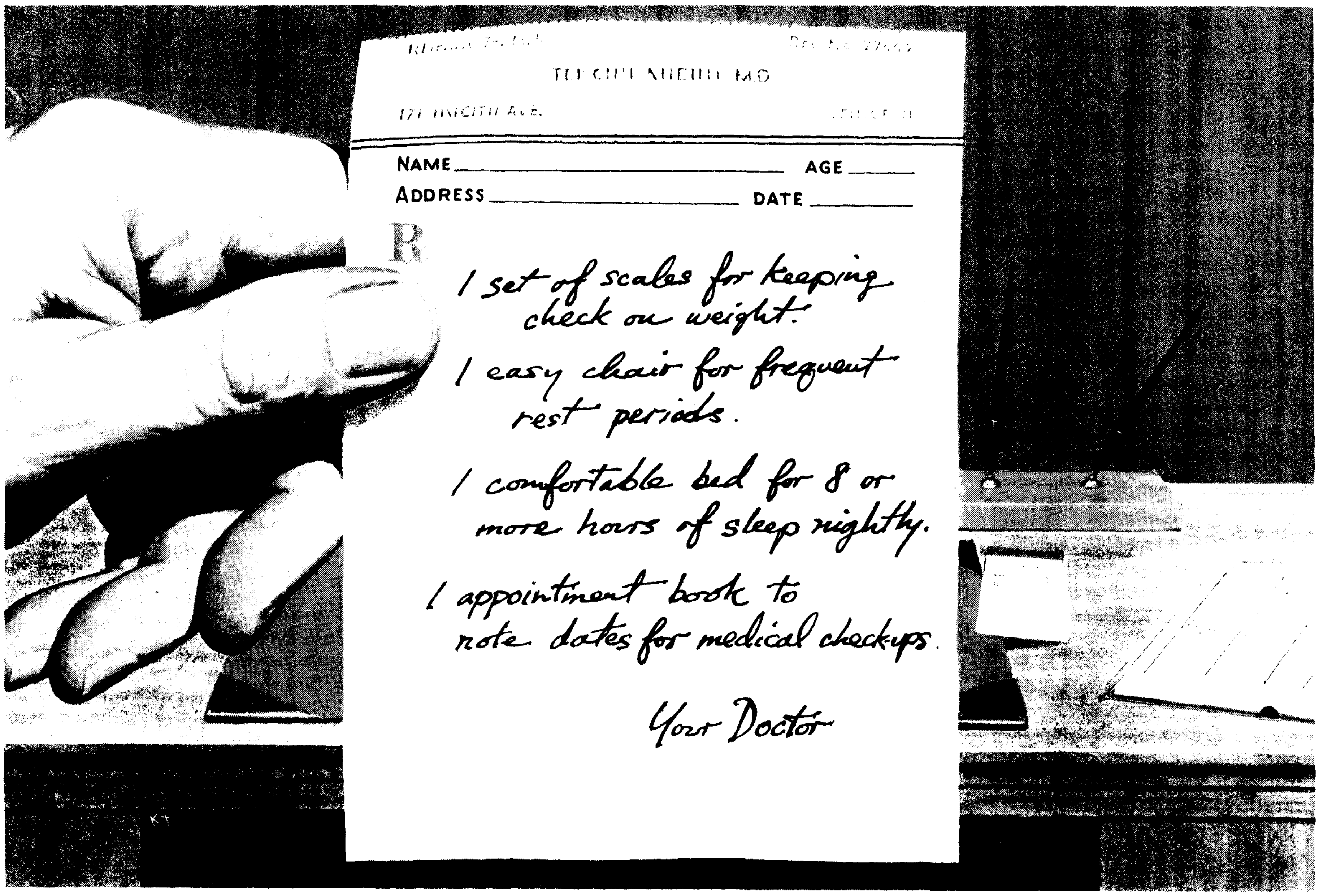

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Your Doctor

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If you are one of the several millions of Americans who have, or will have, the common, uncomplicated type of high blood pressure . . . or *hypertension* . . . your doctor will probably recommend a "prescription" like that shown above.

There are, of course, several drugs that may be helpful in treating high blood pressure, and others of promise are under study. In addition, special diets . . . for example, those in which salt is restricted . . . are often beneficial. Surgery, also, may be helpful in some cases.

Successful control of hypertension, however, still depends mostly on whether or not the patient learns to live on good terms with high blood pressure. For example, many victims can keep their blood pressure from rising still higher . . . and may even lower it . . . simply by controlling their weight through proper eating habits.

Since the majority of people who develop high blood pressure are of the so-called "high-strung type," it is most important for them to follow the routine of living and working specified by the doctor. In some cases, adopting a calm and relaxed attitude may bring blood pressure down before it has a chance to damage the heart and blood vessels.

Above all, it is important to learn to avoid *sustained* tension which tends to elevate blood pressure and perhaps keep it at an excessively high level. Avoiding tension usually involves a change in attitude and perspective toward what we must do, rather than ceasing or drastically curtailing normal activity.

Those suffering from hypertension should see their doctor for regular medical check-ups and treatment. This will enable the doctor to detect possible complications early, and to take steps to help correct them.

It is also wise for those who do *not* have hypertension to arrange for periodic health examinations, including a check on blood pressure. This is especially important for those who are *middle-aged and older*, are *overweight*, or have *a family history of hypertension*.

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, learn to saunter instead of gallop"? There is a lot of truth in it for everyone . . . especially for those with high blood pressure. In fact, many people today who have this ailment can expect to live long and useful lives simply by reducing the tension in everyday living.

Medical science is steadily increasing its knowledge of high blood pressure. Aiding in this work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund which is supported by 141 Life Insurance Companies. Studies now in progress may reveal much additional information about the causes of hypertension, and supply other knowledge which could make treatment even more effective.

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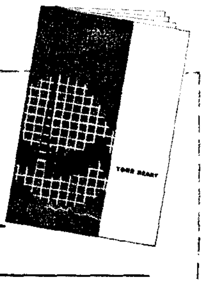

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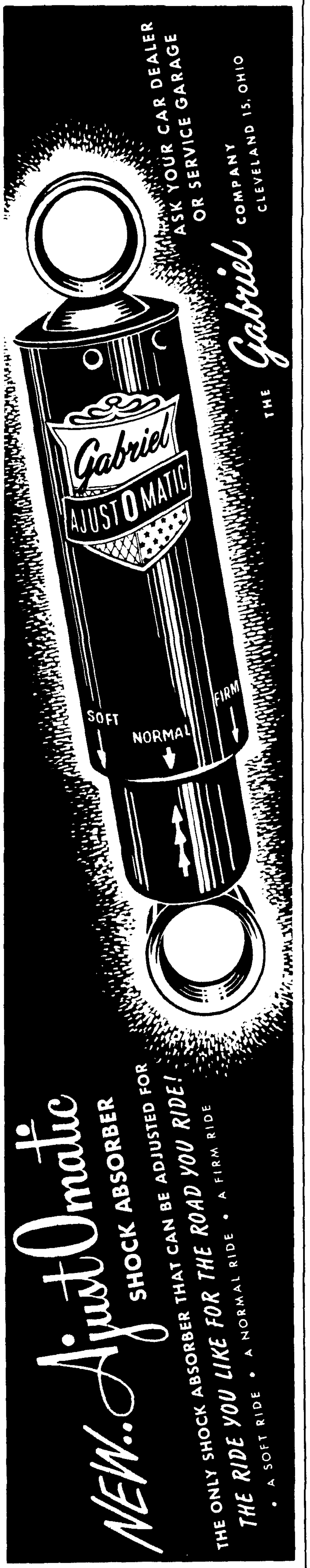
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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

JIMMY STEWART once told me that the only time he ever visited my home town (we're both Pennsylvanians), he went to a fire. It appears his father was a fire buff and he and Jimmy were passing through Pottsville, so they stopped at what I think was Good Intent Hose Company Number 1, and while the senior Mr. Stewart was making an informal inspection of the American-LaFrance, an alarm was sounded. I was what you might call a beer member of the Phoenix Hook & Ladder Number 1, so my meeting with Jimmy was delayed for some years.

What brings Jimmy to mind at this point is a strange observation by an artist friend of mine, who told me he had been watching me during the McCarthy-Army hearings. I did go down to take them in, so it was possible; but that isn't what he meant. "Part of the time I was watching you and part of the time I was watching Jimmy Stewart."

"Again, please?" said I.

"Senator Jackson. Part of the time he looks like you, the rest of the time he looks like Stewart."

Jackson, you will go far.

* * *

A COUPLE of years ago I was working late at night, writing a novel, in fact, and I decided to take ten. Turned on the radio to a disc jockey and heard Something New: a beautiful, beautiful piano, and played by a woman. I am on record as a great believer in women, but not as jazz piano players. This one, however, was Marian McPartland playing Strike Up the Band. These many nights later I finally got around to putting in a personal appearance at Hickory House, the chapel where she now holds forth. Catch her there if you are in New York and interested.

Also ran into my friend George Wettling, the only man I can think of offhand who is an artist with both the wire brushes and the bristle ones. I just mention George because if Marian McPartland is good enough for a great drummer like George to drop in on and listen to, you need have no reservations, table or otherwise.

* * *

ORDINARILY I don't pay a great deal of attention to the work of the set dressers in a movie, but several times during M-G-M's The Student Prince, I had the depressing thought that you could put on a good play for what it cost to build just one set in that film. Possibly because producer Joe Pasternak was once a bus boy, the beer-hall details are worked out with such loving care that I got hungry for a pretzel.

I offer no splendid analysis of The Student Prince, which you will go to or not, as it impressed you in the past. In this version, however, I found two causes for small comment: it is an opportunity to study the art of dubbing; the words are mouthed by Edmund Purdom, but sung by Mario Lanza. The other comment: Betta St. John, a right smart bit of young womanhood, must have thought she was in Oklahoma! rather than Germany. Or maybe she was supposed to be a Western zone princess, because she referred several times to her dancing *pardner*.

In any event, what do you imagine a girl as pretty as that was doing all the time the prince was acting up with Ann Blyth? Pasternak, old boy, that's a better story than The Student Prince.

* * *

WHAT WAS IT that made me sit through a picture that is so completely out of my customary frame of interest? (Notice I didn't say frame of reference? I never do.) The picture was The Pickwick Papers, based on the book by that former newspaperman, C. Dickens. Well, I guess what made me sit through it was simply that I was having a good time, and what gave me a good time was the acting. And, of course, when you act, you have to act something, and in this case it was the characters created by that aforementioned former newspaperman, which I hope are more familiar to you than they were to me.

As a matter of fact, I dropped in to see the movie because I'd never read The Pickwick Papers, and now the book goes on the skyscraping stack of works I intend to read sometime, thanks to the contemptible old cinema. Meanwhile, you can safely put it on your own movie list, in spite of the fact that it is dangerously precious, and that there is only one pretty girl, June Thorburn, to be seen rather briefly.

Two sequences will hit you. One: suddenly you get a realistic picture of life in a nineteenth-century debtors' gaol that makes Hogarth seem like Grandma Moses. Two: the methods of the plaintiff's lawyer in the suit against Mr. Pickwick make you want to stay out of court forever, but especially in 1954.

* * *

FASHIONABLE Southampton, Long Island, is twenty minutes away by MG dogcart from my summer retreat. For seventeen years it has been the place where I could gaze at Mayfair (what ever happened to Mayfair?), the *jeunesse dorée*, Expense-Account Society and people so rich and strong that by choice they know only each other. At a single dance there I have seen Henry Ford II, Ginger Rogers, Hedy La-

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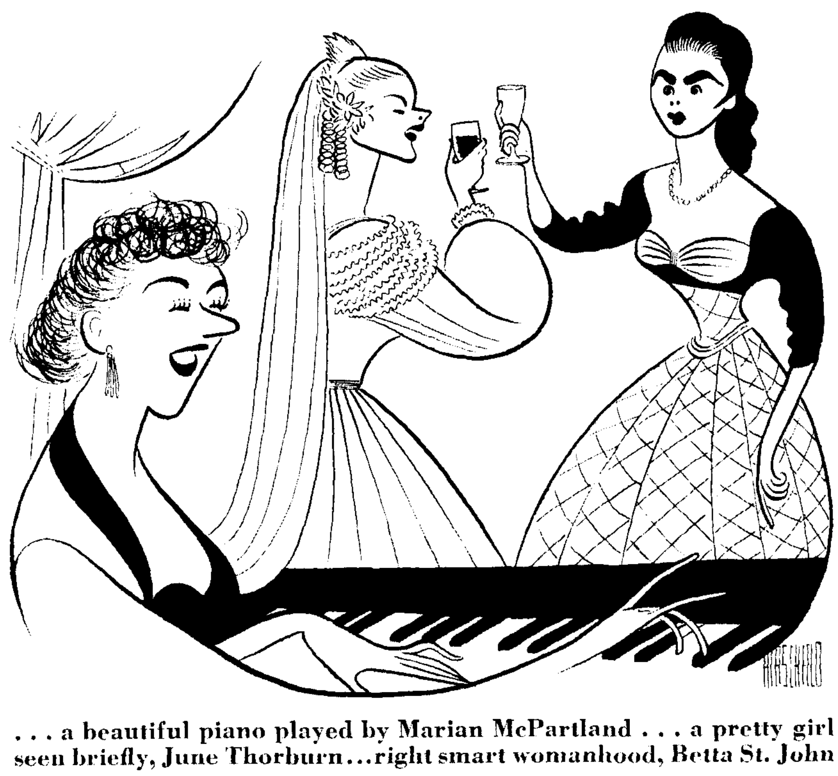

. . . a beautiful piano played by Marian McPartland . . . a pretty girl seen briefly, June Thorburn . . . right smart womanhood, Betta St. John

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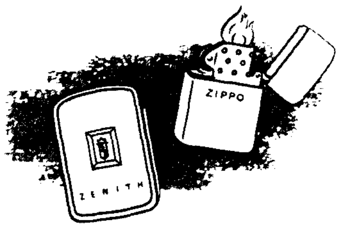

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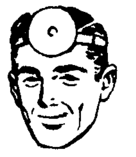

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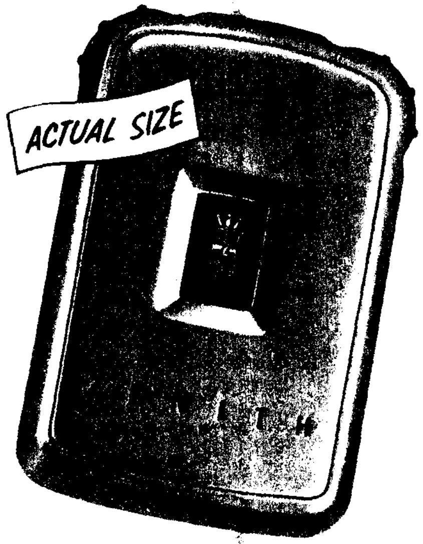

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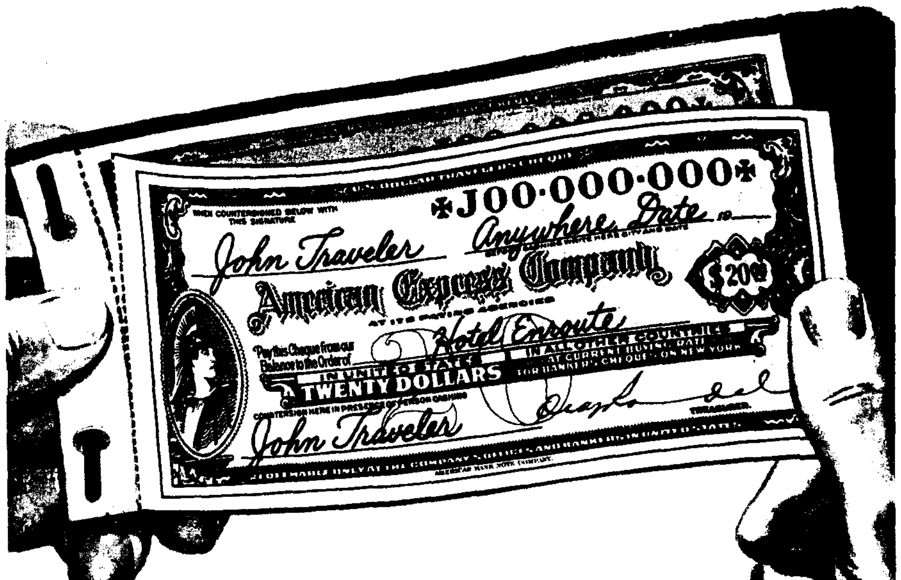

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

marr, Gary Cooper, Richard Barthelmess, A Duke and a duke, and so many younger members of the Jet Set that it would take years to remember all their names (since the turnover among the ladies' names is fairly extensive, Darling or Sweetie is as much as they need).

Southampton may be the last place of its kind, and oddly enough it may be the first place of its kind. Bar Harbor, the Massachusetts North Shore, Edgartown, Newport —they have been established for more than fifty years. And so has Southampton, with the difference, however, that new money keeps coming to Southampton and the place is now big enough so that the new money and the Old Guard can spend their summers in the same town, if not quite together.

It is nice to see the 1930 limousines and the 1954 sports cars being polite to one another on Job's Lane. They all eat the same caviar in Southampton, and that too is democracy, you know.

★ ★ ★

I CAME AWAY from the race track $20.50 to the good, which, as we Irish say, is better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. It was my first visit to Belmont this meeting, but not, I hope, my last.

When I got home, I accidentally came upon a 1951 program in which I apparently bet and lost on a colt named Repetorie. I thought: I should have known better than to have backed a horse with such a misspelled name. I should have put my money on a nice, easy name like the 14 horse—Count Turf, McCreary up. Uh-huh. That year's Derby winner.

But then if it's spelling I care about, I shouldn't have bet on Luckey Pete that day, and it was Luckey Pete that kept me well.

Might as well admit it: I smoke cigarettes and play pool, too.

★ ★ ★

SIXTY-THREE kindly, alert people took the trouble to get out the scissors and do the other chores that are involved in clipping and mailing to George Burns and Gracie Allen a modest tribute that appeared herein not long ago. I got the figure from George Burns himself, who certainly was not bothered by the problem of answering the clippers. No bother at all.

That is one of the rewards of this job. I am suspicious of power, for myself or anyone else, but I am glad that in this job I have the power to stir up some active enthusiasm for performers who I think deserve it.

★ ★ ★

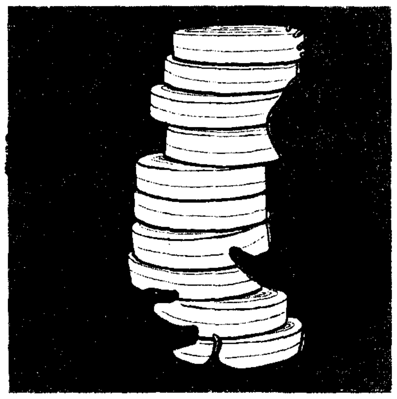
IN THE course of covering a baseball game many years ago, Heywood Broun chanced to report that a batsman poled one out and hit the Gillette sign. A couple of days later the razor people, grateful for the publicity, sent him some of The Product. In his next few stories Broun managed to refer to the Packard automobile, but apparently the motor folk didn't read baseball, for Broun got no Packard.

Well, I quite frankly am out to hint for a book, a rare book. You see, I get around in the strangest places. I have an excuse: I am an author. I have a reason: I *like* to go to offbeat places, and among them I must include the Philadelphia Club, which certainly is off my beat. My chances, for instance, of becoming a member of the Philadelphia Club are a little less favorable than the likelihood of my being included in the college of cardinals. But I had lunch there recently and for a few minutes watched some members playing a game called Sniff. It's a form of dominoes, and special to the Philadelphia Club, so that the only rulebook was written by a member, a Mr. Benjamin Chew.

The title of the book is, of course, Chew on Sniff. You see why I would like to have a copy? (And can't I hear some of the members, on reading this, saying: "Who in blazes brought that feller in?")

★ ★ ★

WHEN I WAS a movie press agent, an experience that may have diverted me from my original intention to become a lyric poet, someone in our office invented a scheme that never failed to get a couple of lines in the newspapers. Announcements would go out saying: "Hal Wallis, accompanied by his wife, the former Louise Fazenda, will arrive Tuesday on the Twentieth Century, bringing with him the first prints of Strange Virgin," or whatever the name of the picture, plus the names of the stars and as many featured players as we could get away with.



Did they believe Louise Fazenda, Hal Wallis carried 5 reels each?

I often wondered what went on in the minds of the men and women who printed that item. Did they really think Hal Wallis lugged a print of a ten-reel movie all the way from California? Did they ever *see* a print of a ten-reel movie. Did they believe that Louise Fazenda carried five reels and Hal the other five? Do they now suspect that Hal Wallis left the Warner Brothers because Jack and Harry and Albert were making him do messenger duty? You would be amazed at the otherwise skeptical newsmen who printed that item over and over again. I publish this revelation now to warn you not to believe everything you read about movie people, in case you did. Everything you read here is okay, but I can't vouch for everything you read elsewhere.

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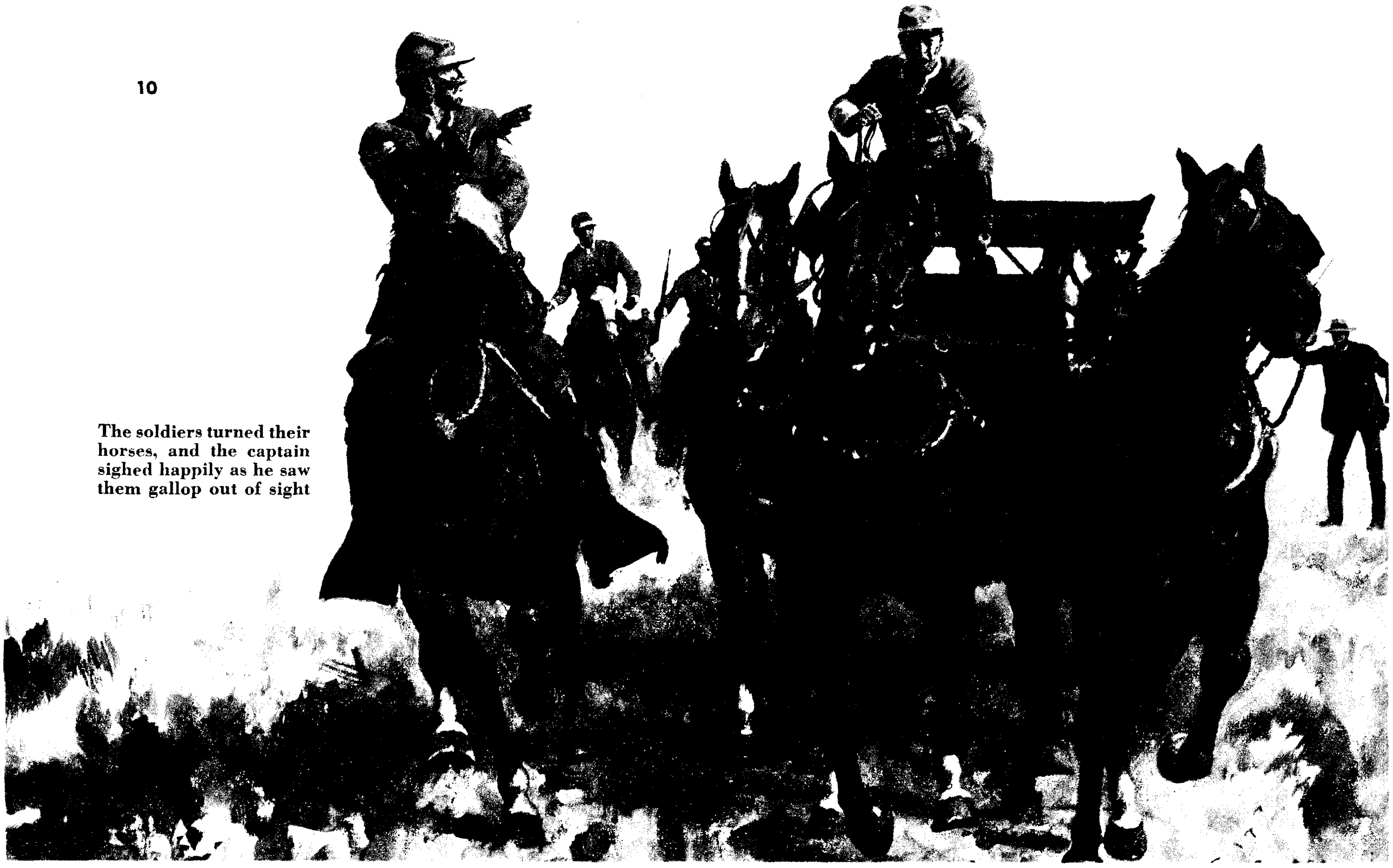


The soldiers turned their horses, and the captain sighed happily as he saw them gallop out of sight

EDWIN DAWES

The Captain's Counterfeit

By WILLIAM KINGSFIELD

IT WAS a summer morning in 1863. From a cloudless sky the sun blazed down on the quiet Pennsylvania countryside, but it was cool in the shadow of the farmhouse where old Captain Fitzhugh was weeding his flower garden. *"Fight the never-ending battle,"* he sang, bobbing his head. It was his favorite hymn, one that he had learned almost fifty years ago from the Southern preacher who had set his wounded knee after the Battle of New Orleans. And then he looked up as a wagon clattered to a stop in front of the house. The driver leaned across the disheveled woman at his side and called, "Rebels on the York road, Captain Fitz."

The old man got up slowly and limped across the yard. "Rebel soldiers, eh?" he said, peering up at the couple in the wagon. He saw they were neighbors from down in the valley.

"Thick as flies," the man said.

"They'll burn the house and barn," the woman wailed.

"Must have been a hundred of them," the man said. "They split up down by the cemetery. Most of them went east, but a couple of their wagons started up the back road. We locked the house and headed north; figured we'd be safer in the village than back there." The farmer turned and looked down the empty road. "You'd better get that hired man of yours and come along."

The old man said, "Think they'll be coming this way, eh?"

"Hell, yes," the farmer said. "They're looking for anything they can steal. There's no telling what they might do, the two of you being old Federal soldiers and all."

Captain Fitzhugh stood a little straighter in the bright sunshine. "There's no need for you to worry about me and Silas," he said. "We can take care of ourselves."

"It's no worry of mine," the farmer replied darkly and drove off toward the nearby village.

The captain turned and went into the house. There he banged his cane several times on the floor and listened until he heard the sound of footsteps along the hall. Silas Blanchard entered the room.

Silas had been Captain Fitzhugh's faithful servant since 1815, when—in a skirmish with a company of His Majesty's Highlanders—the captain had saved Silas' life. Afterward, when the peace treaty had been signed, Silas had followed the captain back to Pennsylvania. He did the cooking and housework, as well as farming the patch of land, while Captain Fitzhugh worked in his flower garden in the summer and wrote his memoirs in the winter.

Silas was a sad-faced little gnome with a faded gray mustache. He had been sipping homemade whisky in the kitchen. "Ready for your nap, Captain?" he asked a bit thickly.

"Damn the nap," the old man snapped. "There's a pack of Rebels on the York road."

Silas paled visibly. "Rebels, Captain?"

"Now don't you fret, Silas," the captain said. "We'll be ready for them. Now, pay attention to this: find your ax, then go out to the barn and harness the mare to the buggy. Drive her up toward the village and when you get past the second turn, pull off the road and hitch her to a tree. Cut a branch and tie it to the back of the buggy. Then you run back here as fast as you can."

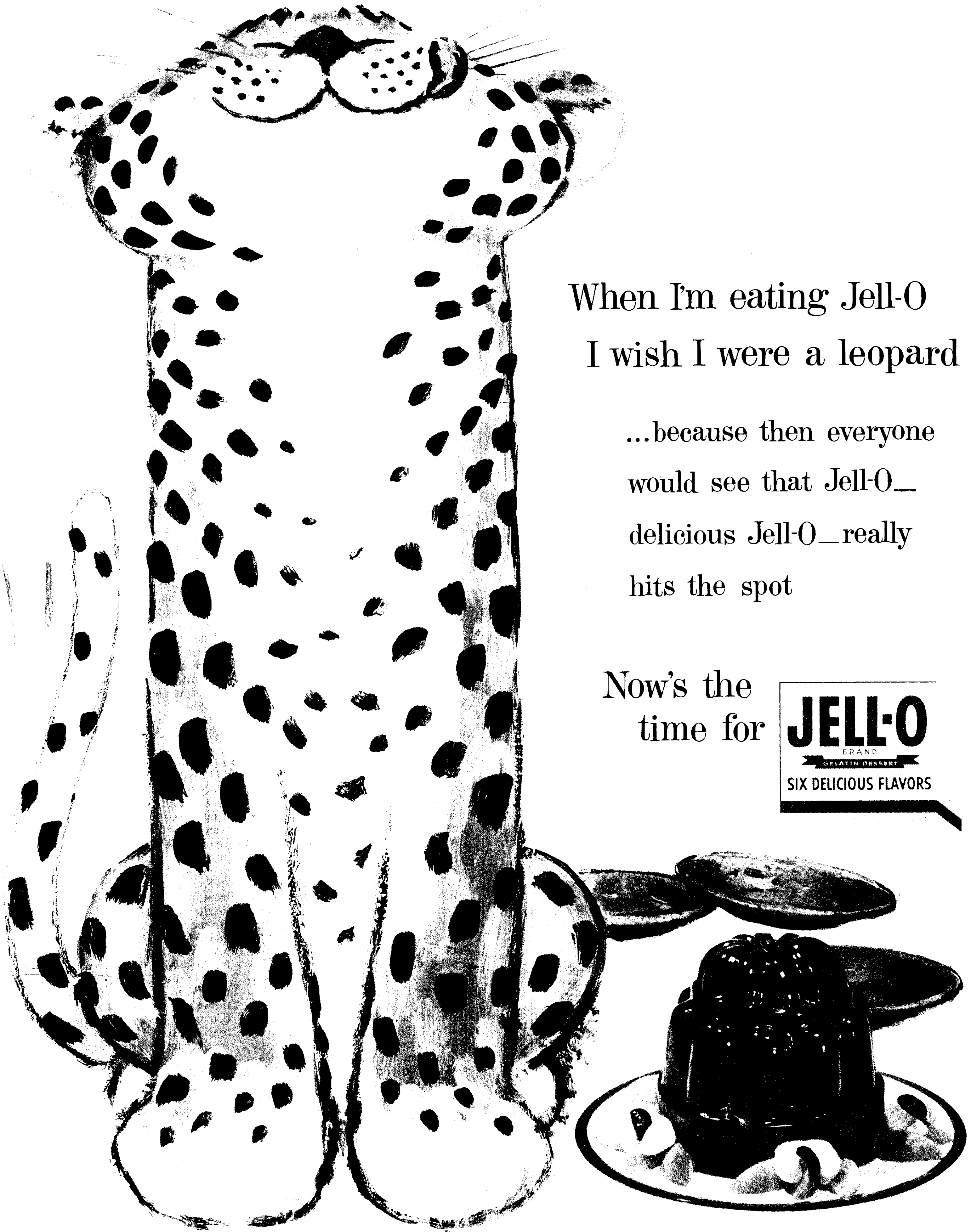
"Yes, sir."

"Cut a big branch," the captain warned. "You'll have to raise enough dust for a regiment!" Silas nodded dazedly and hurried from the room. "Thick as flies, eh?" the captain said aloud. "Well, we'll teach them a trick or two about fighting a war."

WHEN Silas returned to the farmhouse he paused to take a gulp from the whisky jug and then hurried down the hall to the parlor. The captain was holding the dusty battle flag that usually hung against the wall. He turned and said, "Oh, everything ready? You cut a big branch?"

The little man nodded, and Captain Fitzhugh looked down at the banner. "This is the flag we

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT



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carried at New Orleans," he said solemnly, handing it to Silas. "Take good care of it. Now, you get down to the cellar. Stay there until you hear this signal." He thumped his cane on the floor. "When you hear it, that means the Rebels are here," the old man explained, "and you slip out the cellar door. Then I'll go out and tell the Rebs there's a troop of Federal soldiers coming down the road from the village."

"What Federal soldiers?" Silas asked.

"General Hooker's, of course, you blamed fool."

Silas hesitated, then ventured a hopeful smile. "You mean some of General Hooker's troops are here in the valley?"

Captain Fitzhugh laughed slyly. "That's what the Rebels will think," he said, "when they see the dust."

"Dust?" Silas asked, and then his shoulders sagged. "Oh," he said. "You mean me."

"That's right," the captain said. "While I talk to the Rebs, you run up and get the buggy and start down the road. The Rebs will see the dust through the trees, and when you hold up the flag they'll scatter out of here like Old Scratch was after them."

Silas swallowed hard. "Yes, sir," he replied glumly, and left the room. He picked up the jug of whisky from the table and went down the steep steps to the cellar. He lifted the jug and took several swallows. He said, "Me against the whole Rebel army." Then his lower lip trembled and he began to weep quietly as he thought of the day Captain Fitzhugh had helped him across the battlefield to safety. He frowned in fierce determination.

"Don't you fret, Captain," he muttered, reaching for the jug. "We'll be ready for them."

UPSTAIRS, Captain Fitzhugh sat at the front window and patiently watched the road. A group of riders was coming over the crest of the hill and moving down the long slope. There were seven or eight men on horseback, followed by a high-sided wagon. The captain fumbled for his cane and rapped it sharply against the floor. "Silas," he bellowed. There was a muffled crash of a jug breaking. "Move out," the captain called. "The Rebels are coming." He got up then and stepped out onto the porch, looking toward the south.

The column was halfway down the slope, the horses cantering easily. The riders slouched in their saddles while the driver of the wagon sprawled comfortably on the wide seat. They didn't look much like soldiers to Captain Fitzhugh.

Led by a burly sergeant, the gray-uniformed riders came to a halt in front of the house. The captain glanced to the north and then looked back at the soldiers. The sergeant dismounted and walked toward him. "Watch out, Sarge," one man called, "he's a mean-looking old coot."

The sergeant grinned and stopped at the foot of the steps. "We're looking for flour," he drawled. The old man made no reply. "I reckon I know how you feel, mister," the sergeant went on, "but—"

"Mister?" the captain roared and shook his cane at the young man. "You're talking to an officer, Sergeant. Captain Patrick Fitzhugh. Forty-fourth Infantry."

The sergeant hesitated. He almost smiled, and then saluted crisply. The captain straightened his shoulders, and brushed his finger tips against the brim of his straw hat. "Stand easy," he grunted.

The younger man obediently shifted his weight. "Captain," he said patiently, "there's a war—"

"War?" the captain shouted. "Don't talk to me about war. I was fighting the British before your daddy was born. You aren't soldiers, you're thieves!"

The sergeant said patiently, "We aim to pay for anything we take."

"You'll take nothing from this house!" Captain Fitzhugh said and glanced up the road toward the village. Then he leaned forward on his cane. "Sergeant," he said, "I'll give you some mighty sound advice. You clear out of here before you meet up with some of General Hooker's troops."

"I guess you haven't heard what we did to old Hooker down at Chancellorsville," the sergeant retorted coldly.

CAPTAIN FITZHUGH threw back his head and laughed. "All right, Sergeant," he said, "you just rest here in the shade for a while and tell me what you did."

The sergeant stared at the old man, but before he could speak there was a shout from the road. One of the soldiers was pointing toward the north, to a flat cloud of dust that could be seen above the trees.

Captain Fitzhugh grumbled: "Not so fast, damn it! Slow her down."

The sergeant shot a quick glance at the old man. "Looks like cavalry," the captain said loudly, avoiding the sergeant's eyes. The sergeant looked back at the road; suddenly a flag appeared in a rift between the trees. A vagrant breeze caught the distant banner, and the white-and-scarlet stripes rippled for a brief moment above the heavy green shrubbery. "Oh, Lordy," the captain whispered and stood a little straighter.

The sergeant turned and ran across the yard to the road. There was a quick thunder of hoofs as the soldiers wheeled their horses and started toward the south. The captain watched them gallop up the slope and disappear from sight. Then he pushed back his hat and wiped his hand against his forehead. He sighed weakly and looked at the cloud of dust. By thunder, he thought, drunk or sober, Silas was a real soldier.

The captain turned unsteadily and went into the house and seated himself in the big chair beside the window. His body ached with a dull tiredness and he tried to recall the sergeant's words. Chancellorsville? The old man frowned. Maybe the sergeant was right. Maybe the war was over. Then he remembered the sight of the flag through the trees and smiled with sudden confidence. Let them come, he told himself. His head nodded once, then again, and he was asleep. . . .

To the north the long cloud of dust had reached the end of the trees and the long column of Federal cavalry moved into sight behind their fluttering battle flag. They moved so quietly that they awakened neither Captain Fitzhugh, dozing in his chair by the window, nor Silas Blanchard, snoring peacefully at the foot of the cellar stairs. They passed the farmhouse and rode slowly down the dusty road that led to Gettysburg.

—WILLIAM KINGSFIELD

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

As family rows go, it was pretty complex. The way we get it, via Mr. Jerome Weikel's letter from Bismarck, North Dakota, this is how it started: the lady demanded that her husband tell her where he was spending so much of his time of nights, and he took refuge behind the fifth amendment.

* * *

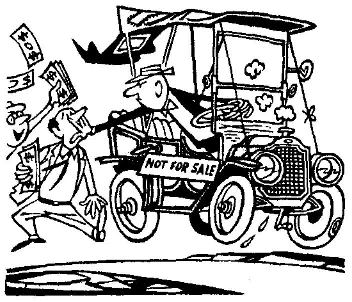
It may be all settled by the time we hit the newsstands, but at this writing San Diego, California, is having a little trouble finding four ladies for the police force. One of the qualifications is that they be "of average appearance." None of the otherwise eligible ladies will admit to that, and no examiner dares say they are.

* * *

In Louisville, Kentucky, an eminent educator urges parents to "think of your children as guests in your home." This perspective, of course, in the interests of better understanding between the kids and the old folks. But it prompted Mr. Loring Filmore to write to us asking what to do if a guest who had recently bought a secondhand trombone persisted in practicing his music in the living room for a couple of hours every night.

* * *

A tired grandpappy of a car was seen near Mannsville, Oklahoma, by Mr. George Norris, rambling reporter for the Ardmore Ardmoreite. The venerable crate griped, gagged and groaned.



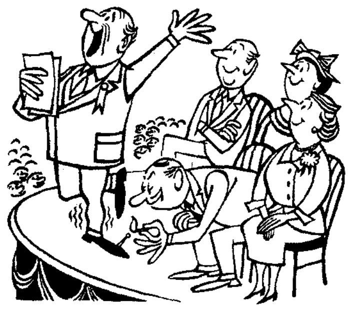
But proudly on its battered sides it bore the information: Not for Sale. Owner told Mr. Norris he'd been bothered to death by antique collectors.

* * *

For some reason not clear to old 48 there seems to be a growing concern about taxes. One of the calmer letters we've received on the subject comes from a gentleman in Lincoln, Nebraska—a gentleman with the odd name of &!***?!!! — ***@¶@¢. Says he, with admirable restraint: "A guy makes a buck. He gets hooked for doing so. If he has anything left he buys, say, a refrigerator. He pays a sales tax on it. When they find out you have it, they tax you for owning it. Personal property tax. What I mean is, what happens next? Simple. Next thing you know, they're going to tax you up to 10 per cent for not having anything to tax so that you'll hurry out and buy something they can tax."

* * *

While conceding that the greatness of this, our beloved country, passeth understanding, every now and then we hear about something which indicates that it might be well for us to take a tip or two from abroad. Mr. John J. Brikenney, of Dubuque, Iowa, says there is a tribe in Africa that permits an orator to talk only as long as he can stand on one foot.


IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

The scarcity of farm labor may be serious to some people, but not to Mr. Dell William Shires, who writes from southeast Colorado. "With this wind," says he, "you can't even keep the farm down on the farm."

* * *

Mrs. J. L. Poole, of San Diego, California, is calling on all men to take note of a car she saw. It was driven by a woman. Its rear and right side were smashed in. A window was missing. And on what was left of the sedan the driver had hung a sign: TWO MEN DRIVERS DID THIS.

* * *

Sorry we missed that recent talk by Mr. Oscar Schacter, Director of the United Nations Legal Department. His subject was Some Legal Aspects of Space Travel—(destination moon perhaps). But we still don't know whether, after rocketing those 238,857 miles at about seven miles a second, we may find ourself balked by the moon's McCarran act or whether, having argued our way in, we'll become entangled in moonstrous traffic jams and fetch up in lunar court. (Note: Complaints about this paragraph will be ignored.)

* * *

He fails to name the place, but Mr. Horace Austen notifies us from Portsmouth, Ohio, that there's a town in his state which forbids dogs to yelp, bay or trespass. Mr. Austen is heartily in favor of that law. "In fact," says he, "it should be broadened to take in politicians. For example—" But maybe we'd better leave names to your imagination. ▲▲▲

My husband helps arrange a date with another man

Love her husband? Certainly! And Bill adores her. They're the most respected couple in town. But this "other man" has something special. You see, Bill puts in a man-killing week at his job. Weekends he wants to relax. Not spend Saturday morning getting the car lubricated. Result—the car's neglected.

Car neglect brings costly repair bills. Which *can* postpone a much needed new coat. But today's smart wife knows the answer. This one did. "I'll have the car taken care of on a midweek day! And leave Bill's weekends free for fun with me and the kids!"

A subtle suggestion put Bill on the phone to arrange her date. Now, every 30 days—on a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday—she sees the "other man"—the man she and her husband chose to take care of the family car. While she shops he works on the car. It's ready when she returns. No rush, no waiting—it's a midweek day.

Smart lady, *you're* the one to see that the car's cared for. Keep your midweek date every 30 days—regularly. Your husband will be all for it. Your Alemite-equipped dealer will appreciate it. And rest assured he'll give you every courtesy and consideration.

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4. Ask your wife to bring you the itemized Alemite Report Card she receives upon completion of Alemite services. You'll save money if you do.

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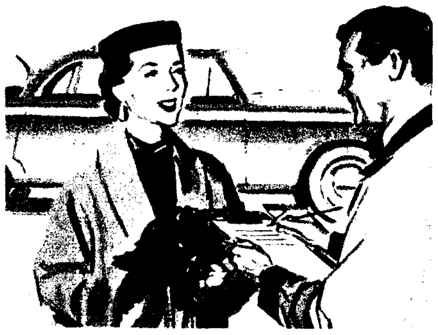
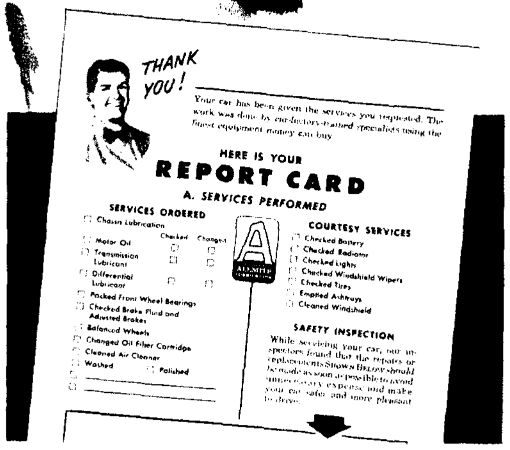
Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.

As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is free.



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☐ Packed Front Wheel Bearings		
☐ Checked Brake Fluid and Adjusted Brakes		
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☐ Changed Oil Filter Cartridge		
☐ Cleaned Air Cleaner		
☐ Washed ☐ Polished		
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COURTESY SERVICES
- ☐ Checked Battery
- ☐ Checked Radiator
- ☐ Checked Lights
- ☐ Checked Windshield Wipers
- ☐ Checked Tires
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Letters...

That Man Stan

EDITOR: Congratulations on your article by Stan Freberg ("It Only Hurts When I Laugh," May 28th). I have seldom laughed so much or so hard.

What he says regarding our national touchiness is all too true. We need to laugh more at ourselves, and maybe if we did there would be a lot less tension and nervousness.

SALLY JEAN PERRYMAN, New York, N.Y.

. . . What this country needs is about a thousand more Stan Frebergs. I can't sympathize with those public figures whose skins are too thin to take a little ribbing, via Freberg. Why, we didn't even know there was such a program as Dragnet until we heard Freberg's record about St. George and Co. Don't those public figures realize that Freberg's "panning" is priceless?

DOROTHY MCDONALD, The Plains, Ohio

. . . Freberg is definitely "the most," and is recognized as such by the pretty people down here in Texas.

Whereas we have admired Stan since his initial plunge with John and Marcia, we were unaware of the true story behind this fabulous character. Thanks to Collier's for putting us in the know.

HARRY H. LEVY, Dallas, Texas

. . . I have long since wondered what happened to Abe Snake and, after reading your article by Stan Freberg, I am discouraged to find out *what.*

When the day comes that we are neither permitted by public opinion or censorship to laugh at ourselves, nor realize by satire just what molehills some of our mountains are, then it is time we all packed our bags and headed for a long, long journey.

BETTY REEVES, Covina, Cal.

. . . It was fun reading Stan Freberg's story about Stan Freberg, and good to know that his efforts are now being rewarded with something akin to the attentions they deserve.

Stan was stationed at McCornack General Hospital with the medical detachment, of which I was in the WAC detachment. Stan was in Special Services and did stuff like lining up recreation and entertainment for the hospitalized GIs, and a rattling good job he did, too. If I'm not mistaken, it was he who first got Charles Laughton to come down and read some of his fabulous stuff long before it got to the stage in New York.

More power to the guy, and an ever-increasing sense of humor, in spite of the unfunny times we live in and the unfunny bones of some of the people he caricatures.

ALEXANDRA KOZICKI, Downey, Cal.

. . . Stan Freberg is one of the greatest humorists of all time. Maybe what we need more of in this troubled world is satire.

MARGARET WULFF, Saginaw, Mich.

. . . Stan Freberg's article is great. That article showed that Mr. Freberg is not a sarcastic individual who goes around making fun of people, but a man with a real sense of humor.

The puzzling thing is: Why can't those others appreciate Mr. Freberg's recordings as did Jack Webb? He certainly didn't hurt Dragnet.

HAROLD GORDON, Baldwin, N.Y.

Seagoing Safety

EDITOR: In your excellent article, America's Going Outboard-Motor Happy (May 14th), there is one statement to give marine underwriters the horrors. Gasoline stoves in cruiser galleys are considered extremely dangerous. Alcohol stoves are recommended, and approved liquid petroleum gas (propane-butane) installations are all right. SALEM HYDE, Atlanta, Ga.

Results

EDITOR: This letter is written to express the deep appreciation of a number of citizens of Pasadena, Texas, for the recent articles on public-school education by Howard Whitman.

For several months parents of elementary-school children here had been endeavoring through the school administrators and school board to prevail upon them to reinstall traditional grading and reporting of our children's progress. Prior to 1950 the system of ABCD had been used, with A standing for 90-100. In 1950 the school administrators substituted a growth report without numerical meaning or indications of the child's progress, if any, using letters SNUX.

Before the February 5th issue of Collier's appeared, with Mr. Whitman's first article, we had progressed to a state where part of our community of 35,000 were convinced that the proponents of the ABC system were rabble rousers, as the result of an intensive smear campaign initiated by the school administrators. We ordered 1,000 reprints of this article and distributed it among the parents of Pasadena. This without a doubt caused our people to take renewed heart to continue our en-

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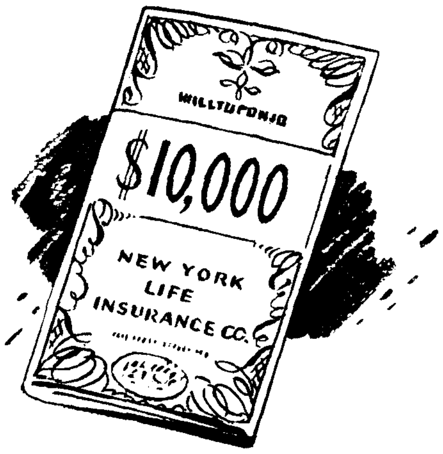
You can now have this combination of life insurance advantages at remarkably low cost!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and look at all these additional features!

- ★ **Dividends to policy owners.** New York Life is a mutual company and pays dividends to policy owners only. Dividends may be used to further reduce the low premium payments.
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This policy is available in each of the 48 states, District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii and throughout Canada (not issued in New York prior to age ten nor in Canada prior to fifth birthday). New York Life is 109 years old and is one of the strongest legal reserve life insurance companies in the world.

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51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please furnish me, without any obligation, full information on your new Whole Life insurance policy, minimum amount $10,000.

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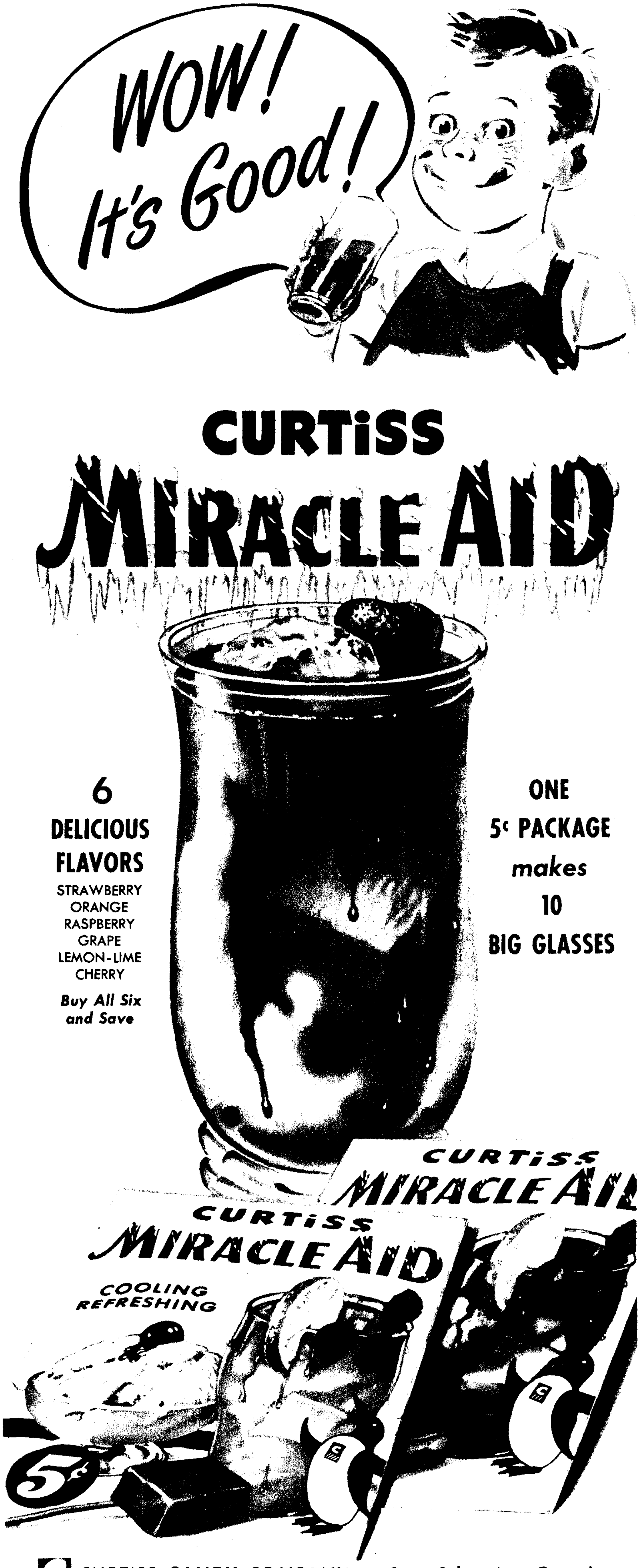
The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know



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makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip *candy bars*, Sof-T-Pops, Fruit Drops *and* Mints

deavors, finally resulting in a ballot of parents on the two systems, with 82.3 per cent favoring the traditional type of grading.

I can assure you that we have 1,000 people in our community who join me in expressing our sincere appreciation.

Fred E. Gray, Pasadena, Texas

Neighborly Article

Editor: You did a fine service to the country in publishing Bruce Hutchison's Why Canadians Are Peeved at the U.S. (May 14th). Brothers are apt to take liberties in each other's homes that they would not in strangers'. It is good to have this brought to our attention in such a kind and considerate manner. We should be considerate of our neighbor's feelings. All Americans admire Canada and wish her the best of everything, but we are often thoughtless of how words may be taken.

Thomas J. Brackett, Sarasota, Fla.

. . . In your article on Why Canadians Are Peeved at the U.S., Mr. Hutchison, a great reporter, describes a speech I made in Mamaroneck, New York, concerning the Hon. Mr. Lester Pearson. It was a fair account of what I had stated. But Mr. Hutchison declared that "rightly or wrongly, the Canadian government believed—and still believes—that the report about Pearson was floated out by members of the U.S. Senate."

I am, of course, aware that this is what many Canadians believe. But while I do know many senators, my information concerning Mr. Pearson did not come from any of them.

The blunt truth of the matter is that I had been in possession of the information in question for several years. In attempting to analyze the reasons for the Canadian government's refusal at first to permit the Jenner Committee to interrogate Igor Gouzenko, I cited that information as perhaps something worth considering.

To assume that criticism by a free-lance writer of a Canadian official is a slap at the Canadian people, our loyal allies for so many years, is tantamount to assuming that Canadian criticism of Senator McCarthy demonstrates anti-Americanism.

Victor Lasky, New York, N.Y.

More Comment on Ol' Case

Editor: After reading Frank Lane's article Casey Stengel Is Wise—But Weiss Is Wiser (May 14th), I have decided that five years of futilely banging his head against a wall in an effort to catch the Yankees have taken their toll. Poor, confused Mr. Lane—if he only had the ability to field a pennant winner!

If we were to follow Mr. Lane's reasoning, it is general manager George Weiss, rather than Casey, who wins the pennants for the Yankees. Therefore, Mr. Lane openly admits it is his inability, not Paul Richards', that prevents the White Sox from reaching the top of the ladder.

Bob Gau, Jr., Tucson, Ariz.

. . . Mr. Lane indicates that most of the difficult managerial problems which confront the Yankees are easily overcome by Stengel's assistants—Crosetti, Dickey and Jim Turner. Lane gives Weiss credit for selecting such capable coaches. One wonders if Lane has tried to alleviate some of Chisox manager Richards' problems by picking men to do the managerial work while Richards performed for TV and talked sound baseball.

Donald L. Westerland, Eugene, Ore.

. . . Frank Lane's article on Casey Stengel implied that Stengel was merely a comedian hired to carry baseballs out to the mound and announce the current line-up. Since the Yankees aren't doing so badly, maybe what Chicago needs is a little humor instead of Lane's serious outlook.

Mickey Johnson, Buffalo, N.Y.

One-Hand Hurdles

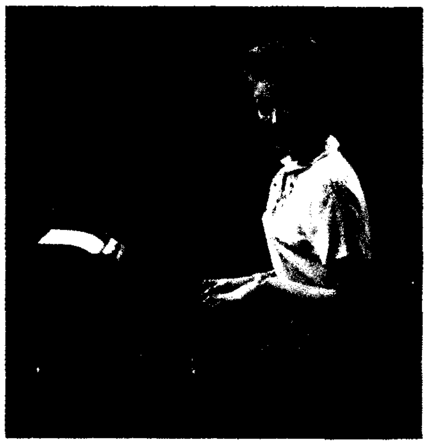
Editor: My interest in Bruce Bliven, Jr.'s, The Wonderful Writing Machine (May 14th) is due to the fact that during some 18 of my 65 years I have earned my living as a stenographer. No doubt the article will be of similar interest to many stenos and typists with less experience than mine.

I have realized some of the difficulties of the present keyboard, such as "one-hand" words, and had felt that if a new scientifically devised keyboard existed, it should be manufactured and put on the market. I don't remember being confronted with Mr. Bliven's word "federated"; I think my *bête noire,* written into many Air Force reports, has been "accelerated." Same problem.

Mr. Bliven didn't mention the worst word I know: "Honolulu." I don't mind the "hurdles," although this word has them. It is my experience that coordinations are built up for the "hurdles," just as for letters on the "home line" and for chords and arpeggios on the piano, and the "hurdles" give an experienced typist little trouble.

I shall be interested to see whether typewriters with new keyboards are introduced to the market, and provided by schools for beginning typists.

Mrs. W. H. Johns, Claremont, Colo.



. . . I thoroughly enjoyed The Wonderful Writing Machine, except for the impossible position of the modern typist's hands in the accompanying illustration. Another contribution of William K. Jennes, the sewing-machine man, is the low level of typewriter desks and tables.

Seamstresses did need to look down on their work; but many a typist goes home with aching back and shoulders all because her arms have had to climb up and down the keyboard, which is almost in her lap.

Robert R. Morrison,
Washington, D.C.

Expert secretarial opinion in Collier's editorial offices differs on whether the typist's position is "impossible." Some of the interviewed young ladies, far from complaining about low-level desks, adjust their chairs as high as possible.

"Dad Takes on All Comers," by Douglass Crockwell. *Number 96 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours . . . *Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!*

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Read This before You Next Change Oil

● Current claims for many modern motor oils tend to obscure one basic fact: *there are good oils and there are poor oils, at whatever price.*

In HD (High Detergency) oils, for example, chemical additives perform useful functions that give the oils a better opportunity to lubricate.

But additives, in themselves, do not lubricate.

They can be added to any oil.

To very good oil.

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The quality of the basic oil is what determines the kind of lubrication your motor gets.

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Today's BEST oils start with Nature's BEST crude

Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

Skillfully refined from Nature's best crude oil *and fortified by carefully selected additives,* they stand up longer against the demands of modern engines.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

CHERRY-JACOBSON

Helen Erskine: Mrs. Nixon and the Vice-President spoke to her

WITHOUT further comment, we commend for your attention the story on page 98. It will bring you up to date on the life and hectic times of Mrs. J. DiMaggio.

★ ★ ★

ON PAGE 58, contributing editor Charlotte Knight reports on the enormous problem of security in the State Department, and the complications that go with it. We have given the article more than the usual space. It is important not only to the nation at large but to each of us in particular.

Charlotte was born in Raymond, Alberta, Canada, where her parents had a ranch, not enough years ago to make a difference. She is, as a U.S. citizen, a registered Republican. When she got out of the University of Utah, she determined to be a writer. And just before Pearl Harbor, when she was already what she calls "prop happy," she went to work for Air Force Intelligence. Not long after that she became the only woman staff writer for Air Force magazine. Since World War II, she has covered the Bikini Atoll A-bomb test (1946), Europe, the Far East and, for Collier's, the war in Korea. She now serves as a Collier's staff writer; you may remember her incisive report on the Mystery Man of the Pentagon, in our issue of January 22, 1954.

Her investigation of the problems of the State Department in this issue is thoughtful, comprehensive and, where it needs to be, hard-hitting. It deserves more than a casual reading—sit with it a while, think about it. We refuse to believe that such problems belong solely to John Foster Dulles or any other government appointee. They belong to all of us, even if they are somewhat hard to face up to.

★ ★ ★

FICTION writers go more places than railroad engineers. We are convinced of that. Every time we ask Mrs. Eleanor Rawson, Collier's fiction editor, about an author, the author is either out of town on a romantic isle or writing about being out of town on a romantic isle. Here, for instance, is an excerpt from a note Mrs. Rawson left on our desk a few days ago. "Maureen Daly wrote her story on page 50 of this issue out of an experience she had on the island of Ibiza. While there with her husband, her child became ill. Maureen at first was frightened, for the island was primitive and did not have modern medical equipment, but the nuns' devotion and faith and superb care overcame all the handicaps, and Maureen came away feeling so grateful and moved that she wrote a story about the incident."

Ibiza is an island off Spain in the Mediterranean Sea. Maureen, her husband and her child are now living in Manhattan, which is an island off the coast of Jersey City.

★ ★ ★

WE SEE by the papers that almost everybody whose sinuses can take a prolonged dunking is going underwater. Skin-diving is rapidly developing into what financial writers call a boom. On page 30, Collier's adds its bang to the boom with new fashions for underwater swimmers. We wish here to thank Miss Hope Lange and Miss Jane Werner, two young ladies who work as dry-land fashion models, for going underwater for us. Howell Conant, who took the pictures, worked in an indoor pool. He and his assistants used 1,500 pounds of lighting equipment, 500 feet of electric wire and long rolls of paper to hide the tile in the pool's bottom. (The paper was shellacked in order to render it waterproof.) In addition, Conant used up almost $400 to repair the station wagon which brought his cameras and the girls to the pool. Seems somebody stepped on the starter instead of the stopper while the car was facing a stone wall.

HOWELL CONANT

Hope Lange (l.) and Jane Werner: They dived for fashion's cameras

★ ★ ★

A LADY who fascinates us is Mrs. Helen Worden Erskine, one of the contributing editors. She can get to see and talk to more and bigger people than anyone, we think, we've ever run across. On page 32, she tells what the wife of the Vice-President said to her, what the Vice-President said to his wife, what Mrs. Erskine said to both of them, and what all of the talk may mean to the American electorate.

After studying art in Paris during the twenties, Helen Worden worked for several New York newspapers, became society editor of the World-Telegram, and then feature writer, producing a number of books along the way. In 1949, she gave up newspapers to write for magazines, and to be able to spend more time with her husband, John Erskine, author-scholar and professor at Columbia University. Mr. Erskine died in 1951, and a couple of years later Mrs. Erskine came to work for Collier's. She is presently in Europe for at least the dozenth time, looking for story material and talking to crowned heads, glamorous ladies, brainy graybeards and just plain folks. We'll let you know how she makes out.

★ ★ ★

THE story about the signers of the Declaration of Independence on page 23 was written by a Connecticut journalist named Henry Lee. Henry's father was an expert on Connecticut history. "He was good at it, too," says Henry. "As a matter of fact, I was in college before I discovered there were thirteen original American colonies. Connecticut, it appears, had allies."

★ ★ ★

THE gentlemen who take you inside baseball's bull pens on page 44 are brothers—Arthur and Milton Richman—who live in the Bronx, New York, and have lived there ever since they learned how to write their names, maybe longer. They both now write sports; Arthur for the New York Daily Mirror and Milton for the United Press. They appear in a Brown study below because they probably are baseball's most stubborn holdouts. It's too long a story to tell here but they were, by confession, "the most rabid St. Louis Browns fans in history." They still are. They can't, they claim, even spell Baltimore. —SEY CHASSLER

BROWNS
BROWNS

Milton Richman (l.) and brother Arthur: Where did the Browns go?

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is a completely new multiprotection plan.

In one package, it offers various combinations of:

1. Retirement pension for the employee.
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The word "MODULE" means "unit." MONY MODULE is made up of basic units of insurance and retirement benefits. It's a "build-your-own, unit-by-unit" plan providing the desirable combination and amount of benefits.

Until the invention of MONY MODULE, there was no comprehensive employee-benefit plan specially designed for small groups. Group insurance and annuities—as conventionally used by larger organizations—do not adequately meet the need in a smaller firm. And retirement plans for small groups using regular retirement policies are often inflexible and expensive.

Yet a good employee-benefit plan is one of the most important assets of *any* company. It keeps employee morale high, makes people proud of the company they work for, reduces costly turnover, and gives workers a feeling that they count as *individuals*—all of which is good for productivity.

Now, these advantages are no longer enjoyed exclusively by large firms. For, with MONY MODULE, the smaller business can meet the larger companies on their own ground—offer employee benefits *even more attractive than those the competition offers*, at the right price!

It's often possible to cover employee groups of as few as 10 to 25 people. And MONY MODULE employee-benefit plans have been installed at costs ranging from 1% to 10% of pay roll. In some cases, part of this cost has been covered by employee contributions.

Electronic "Brain" Makes MONY MODULE Possible.

New electronic equipment handles the complex "paperwork" of this amazingly flexible plan so speedily and so efficiently that MONY can pass on the resulting savings and benefits of unit construction!

Check these important advantages of MONY MODULE

1. Costs less! More benefits for less cost than other plans for small business firms!
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3. Unit costs grow smaller as plan grows larger! Because of its unique structure, MONY MODULE can *reduce* the unit cost per person as the average size of the benefit per person and number of lives covered *increase*.

Employers who want more information are invited to mail the coupon below.

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Mutual Of New York offers life insurance, accident and sickness insurance, and retirement plans . . . for employee groups and for individuals. For further information about any MONY policy, you are invited to write to our Home Office. Our representatives throughout the United States and in Canada stand ready to help you.

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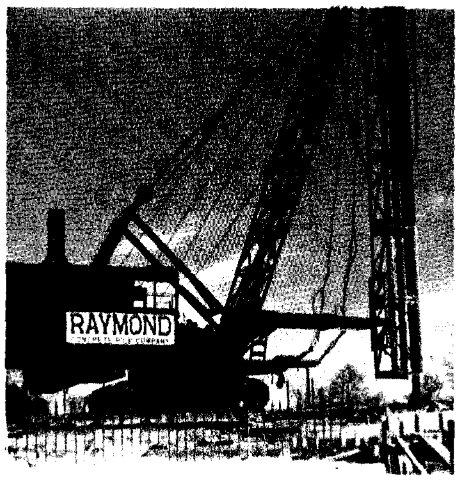
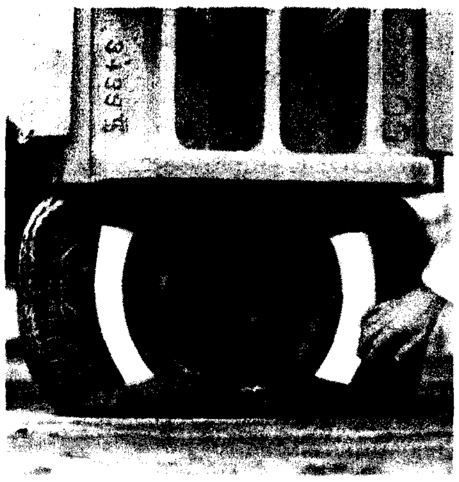
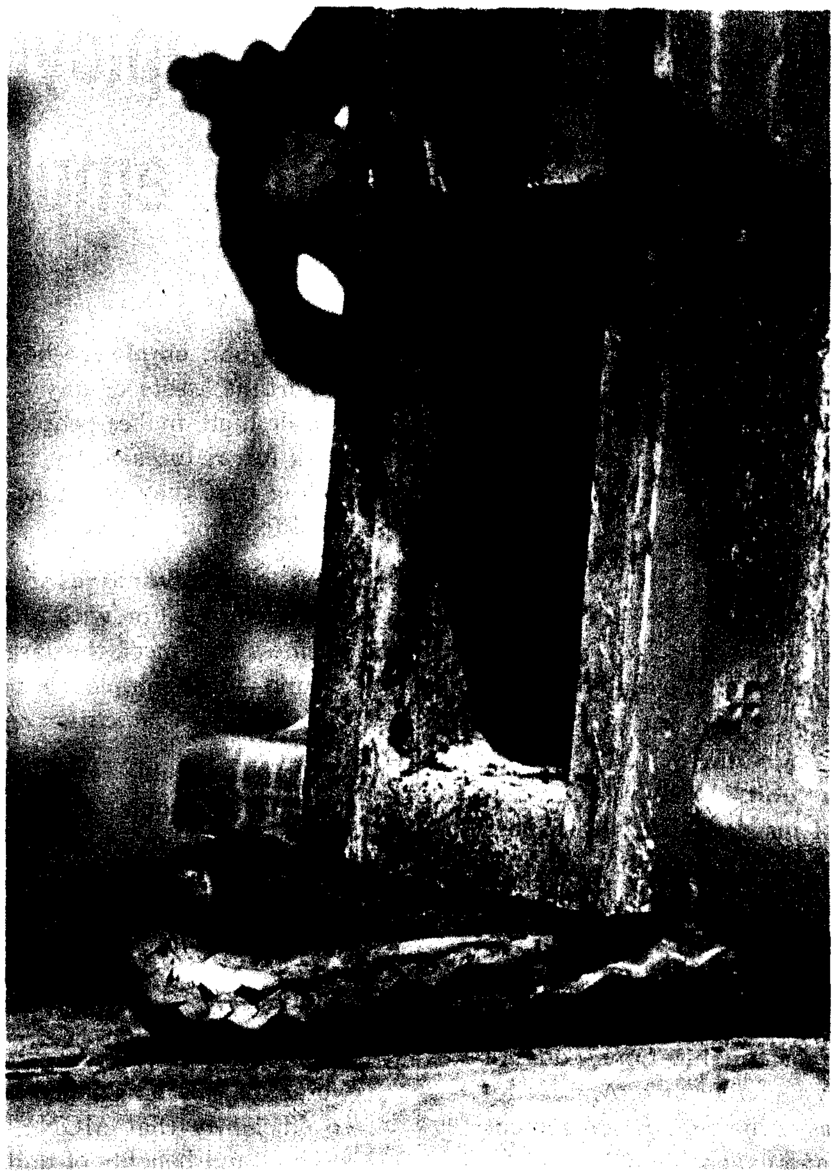
Pile driver crumples steel wheel! Not a cord broken in 3-T ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION!



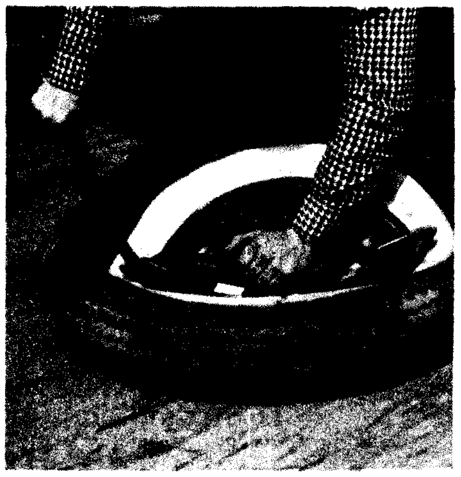
1. This 70-ton pile driver is normally used to pound heavy pilings into the ground. Watch now as it's used to test the strength of Goodyear's new All-Nylon Cord Super-Cushion.



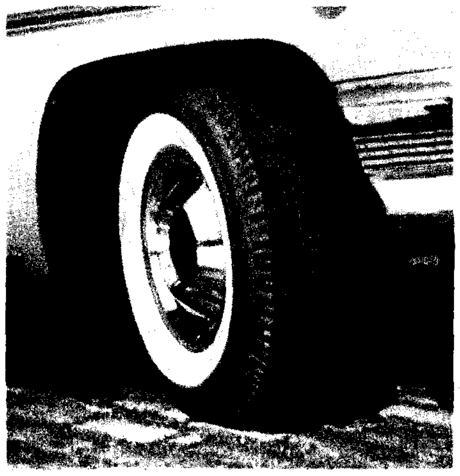
2. Wham! Three times this 5,000-pound ram drove down with 15,000 foot-pounds of energy per blow, and our tire is still inflated. Let's find out how tough this tire really is—"pour it on!"



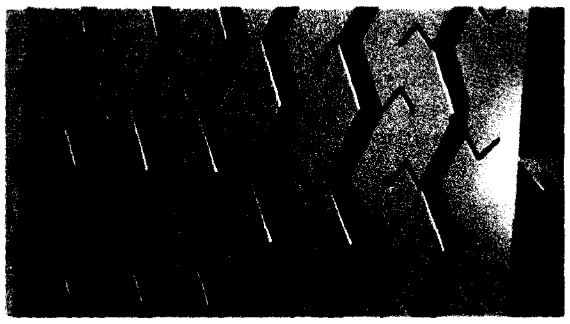
3. Recognize this? If you've guessed that it's our tire—you're right! But if you think this tire is "through"—you're wrong. Goodyear 3-T Nylon Cord gives this tire miracle strength.



4. Look at the steel wheel—it's absolutely crushed. What about the tire? It was examined, inside and out. And the incredible fact is that not one broken cord was found!



5. The same tire—mounted on a new steel wheel—was driven away! This extra strength of 3-T Nylon Cord means extra safety for you and your family. See your Goodyear dealer *today!*



This new tread has 1806 inches of nonskid edges, 880 deep-cut stop-notches for 15% greater skid resistance. You'll get quicker, safer stops, better skid protection. You'll get up to 12% more mileage, too.

There's a big difference in Nylon cord!
Only Goodyear has Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon!

Nylon is the best tire cord—if the stretch can be controlled! But, unless properly pre-conditioned, Nylon stretches under tension.

To control this stretch, Goodyear developed an exclusive triple-tempering process involving Tension, Temperature and Time. The result—Goodyear's exclusive Triple-Tempered 3-T Nylon Cord.

Only Goodyear produces a Nylon cord that is fully controlled at its point of maximum resiliency and strength. Be sure *your* Nylon cord tires are made with 3-T Nylon Cord—and that means *Goodyear*. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

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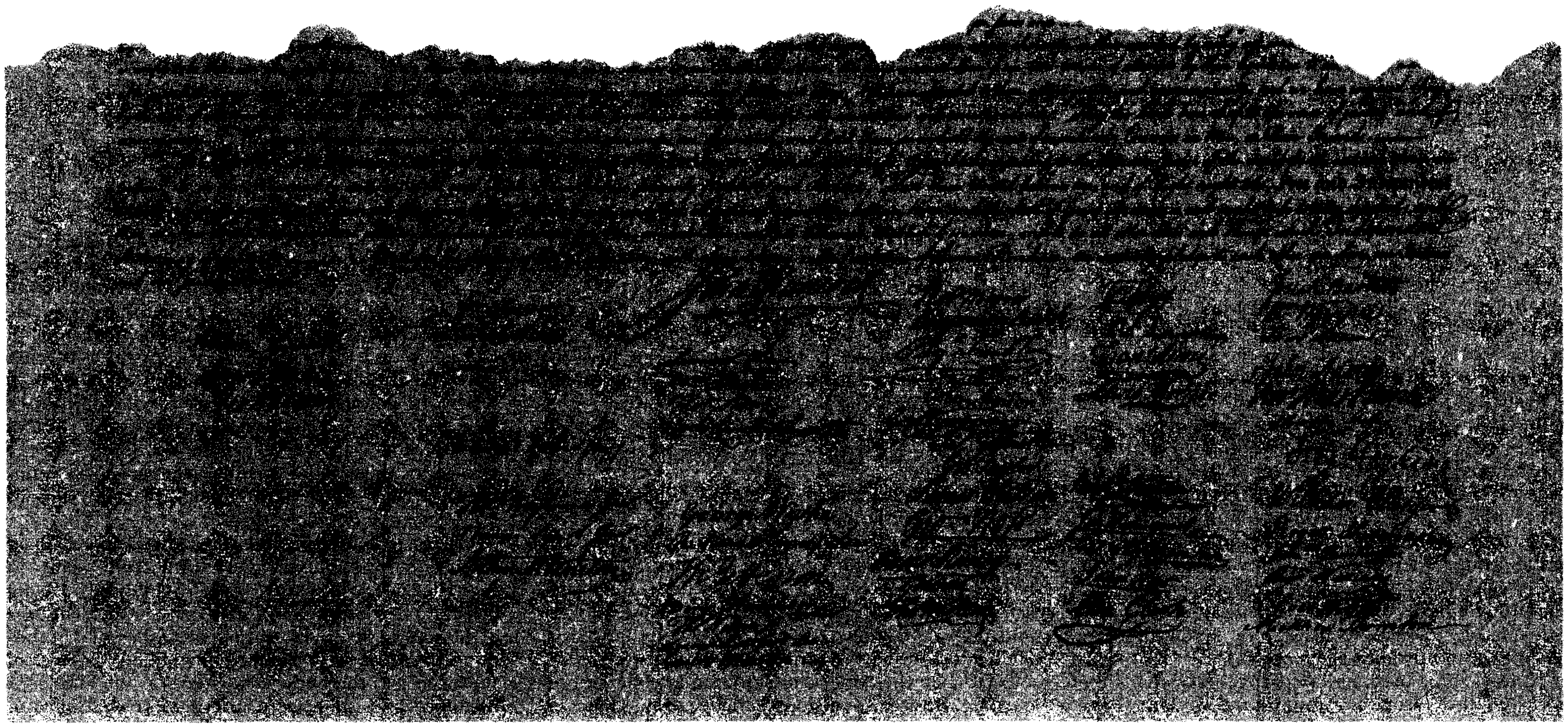
See TV's Great Dramatic Show, "The Goodyear TV Playhouse," Alternate Sunday Evenings, NBC-TV.

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



"...Our Lives, Our Fortunes and Our Sacred Honor"

When tyranny threatens a nation, its leaders must show courage and integrity to win freedom. The men who signed the Declaration of Independence met that challenge. They risked everything for an ideal—and paid the price demanded

By HENRY LEE

ONE hundred and seventy-eight years ago this Fourth of July, the men of the Continental Congress risked everything they held dear to proclaim the independence of the Thirteen Colonies. It was not an easy decision, or one taken lightly. Materially and personally, our founding fathers had far more to lose than to gain in their pursuit of an ideal. Defeat could mean a hangman's rope. Victory would mean years of hardship in a struggling nation.

Faced with such a grim future, some delegates understandably had hesitated at first. They were the timid, the compromisers, the deluded—the appeasers of their time. The wonder of 1776 was that the hesitant were so few, that from the very start so many delegates were willing to stand and be counted on the side of freedom despite all the risks and sacrifices it entailed.

Every age has need of men of principle with the courage to act on their convictions. The resolute leaders of the Continental Congress met the test and rallied the fainthearted behind the cause of independence. How well they succeeded was shown in the crucial vote of July 2d in the State House (now Independence Hall), Philadelphia. The delegates of 10 colonies voted unanimously for independence, a majority of the Delaware and Pennsylvania delegations supported the resolution, and the New York representatives abstained. Then, on the Fourth of July, the Congress approved Thomas Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence.

That act alone stamped the members as traitors to Britain's King George III. Fifty-six delegates, including some who arrived in Philadelphia too late to take part in the voting, went even further. After the Declaration had been copied on parchment—the same parchment that now rests in a helium-filled case at the National Archives Building in Washington—these men flaunted their rebellion by affixing their signatures to the historic document.

The Declaration concluded: "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor." In effect, the 56 men might have been signing their own death warrants.

Yet not a single man flinched. Every delegate who was in Philadelphia on the day set for the signing—August 2d—walked to the table on which the parchment rested and boldly penned his name. William Ellery, a delegate from Rhode Island, recorded the scene for history:

"I was determined to see how they all looked as they signed. . . . I placed myself beside the Secretary and eyed each closely as he affixed his name to the document. Undaunted resolution was displayed in every countenance."

The men who had the most to lose set the example. John Hancock, president of the Congress and one of the wealthiest men in New England, wrote in the boldest hand of all. When Hancock asked the even wealthier Charles Carroll, a Maryland delegate, if he would sign, Carroll replied, "Most willingly!" Someone, according to a story handed down, sighed. "There go a few millions." Another delegate remarked that there were two Charles Carrolls in Maryland. "How will King George know which one to hang?" he asked mischievously.

Carroll, descendant of Irish kings and aristocratic product of schooling by the Jesuits of France and the wigged barristers of England, had an eloquently simple answer. He added "of Carrollton"—the family estate—to his name. "Now the king can make no mistake," he said.

At least three men, and perhaps three others, did not sign the Declaration until weeks later. Dr. Matthew Thornton of New Hampshire was not even chosen from his state until September 21st and did not take his seat until November. Thomas McKean, a Delaware delegate, and Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts were late signers, as were possibly Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut and two great Virginians, Richard Henry Lee, who on June 7th had introduced the original independence resolution in Congress, and George Wythe, Jefferson's law teacher. They had urgent business elsewhere in the colonies on August 2d.

But early or late, most of the 56 men who placed their names on the Declaration of Independence paid a high price for their audacity. Five were captured and suffered in the hands of the enemy. A dozen, from Rhode Island to South Carolina, had their homes sacked, looted or occupied. At least four were ruined, and almost all the remainder suffered varying degrees of financial loss. Two lost sons in the Army; a third had both his sons captured. Nine failed to survive the war, several of them succumbing to war-caused hardships.

Men Who Didn't Balk at Sacrifices

These men were so passionately dedicated to the cause of freedom, however, that nothing could distract them from whatever sacrifices might be demanded. Take John Hancock. He was considered by some to be a bit of a peacock; he decked himself in lace, gold and silver, kept six beautiful bays and had a weakness for dancing, wine and cards. He even suffered fashionably from gout.

Yet when the American command debated bombarding Boston to dislodge the British, Hancock said: "Burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar if the public good requires it." His offer wasn't just bombast; he put it in writing to George Washington, knowing full well that such a military decision would make the richest man in New England one of the poorest. Hancock escaped the losses suffered by some of his cosigners only by luck, not design.

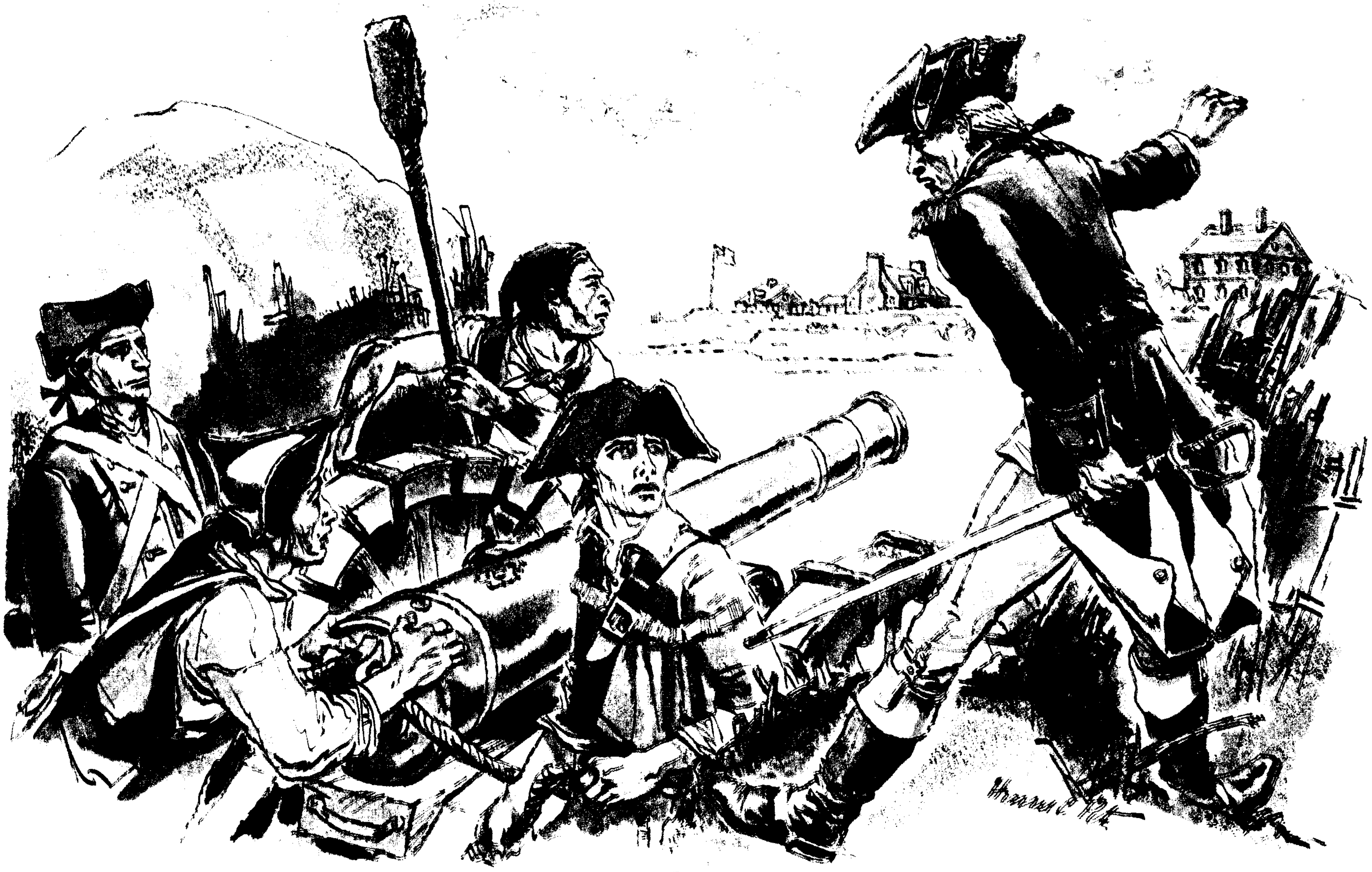
A dedicated Virginia signer, Thomas Nelson, Jr., actually directed an artillery bombardment against his own mansion during the colonial Army's siege of Yorktown. He was commanding his state's militia and the British had seized his home as their headquarters.

Nelson did even more. When the colonial government desperately needed $2,000,000 to provision the French fleet, which was helping Washington on the seas, Nelson undertook to raise the money. He appealed to his friends to support the government, and again and again got the same answer: "We will not lend the government a shilling—but we will lend you, Thomas Nelson, all we can." On his own security, Nelson raised most of the subscription.

After the war, he redeemed the loans—at the cost of his estates and fortune. He was never reimbursed by his country, and he was placed in an unmarked grave at his death.

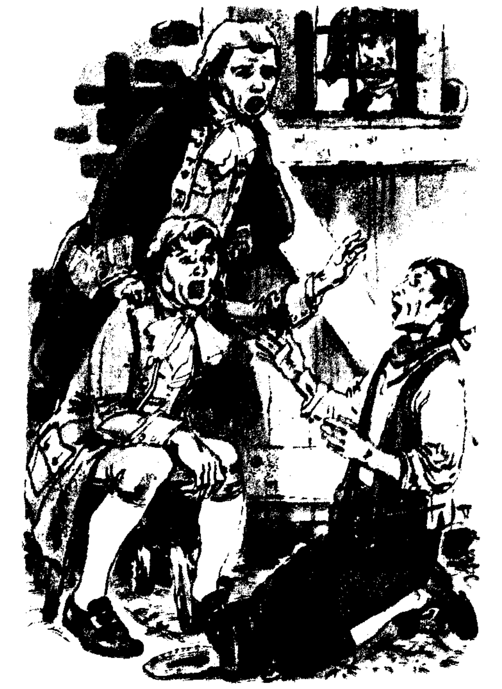
Carter Braxton, planter, trader and like Nelson a Virginian, also figuratively went from riches to rags for his belief. On two great plantations, Elsing Green and Chericoke, he was the prodigal master of hundreds of slaves and acres, father of 16 children, friend of the Virginia gentry like Washington, Jefferson and the Lees. His wine was the finest, his furniture and plate were imported from England.

After Braxton signed the Declaration of Independence, the British chased all his ships from the seas. Wartime inflation undermined the value of his plantations' produce and, right down to his slaves and furniture, Elsing Green and Chericoke were plastered with attachments and mortgages.



A dedicated Virginia signer directed a bombardment against his own mansion at Yorktown after the British seized it as their headquarters

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY C. PITZ



American prisoners sang Yankee Doodle lyrics set to music of Britain's God Save the King

Braxton lived to see authorities confiscate all his personal property to satisfy debts. Then he died of heartbreak.

Francis Lewis, a wealthy New York trader, was another signer who pledged—and lost—everything. Only a few months after Lewis signed the Declaration of Independence, a troop of British Light Horse Infantry raided his estate, destroyed his home and ravaged his library, a precious possession in colonial days. Lewis was not at home at Whitestone, now part of New York City, but the British arrested his wife and threw her into jail in Flushing.

For months, Mrs. Lewis was given neither a bed nor a change of clothing. Her treatment was so harsh that Congress and George Washington heard about it and started negotiations for her release. Sometime about the new year, she was exchanged for the wives of the British paymaster general and the attorney general of the province. But her health was broken, and she died within two years. When the war ended, Lewis was a near-bankrupt widower. His real estate, restored after Washington's victory, barely satisfied the prewar debts he still owed Englishmen.

But the signer who probably suffered most for his beliefs was Richard Stockton of New Jersey, a haughty gray-eyed swordsman, horseman and jurist. He not only lost his wealth and property, but he was captured by the British and treated so badly that he never recovered. Stockton, a friend of Lord Dartmouth and other English noblemen, had stepped down from the king's supreme bench in his state to attend the Continental Congress. He had reservations about American independence at first, but once convinced he went the whole way.

Soon after he signed the Declaration, the British descended on Morven, the Stockton great house still standing a stone's throw from Princeton Inn (recently given to the state of New Jersey as a gubernatorial mansion). The redcoats burned Stockton's library, one of the finest in the country, and devastated his rolling lands. They stole his stableful of blooded horses and even decapitated his portrait with a saber swing.

Stockton went into hiding. But late one winter's night, on a neighbor's tip the British seized him in Monmouth, New Jersey. The first signer to be captured. Stockton was thrown into a common jail at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, where he suffered greatly from lack of food and heat. Later he was transferred to the old Provost Prison in New York. There an infamous provost marshal named Cunyngham delighted in taunting his ragged, shivering charges. Whip in hand, he would stride through the prison at night shouting insults at the prisoners. Stockton endured such hardship that Congress ordered Washington to investigate his treatment, and to ask General Howe "whether he chooses this shall be the future rule for treating all such, on both sides, as the fortune of war may place in the hands of either party." Apparently this heavy hint impressed the British; soon afterward they agreed to release Stockton in an exchange of prisoners.

But the aftereffects of his treatment, the ravaging of his lands, the wartime currency depreciation which made him dependent on friends for financial help, and finally a neck cancer were too much for him. A despondent, pain-racked, impoverished shell of the dashing signer of '76, Stockton died in 1781, only a few short years after his release from prison.

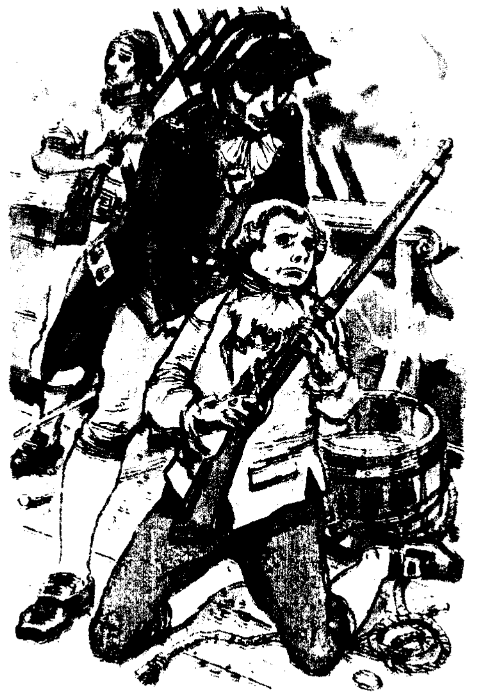
High Price Set for Captured Colonel

More fortunate were the other four signers captured by the British—George Walton of Georgia and Thomas Heyward, Jr., Edward Rutledge and Arthur Middleton, all of South Carolina. Walton was wounded badly and captured during the fighting in Georgia in 1778. Though he was only a colonel, the British set such high store on a signer-prisoner that they first demanded a brigadier general in exchange for him. They finally settled for a navy captain.

The three South Carolina signer-prisoners were trapped in the fall of Charleston in May, 1780. Heyward, wounded and scarred for life in an earlier skirmish, and Rutledge, youngest of all the signers, were artillery captains. Middleton had served with the militia. Now, after some preliminary retaliation on their property, the British packed them off to a prison camp in St. Augustine, Florida.

Middletown was a product of Westminster and Cambridge, two of the best schools in England, but the old-school tie meant nothing to his captors. When they discovered that he highly prized a collection of paintings, they wantonly mutilated the treasures.

Heyward's slaves were all sold off to the sugar planters of Jamaica; he sustained a $50,000 loss.



John Adams wouldn't stay below decks during action; he shot at enemy vessel with musket

As his state's criminal and civil judge, Heyward had tried and ordered the execution of several traitors to independence almost within sight of the British lines. But, because they didn't know about it or feared retaliation on their own prisoners, the British didn't execute him in turn.

In prison, the irrepressible Heyward amused himself by composing Yankee Doodle lyrics to the tune of God Save the King. As the British guards smiled complacently, the captives roared out the hated music, but the mumbled words were, "God save our glorious states." It became one of the most popular songs in the country. After about a year, when the redcoat fortunes were dwindling, all three South Carolina prisoners were released.

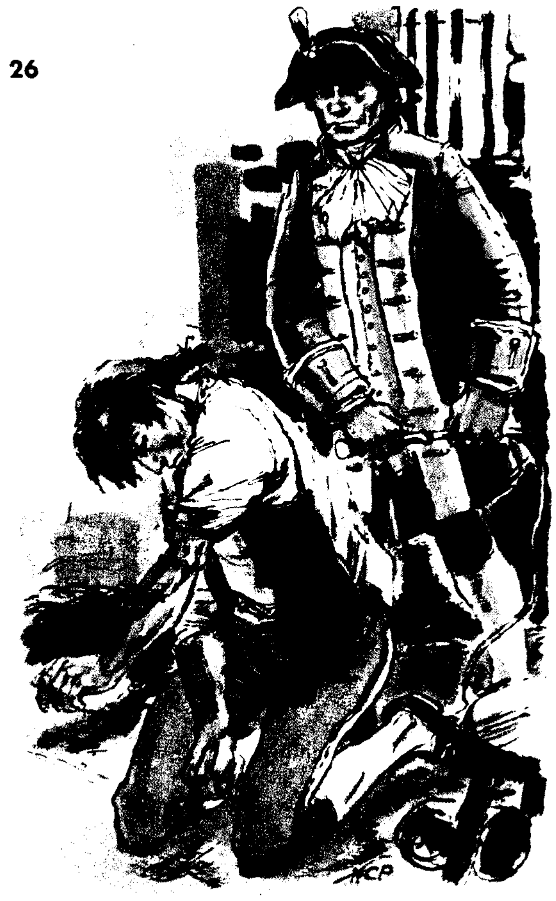
After Carter Braxton signed Declaration, the British chased all his ships from high seas

The only other South Carolina signer also served in the colonial Army. Shy, studious, almost effete, Thomas Lynch, Jr., twenty-seven, was a third-generation rice-plantation aristocrat. He much preferred his books of Shakespeare to war and was, in the phrase of the times, addicted to "literary lounging" in his paneled study. Yet even before the Declaration of Independence was adopted, this genteel bookworm had taken to the field as a captain in the first regiment of the South Carolina Provincials and permanently ruined his health through swamp fever. When his father, a delegate to the Continental Congress, resigned because of poor health, Captain Lynch was elected to take his place. After he signed the Declaration, his health continued to worsen, and in 1779 he embarked for France with his wife, hoping that a change of climate might help him. Their vessel was never heard of again.

John (Honest John) Hart, a tall, blue-eyed countryman, never joined the Army and never was captured, but he was as great a martyr to the cause of freedom as any of his cosigners. Unlike most of his suave colleagues at Philadelphia, the sixty-eight-year-old Hart was a simple farmer. For years he had peaceably tended his 400 acres in Hopewell Township, New Jersey. Even when his father had raised the Jersey Blues to march against Quebec in the French and Indian War, he had remained behind.

Compared with the Carrolls and Hancocks and Stocktons with whom he awkwardly rubbed elbows at the State House, the homespun Hart didn't seem to have much to lose—but the possessions he did risk were those dearest to his heart. First, there

When [illegible] low, Sam Adams warned his cosigners:



Whip in hand, provost marshal abused Yankee captives in infamous New York Provost Prison

were his dying wife, Deborah, and their 13 children; second, the acres he had tamed and that wonderful bit of colonial mechanization, his grist, saw and fulling mill at Rocky Hill. Unhesitatingly, he took his stand beside the more elegant men and, in a firm, unlettered hand, signed the Declaration.

Within a few months, the Hessians reached Hopewell. Hart was driven from his wife's bedside, and the 13 children scattered in all directions. His fields were laid waste, his precious mill razed. He was hunted through New Jersey's wild Sourland Mountains.

For more than a year, the tough old fox ran before the foreign hounds, living in forests and caves, begging an occasional night's lodging. Once a suspicious cottager made him sleep with the family dog. Winter or summer, he never dared stop two nights in the same place; yet because of Deborah he wouldn't leave the state.

Not until the Americans won at Trenton and Princeton in December, 1777, was Hart able to return home. By then his wife was dead, his own health was broken and his crops and mill were gone. All that remained were blackened acres. He died in 1779, well before the final victory.

Luxurious Living at Morrisania

Across the Hudson, the grand Lewis Morris of New York seemingly had even less business than Hart flirting with independence. His ancestors had staked out more than 3,000 acres, and he lived luxuriously on a great estate, Morrisania, in what is now the Bronx. There the nights twinkled with lavish, candle-lit entertainment, for the Morrises had six daughters and four sons. Morris' brother, a British general, was married to the Duchess of Gordon.

Although the British fleet and army even then were scarcely a cannon shot away from the manor and New York was shot through with Toryism. Morris signed the Declaration of Independence with a fine old-fashioned underscoring to his name that made it look like a steel engraving.

The redcoats promptly descended on Morrisania. Driving off his family and servants, they desecrated the manor, flattened his miles of fencing and wantonly fired a 1,000-acre stand of his trees. From luxury, Mrs. Morris and the girls abruptly descended to seven hard years of hand-to-mouth living while the father worked for freedom and the three older boys fought with Washington.

North, south, west of the Hudson, it was the same story of sack and family flight before the enemy. In a letter to John Adams, Thomas McKean, a fiery patriot who served both Delaware and Pennsylvania, described the harassments of his family in the fall and winter of 1777 in this manner: "I have had my full share of the anxieties, cares and troubles, of the present war. For some time, I was obliged to act as president of the Delaware state, and as chief justice of this; General Howe had just landed at the head of Elk River, when I undertook to discharge these two important trusts.

"The consequence was, to be hunted like a fox by the enemy, and envied [disliked] by those who ought to have been my friends. I was compelled to remove my family five times in a few months, and, at last, fixed them in a little log house on the banks of the Susquehanna, more than a hundred miles from this place; but safety was not to be found there, for they were soon obliged to remove again, on account of the incursions of the Indians."

Yet McKean refused to be distracted by family worries. Not only did he serve two states, but except for one year he served continuously in Congress from its founding to the peace. For his work in Congress, he didn't receive enough pay to cover his expenses; during one two-year period, he drew nothing.

At Bordentown, New Jersey, the family of gentle Francis Hopkinson barely escaped when the Hessians seized his home. William Ellery's house at Newport, Rhode Island, George Clymer's place in Chester County, 25 miles out of Philadelphia, the Georgia plantations of Lyman Hall and Button Gwinnett—all suffered from redcoat vandalism. (Autograph collectors prize a Gwinnett signature above that of any other signer of the Declaration because he wrote his name on so few papers during his lifetime.)

Always when the British arrived, a local Tory would finger the signers' homes for retaliation. In fact, the redcoats went well off their route to wreak vengeance on Clymer's estate. They smashed all the furniture, and what liquor they couldn't drink or steal they poured out on the floor.

Yet the signers of the Declaration never lost faith in their country, never swayed from their objective of freedom. Even the statesmen and diplomats among them never let an opportunity pass to show their defiance and contempt of the enemy.

John Adams of Massachusetts, who was to become the second President of the United States, was not a fighting man and never pretended to be, but he had the fighting spirit. Early in 1778, when he was sailing aboard the frigate Boston on a diplomatic mission to France, the vessel encountered an enemy ship.

The captain asked Adams' permission to join action, but insisted that Adams himself stay safely below. Adams agreed. Yet shortly afterward the captain found him on the forecastle, blazing away with a musket. "I am commanded by the Continental Congress to carry you in safety to Europe," the skipper said—and he bodily removed Adams below decks.

Imprudent of Adams, perhaps, but it was the kind of story that the men on the ragged Continental line liked to hear about their leaders. In quite a different way, but with the same purpose, Benjamin Franklin boosted morale when it was sagging badly. In the fall of 1776, before sailing for France on diplomatic business, the seventy-one-year-old statesman entrusted his fortune of £3,000 to £4,000 to Congress—as a gesture of his confidence in the new country.

On another occasion, Adams and Franklin teamed to deflate British hopes and counter Revolutionary despair immediately after the disastrous Battle of Brooklyn, which had put Washington on the run. Lord Howe thought the moment propitious for dickering, and a Congressional committee visited Howe's headquarters on Staten Island.

After ushering them through an impressive line-up of 20,000 troops, the Englishman made plain that he would be glad to talk with them as representative individuals but not, certainly, as a committee of the despised Continental Congress.

Coolly, Adams retorted: "You may view me in any light you please—except in that of a British subject." The talks got nowhere, and a British small-boat rowed the delegation back to the mainland.

To everybody's amazement, Franklin took some silver from his pocket as he landed and tried to tip the British oarsmen. Huffily, their officer refused to let them accept. There'd been method in his gesture, Franklin later chuckled to the other delegates. He'd just wanted to show the enemy that hard money was still circulating in the colonies.

In the Revolution's Darkest Days

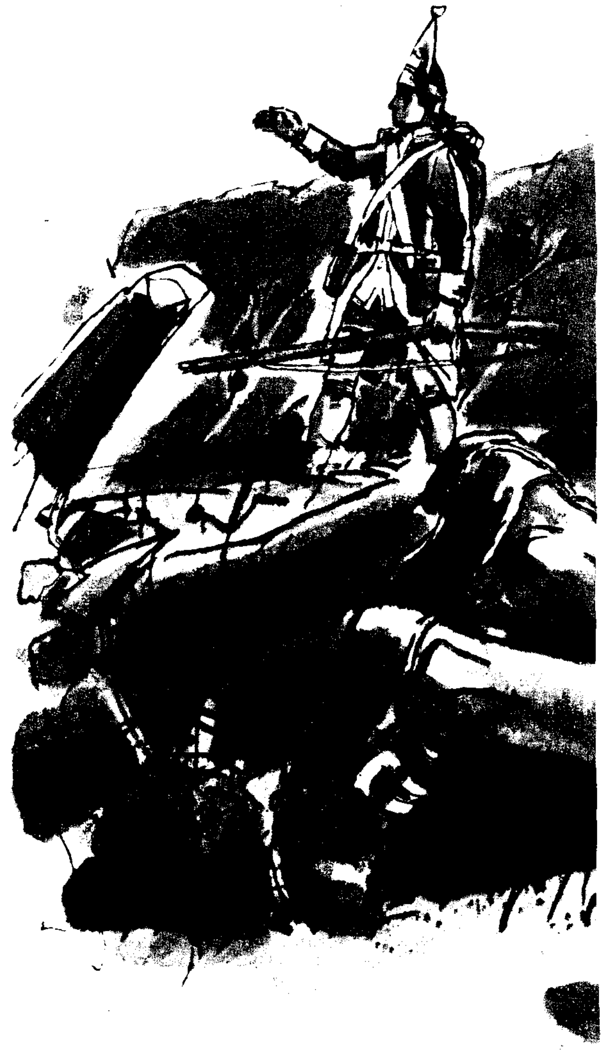
The spirit that carried the patriots through was perhaps best capsuled by red-faced, bushy-browed Sam Adams, the passionate Bostonian. In 1777, Revolutionary fortunes were at their lowest. Congress was a fugitive road show pursued by the redcoats and now, reduced to 28 members, it was temporarily sitting at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Not without reason, one delegate observed that the chances of victory were "desperate."

"If we wear long faces, they will become fashionable," Sam exhorted the discouraged. "Better tidings will come!"

Always, it seemed, the signers felt a sense of moral responsibility to carry through what they had started. Even those who didn't have to fight or run were working like men possessed to supply the troops, administer the government, fight the sickening inflation.

Many signers served as wartime governors in

For over a year, "Honest John" Hart, New Jersey signer, hid out in forests and caves to elude Hessians who'd laid waste his farm



their own states: others remained in Congress. Some time ago, insurance-company statisticians computed that the average delegate signed away two years of his life expectancy. Two or three of them were popularly believed to have died from overwork, and it is easy to believe. John Adams, for example, served on no less than 90 Congressional committees in 1776 and 1777, and was chairman of 25 of them!

Certainly the aloof, sometimes irascible, Philip Livingston of New York fell for his country. After the signing, he was hunted along the Hudson River like a common thief. Concern for his family and a "dropsy in the chest" bothered him. Then, in the spring of 1778, Congress sent him word to attend its sessions in York, Pennsylvania.

Livingston had a presentiment that he would not survive the trip. Quietly, he said a last good-by to his family and a few close friends. A month later he died in York. He was buried the same night, with only one of his kin—an eighteen-year-old son, Henry, then living with George Washington's family—to stand over the grave.

Duty to their country always came first with the signers—even above devotion to their families. When Virginia's Richard Henry Lee introduced in Congress the fateful resolution declaring that the colonies "are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," his sons were at school in England. At the end of the war, when the final prisoner exchanges were being arranged, Arthur Middleton of South Carolina urged before Congress that General Lord Cornwallis, the deputy British commander, be regarded "in the light of a barbarian" and excluded from the swap; at the time, Middleton's wife and children were under British control.

Fortunately, the young Lees and Middletons were spared retaliation. Some of the other signers' children were less fortunate. Both sons of Abraham Clark of New Jersey were captured after they'd joined the Army. They were thrown into the prison ship Jersey, where 11,000 captives are reported to have died. Because of their father, the brothers drew especially harsh treatment.

One of them, Thomas, an artillery captain, was put into a dungeon without food; he had to subsist on what little his fellow prisoners could smuggle to him. When Congress heard about it, the legislators threatened retaliation on a British captain. Thomas' treatment improved, but both the Clarks were kept prisoners till the end of the war.

Then there was Scottish-born Dr. John Witherspoon, sixth president of Princeton, who played a leading role in the Philadelphia debates over independence. When a timid delegate had objected that the colonies were not yet "ripe" for independence, Witherspoon thundered, "In my judgment, sir, we are not only ripe but *rotting*."

Witherspoon gave more than brave talk to his new land. He gave his eldest son, James, a Revolutionary major, fell at Germantown.

The Irony of One Patriot's Sacrifice

Sam Adams of Massachusetts lost his only son to the cause. There was a peculiarly bitter irony in his sacrifice, for he had said: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from Heaven that 999 were to perish and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty! One such freeman must possess more virtue and enjoy more happiness than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like and transmit to them what he has so nobly preserved."

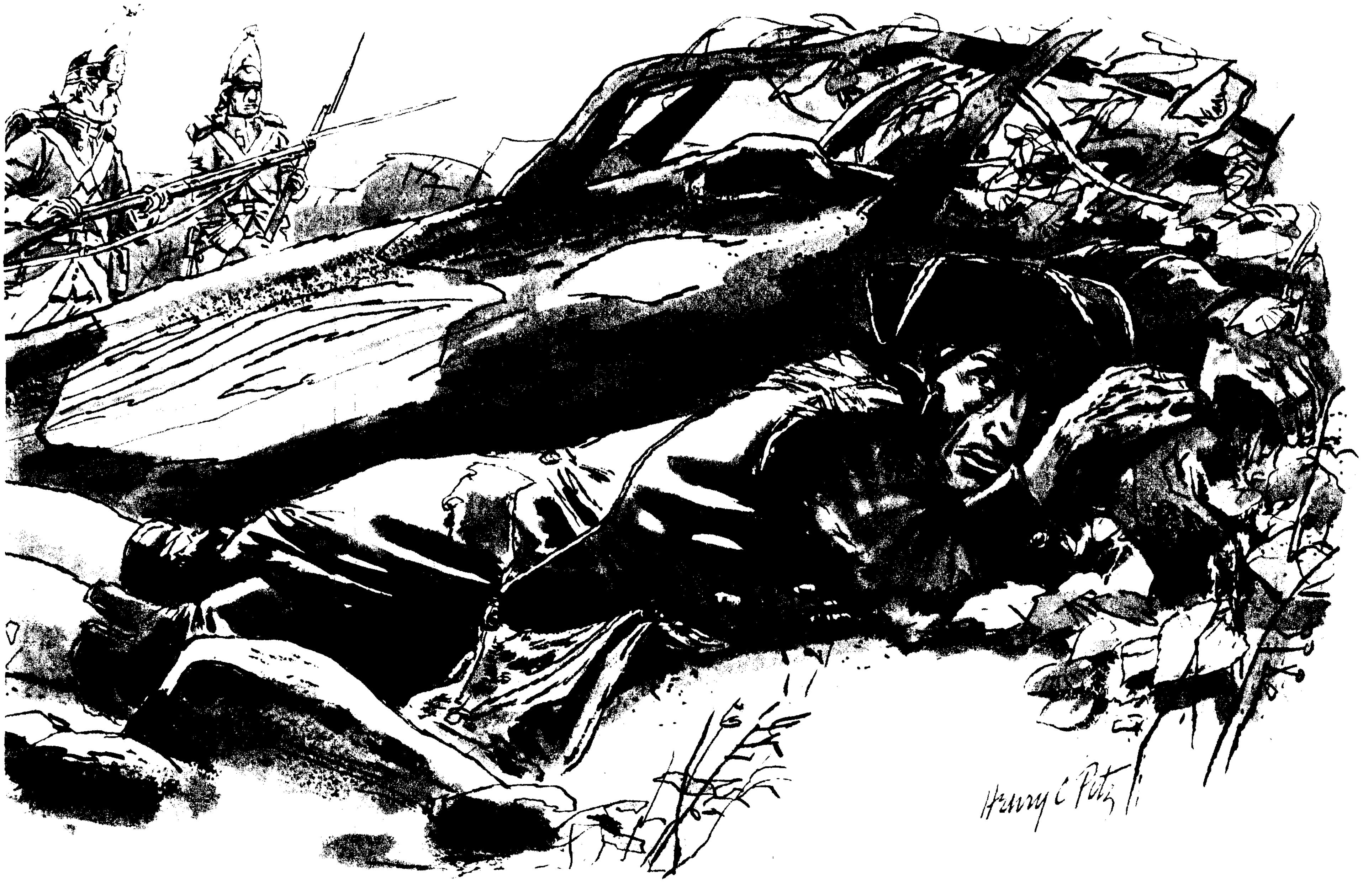
Adams' son, Samuel, Harvard-trained like Sam and a physician of promise, served through the war as an Army surgeon. Wartime hardships ruined his health and he died in 1788, before his father. Sam was left with only female descendants to "propagate his like."

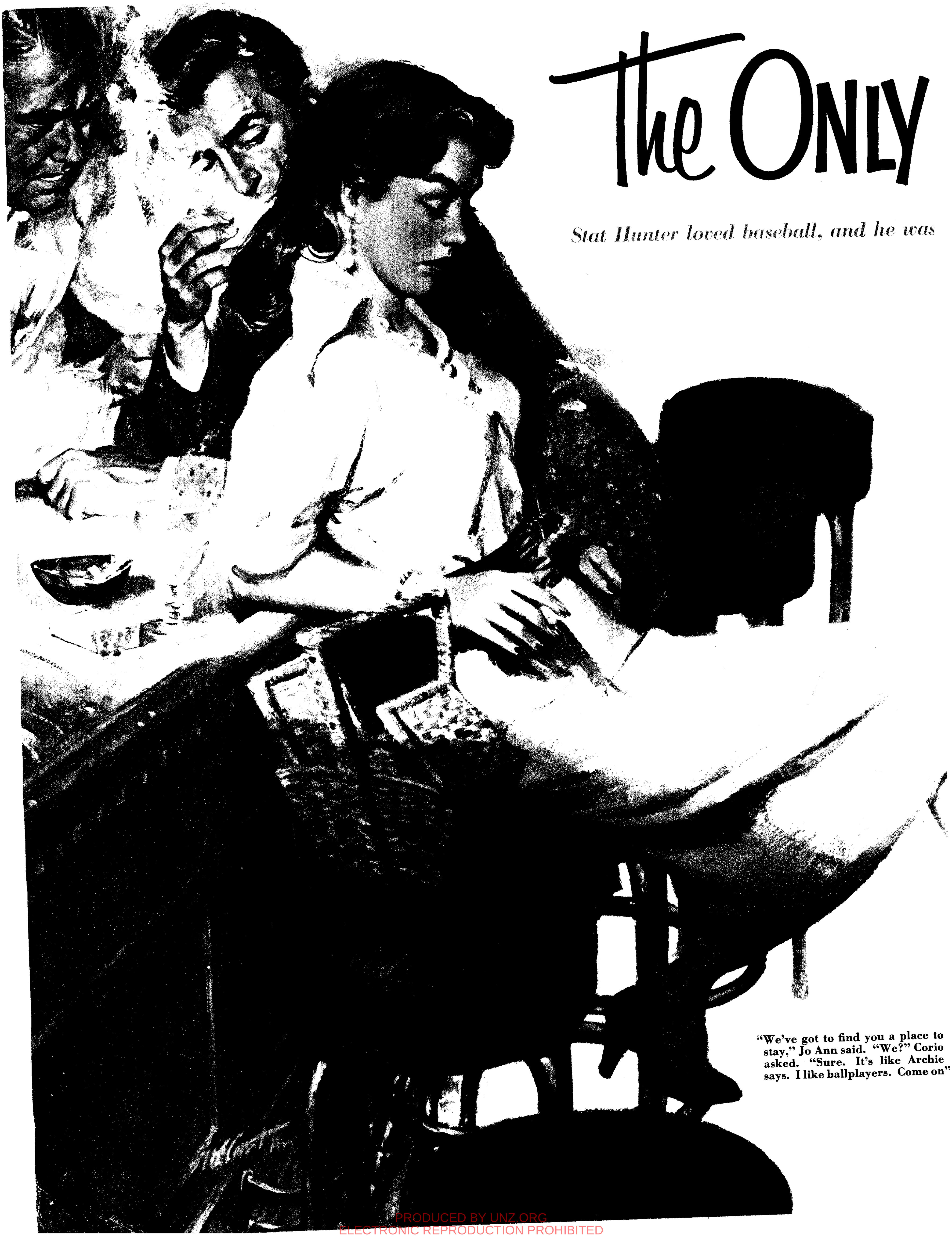
Most of the signers, of course, went on after the war to shape the country they had brought to birth till time gradually narrowed them down. At last, there were only three left, and on the Fourth of July, 1826—fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—two of them lay dying: a man of eighty-three in Virginia and one a few months short of ninety-one, in Massachusetts. At 12:50 P.M. that Fourth, Thomas Jefferson succumbed. At four o'clock, John Adams followed, and among his last coherent words was the toast he proposed for the day: "Independence Forever!"

On a November day six years later, the signers' story finally ended. At the age of ninety-five, Carroll of Carrollton died, the last of them all.

Actually, of course, their story will never die so long as Americans take courage from it, and the secret that made a mighty country did not perish with them. Even if we go back to the first signer to succumb, a man almost forgotten by history because he had so little time to give his country, we find the ultimate quality that possessed every man who placed his signature on the Declaration—faith in the land for which he pledged his all.

In April of 1777, when Revolutionary hopes were bogged in the spring mud, John Morton of Pennsylvania lay dying. No cosigners were at his side to reassure him in his final hours, and his last thoughts were of the Tory friends who had turned against him after he voted for independence. "Tell them," he said, "that they will live to see the hour when they shall acknowledge it to have been the most glorious service that I ever rendered my country." Then he died, in faith.





The ONLY

Stat Hunter loved baseball, and he was

"We've got to find you a place to stay," Jo Ann said. "We?" Corio asked. "Sure. It's like Archie says. I like ballplayers. Come on"

GAME IN TOWN

[illegible]

A NEW THREE-PART SERIAL

ALT CORIO was thrown out of organized baseball in 1946. His name was not Corio then. His name was Carsi. You may remember him.

Carsi and four others, teammates on a minor-league ball club in Texas, were barred from baseball for life. They did not conspire with gamblers. That is, they did not bag games for somebody else, but they had other people place money for them on the outcome of the games in which they played.

Carsi left that part of the country and changed his name to Corio right after it happened, and eventually he got a job with a company that made gears in a small town in upstate New York. There he played with the company ball team, and after a time he found out that the production supervisor at the factory knew how to put in a good word with a man named Kelly, who was general manager of the Conway Bears, an upstate franchise in the Class C Empire League.

That way Walt Corio returned to baseball. He had the heart of a gambler, and he came back carefully. He was a man with whom self-protection had become a necessity in life. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when he got off the bus and had his first look at Conway, New York. He crossed the street and went into a saloon. Inside, there were only two people, the bartender, and a girl sitting by herself at the bar drinking beer.

Corio went to the bar and ordered a beer. Taped against a mirror in back of the bar was a thin, lightweight black slate—a scoreboard. Corio said to the bartender, "You keep that up?"

"All the time. You like baseball?"

"Some."

"You look like a ballplayer," the bartender said. He turned to the girl. "Don't he, Jo Ann?"

The girl looked at Corio. "He does," she said, "at that." She seemed, to Corio's swift and not altogether amateur appraisal, to be both uncommonly pretty and uncommonly leggy; she had black hair, and despite her obvious youth, her face, while not hard, was expert.

"You play ball?" she said.

"A little."

"Supposed to be a new man trying out with this club in town," the girl said, still looking at him.

Corio noticed immediately that she had used the word *club,* and not, as ninety-nine women out of a hundred would say, *team.* He thought for a moment and then he said, "That's me."

"Well," the girl said and smiled at the bartender. "Archie, what do you know?"

"Don't ask me," Archie the bartender said. "I don't know nothing." He looked over at Corio. "You want to know anything about the Conway Bears, ask her. She's the town's number one—"

"Fan," the girl said.

"Exactly," the bartender said. "Tell him about young Joe Whittier."

"Archie," the girl said.

Archie shrugged. "He's going to—what'd you say your name was?"

"Walt," Corio said.

"Walt's going to find out anyway," Archie said. "Plays second base for Stat Hunter, Joe does."

"Who's Stat Hunter?"

"You're a ballplayer, you never heard of Stat Hunter? He's the manager, is all. Spent damn' near twenty years in the big league. Be there yet if he could throw a ball. He makes one good throw and his arm kills him for a week."

"What's he doing here?" Corio asked. "I mean, you'd think he could have a job somewhere else, higher up, maybe still in the big league. A coach or something."

Archie said, "Who knows? This Hunter's crazier than most. A nice guy. You ask anybody, they'll tell you what a nice guy Stat Hunter is. But you want to know something? All he knows how to do is play ball. It's the only game in town. You know? Guy gets taken in a crap game and a friend of his says, 'Didn't you know the game was crooked?' and the guy says, 'Sure, I knew it was crooked, but it's the only game in town.' Same way with Stat Hunter. All he knows how to do is play baseball."

Walt Corio grinned. "Will you and the lady have a beer with me?"

The girl smiled at him. "He's got a wife, too."

"Hunter?"

She nodded, thoughtfully. "Divorced him two years ago. That's why he's here. He came to Conway to forget."

"Well," Corio said, "from a quick look at the town, I'd say he made a fine choice."

Archie the bartender set up another round of beer. "Anyway," he said, "there's Hunter and Joe Whittier, and that's the whole ball club."

"Never mind about Whittier, Archie," the girl, Jo Ann, said.

"What do you mean, never mind about Whittier?" Archie said and looked at Corio. "She's soft on Whittier. Soft on ballplayers generally, if you ask me, but—"

"Archie," the girl said.

"Well, all right," the bartender said. "Whittier plays second base. A heller, that boy, a real heller. Headed for the big leagues if I ever saw it. Does everything. And on the side—ooo! Drinks, gambles—" Archie paused and looked significantly at Jo Ann. Then he went on. "Owes half the town. That boy's in debt, Walt. Can't be no more than twenty, twenty-one years old and he's in debt right up to his jawbone. All that's going to save him is if he gets a call to the majors, gets some more of that baseball money. Save him and save Stat Hunter too. That's the only way a manager can produce with a bush-league club like this one. The hell with winning the pennant. You got to come up with a player, is all." Archie drank some beer. "Don't smoke, though. Never seen young Joe Whittier with a cigarette in his hand."

Corio said, "How come Stat Hunter puts up with all that?"

"Who said Hunter knew about it? This is only Hunter's first year, and it's still only June yet. Besides, it ain't known all over."

Corio looked at Jo Ann. "No?"

She looked back at him. "No."

"Me," Corio said offhandedly, "I can take a little playing too. You wouldn't happen to know of something?"

The bartender and Jo Ann looked at each other. Then Archie said, "The house takes it. It's fair, but you play the house. Isn't that right, Jo Ann?"

"Yup," she said.

"It's the Black Widow," Archie said. "Out on Route Forty-seven, west of town, maybe two miles. Don't get there much ahead of ten o'clock, and tell the waiter you wanted to see somebody downstairs."

"Meanwhile," the girl said to Corio, "we've got to find you a place to stay."

"We?"

The girl got off the bar stool. "It's like Archie says. I like ballplayers. Come on."

FAIRCHILD PARK, home of the Conway Bears, was situated along the main-line tracks of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad a mile or so south of the Conway depot.

Nobody knows how many ambitious young boys, yearning to become professional ballplayers, have gazed out the windows of passing trains, viewed Fairchild Park, and decided then and there upon medicine, plumbing or the law. In common with many other sooty, ramshackle and splinter-fenced ball yards in towns across the country, Fairchild Park had that not wholly describable quality of appearing vacant and discarded even when in use.

Still, it was a way of life for the fifteen men—four infielders, one utility man, five pitchers, two catchers and three outfielders—who made up the roster of the Conway Bears of the Class C Empire League. Some of them, the young ones, still were uncertain of their craft; others, the old-timers, who had been up for a trial with the majors or the fast minors, now went through the motions with mechanical imperfection.

One of them—his name was Andrew Hunter—had spent sixteen years in the major leagues. Now he managed the Bears and

(Continued on page 84)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MCCARTHY

There are suits to show a girl's form in water, suits to show it in the sun ... And Now

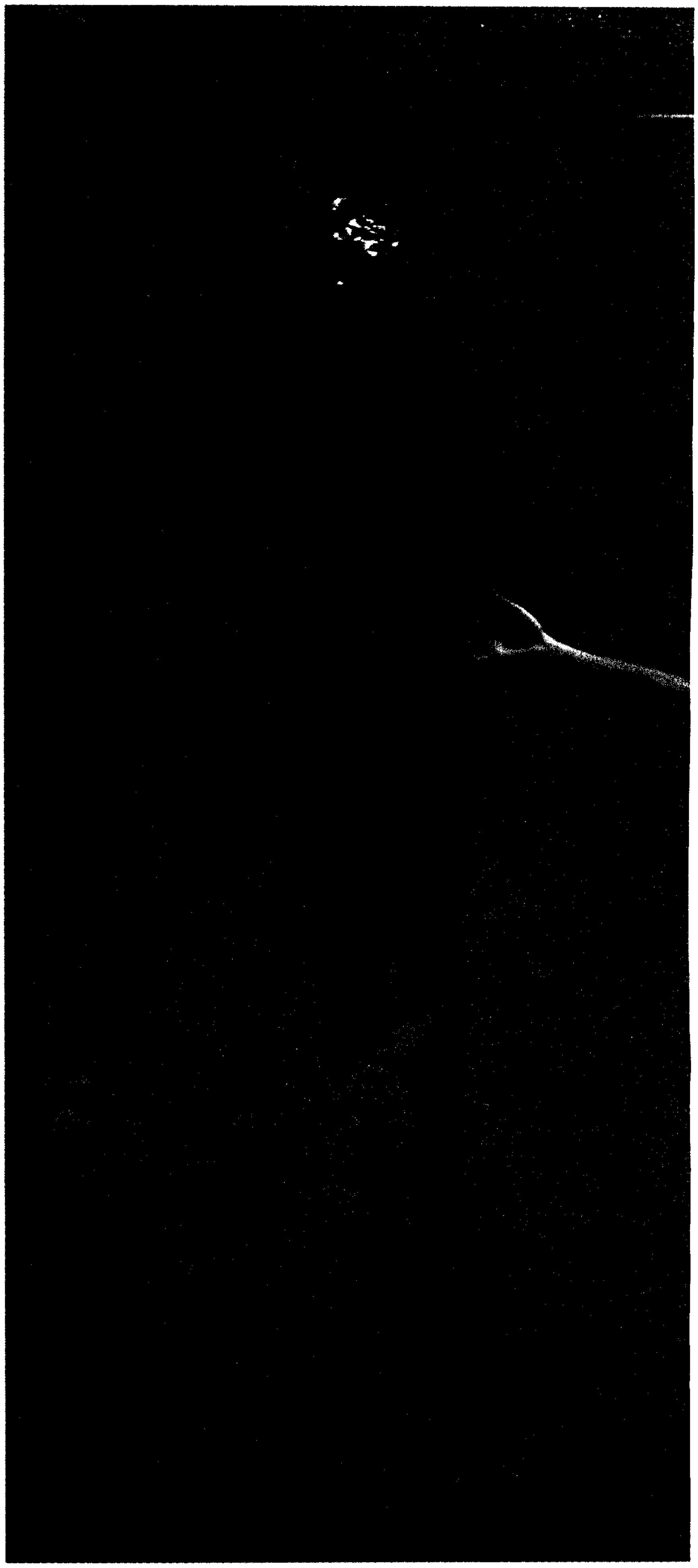
THIS summer you'll see three kinds of girls on every beach: the sunners; the swimmers; and the underwater brigade, a fast-increasing female minority of snorkel-and-goggle enthusiasts who have joined the current national craze for skin-diving. Sunners and swimmers wear distinctly different kinds of bathing suits. The swimmer prefers a minimum of tricky trappings and a maximum of sturdy strappings. The sunner's minimum and maximum requirements are reversed. Each can find plenty of good-looking suits to serve her purpose; but fashion designers have neglected the underwater girl, who has problems uniquely her own. Her suit must be warm, to combat the chill of deep waters; it must be strong, to bear the stresses and strains of underwater pressure; and it must give her complete freedom to move.

To find a suit which would answer these needs, Collier's asked designer Grace Arcuri, of Catalina, Inc., to blueprint a practical, fashionwise outfit for the girl who wants to look ornamental though submerged. Miss Arcuri came up with an answer which will keep any swimmer comfortable in any kind of water. The suit contains Orlon for strength and quick drying, wool for warmth, and rubber for snug fit. It is designed in four parts: brief bra and trunks are worn for warm-water swimming; in more rugged temperatures, skintight, lightweight jacket and pants can be zippered on to keep body heat intact.

The underwater suit, and some of the best of this year's crop for shore and surface girls, illustrates the primary functional point: the feminine form will catch the masculine eye whether it suns, swims or sinks. —MARTHA WEINMAN

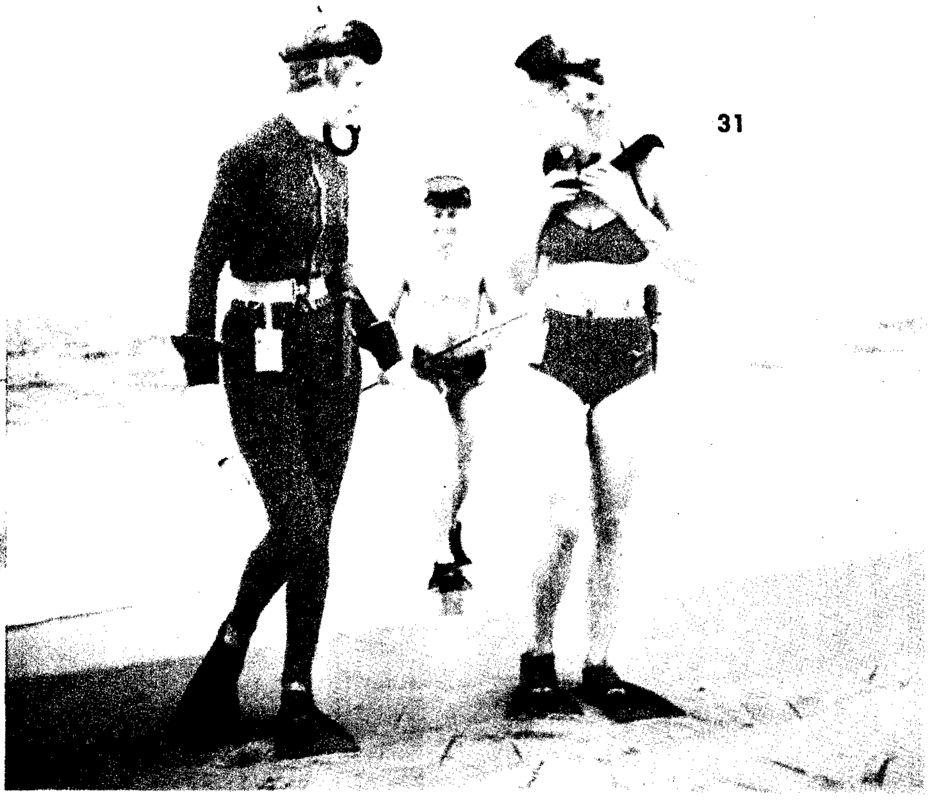
High-priced but high-powered garb for sunners is Rose Marie Reid suit with bodice heavily encrusted with seed pearls and rhinestones. One of the season's fanciest, the outfit sells for $75

Knit tube suit by Jantzen (right) is effective sun *décor*, takes water too. Below, new cover-up trend is shown in Cabana Beachwear knitted two-piece. Accessories from Saks Fifth Avenue



Sub-suit submerges in full array. Model in center is wearin warm-water version of the suit, which may be covered by tigh

SUB-SUITS



The sub-suits sport hook-belts holding knives and packets which balloon into water wings under pressure. Man now holds hand spear

acket and pants (left) for use in Northern waters. Models wear (l. to r.) a face mask, unior Aqua-lung carrying a half hour's air supply, and snorkel. Man carries spear gun

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWELL CONANT

Catalina suit combines eye appeal and action

Swimmers find sturdy good looks in suits from Rose Marie Reid (above) and Gantner

Dick and Pat Nixon—

Here's an intimate look at—and talk with—the most powerful Vice-President in histor

ON A TABLE in the study of Vice-President Richard M. Nixon's home in suburban Washington stands a foot-high ceramic knight in armor astride a plunging black charger. "I gave that to Dick when we were married," Mrs. Nixon told me. "It reminds me of him."

The parallels drawn by the devoted helpmeet of an energetic young man on his way up are not always subscribed to by others beyond the family circle. In this case, however, there is striking evidence that lissome Pat Nixon's view of her husband has come to be shared by an even larger number of people—some powerful enough in Republican party councils to give solid substance to rising talk that Nixon will head the G.O.P. ticket in 1956 should President Eisenhower not run again.

Smart politics dictate that until a White House incumbent openly declares himself on the subject of renomination, aspirants for the job within his own ranks remain discreetly mum. Dick Nixon, whose acumen is underestimated by neither friend nor foe, clings firmly to this precept.

In an unprecedented interview with him—lasting an hour on a typically crowded Vice-Presidential day—I failed to budge him on his aspirations. "When you're in a particular job," he said, "you should be thinking only of that job."

Key party figures are less closemouthed about the rise of Nixon's star. At Republican National Committee headquarters—where, perhaps prophetically, Nixon's portraits seem to have a slight edge in placement over Eisenhower's—chairman Leonard Hall not unexpectedly insisted that Ike would run again. "However," he added, "I'd say that the President is very, very fond of Mr. Nixon. Life being uncertain, he feels the Vice-President should not be unprepared, should anything happen. Dick Nixon is, I should say, the administration's strong right arm."

Another G.O.P. tactician frankly dubbed Nixon "the heir designate," and on Capitol Hill I was reminded: "Dick is the spearhead of the coming Congressional campaign. If the Republican candidates are elected, a major share of the credit will go to him. That isn't going to do him any harm with the people—or the Republican party."

By all odds Nixon will bear the brunt of Republican oratory in the onrushing mid-term contests. He himself told me that he already has had hundreds of requests to make speeches; he said that he would speak "as much as I can in the key states for senators and congressmen." Party strategists recognize and intend fully to exploit his talents on the hustings. Hall told me, "Dick talks in terms people understand."

His crowded speaking schedule is only one sign of a Nixon build-up that is far from casual and that, further, has the rare fillip of apparent Presidential blessing. Few Americans realize how much a Vice-President's future can be shaped by the occupant of the White House. Harry Truman, because of his own lack of briefing on state secrets while second-in-command, cracked the tradition that the Vice-Presidency must be restricted to gavel-wielding in the Senate. He made the No. 2 man during his term—Alben Barkley—a regular participant in Cabinet meetings. Dwight Eisenhower went further. He ruled that the Vice-President should also sit on the National Security Council, and preside both there and in Cabinet meetings when the President is away.

Eisenhower's regard for Dick Nixon is not limited to official matters. He has shown obvious admiration for Nixon's political flair as well, in ways both little and big. On the anniversary of Nixon's nomination, the President topped a list of donors, including Cabinet members, who presented his running mate with a black onyx inkstand, complete with golf ball and a gold plate inscribed, "With high esteem . . ." But Eisenhower's most important public recognition of Nixon's political skill came last March when he personally chose the Vice-President to answer Adlai Stevenson's frontal assault on the administration.

Veteran Washingtonians cite this speech as a prime example of how Eisenhower uses Nixon as his field commander in politics. "Ike is still a soldier," they say. "Nixon is to him now what Omar Bradley was on the battlefields of Europe."

One theory advanced to explain Eisenhower's willingness to keep Nixon to the forefront—with its inevitable effect on the gathering Nixon boom—is that Ike may have definitely decided to limit himself to one term. Another is that the President's basic make-up precludes political jealousies. Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers, a Nixon intimate, put it this way: "The President

Mrs. Nixon and children—Tricia, 8 (left), and Julie, 6—greet the Vice-President on th

The Team on Ike's Team

[illegible] always at his side

By HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE

and Dick instinctively like each other. I happen to know that Nixon was at the top of his list for Vice-Presidential candidates at the convention. He likes young people."

Nixon's youth, aside from its appeal to his chief, may well be his most formidable political asset. At forty-one, he is the second youngest Vice-President in our history (the youngest, nearly 100 years ago under President James Buchanan, was thirty-six-year-old John C. Breckinridge). Should Republican hopes for him misfire in 1956, 1960 lies beyond, and other campaigns beyond that. To a party hitherto hampered by a dearth of vigorous new blood, Dick Nixon has proved a welcome infusion. Unless all standard prognostications fail, we will find him front-and-center on the American political stage for a long time to come.

Everything about him—his ideas, preferences, personality—is therefore important. It was for this reason that I sought an interview with him. I also wanted to talk to Mrs. Nixon. Few other Vice-Presidential wives have been so actively associated with their husbands' political careers. The sharp scrutiny leveled at Nixon during the celebrated $18,000 expense-fund incident of the 1952 campaign included his wife. She was both praised and damned for appearing at his side during his nation-wide televised explanation of his personal finances. Pat's "good Republican cloth coat" itself became a national byword, with reverberations to this day.

I got my first glimpse of the Nixons one Sunday at the Westmoreland Congregational Church, not far from their Spring Valley home. The Vice-President was to speak on the good-will trip he had made to the Far East at the President's request—another token of Eisenhower's reliance on him. Crowds spilled into the aisles as, escorted by the pastor, Nixon emerged from the chancel, moving sedately. Muscular of physique—he is five foot eleven, weighs 180 pounds—with curly black hair, rosy cheeks, jutting jawline, and dark beard (he shaves twice a day), Nixon looked the prototype of a football coach.

MARVIN KONER

ront doorstep of their home in suburban Washington. The house is mecca for sight-seers

Brief "Career" in Movies Recalled

Mrs. Nixon sat in a front pew, brown-eyed, with red-gold hair and a slender size-10 figure. I was not surprised when she later revealed to me that back in California she had passed movie tests and actually had walk-on parts in two films (Becky Sharp, in 1935, and Small Town Girl, in 1936). As the Vice-President talked of the Far Eastern journey, he frequently referred to her part in it. Occasionally they exchanged affectionate glances.

After the services, as Nixon stood beside the pastor shaking hands with members of the congregation, I asked for an interview. He referred me to Mrs. Nixon. She was sitting in their car, waiting for their daughters, Patricia (Tricia), eight, and Julie, six, to come out of Sunday school. I put the question to her; she referred me to her husband. Neither seemed to be trying to put me off; each was merely deferring to the other.

This initial hint of their teamwork was amply confirmed during the time I later spent with them. In a political era which has, perhaps, overworked the word "team," the Nixons are a startlingly genuine example of one. Even for a married couple, they have an unusual affinity of traits, tastes and reactions. So evident is it that their detractors tag them "Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Alger, Jr." Their admirers echo Alice Roosevelt Longworth—widely regarded as their social mentor—who calls them "the darling Nixons."

They have been married 14 years, and in that time, Pat Nixon told me, "We've never quarreled. Dick and I are too much alike. We don't even differ in our opinions."

Both are unfailingly even-tempered, slow to anger. Both love "system." Pat said: "I'm as orderly as an old maid, and so is Dick." Nixon's working desk in the Senate Office Building is free of clutter; each morning two new boxes of sharp lead pencils and a fresh pad of lined yellow paper are there to help him start the day methodically. His mind is so orderly that he can pick up dictation just where he left off despite the interruption of half a dozen major phone calls.

At home, Mrs. Nixon reflects similar precision. At ten o'clock on a Saturday morning she was able to do what few women could—open a closet door and show me neatly assembled rows of hats, shoes, and dresses. She manages her wardrobe tidily and thriftily. "I take off my best things as soon as I come home," she told me, "and slip on a simple house dress. Before hanging up the suit or dress I've worn, I look it over to see if it needs any mending. If it does, I mend it at once, then brush and press it." In her datebook she meticulously notes the dress she wore to a particular formal occasion to avoid wearing it again to the same place.

Both Nixons admittedly are ambitious for self-improvement. "We've always wanted to learn—to master one thing, then go on to the next," she said. "We're the do-it-yourself type. We get a big kick out of studying, learning how to do things."

Both are immensely energetic, ready to go 18 hours a day without letup if required. This talent has enabled them to take on a staggering social schedule. On their 68-day Far East venture, 79 formal functions were staged in their honor. In Washington, they often pinch-hit for the Eisenhowers. More than 35 foreign embassies have entertained for them, and although past Vice-Presidents have not always felt obligated to return such hospitality, the Nixons have done so in a series of formal dinners at the swank 1925 F Street Club.

Mrs. Nixon sighed: "Outsiders probably look at us and say, 'You think you're pretty hot shots.' That's far from true. We feel our responsibility."

Their abundant energies are not reserved for the social whirl alone. Both are human steam rollers in their capacity for hard work. Nixon's month-in, month-out schedule would crush many another man. Three days a week he goes to meetings outside his office—the Cabinet, the National Security Council and the White House conference of G.O.P. legislative leaders—which begin at 7:30 or 8:00 in the morning. Other workdays begin at nine; few end before 7:30 P.M., and often they wind up after midnight. Five days out of six he lunches at his desk on a tuna-fish or ham-and-cheese sandwich brought from the Senate cafeteria. Frequently he races direct from his office to evening functions, changing into dinner dress brought from home by his Negro chauffeur, John Wardlaw.

Pat Nixon keeps pace with her husband not only on the social front ("I'm a fireman when it comes to sliding into my clothes," she says with a smile), but in all other respects. Her crack stenography—she types 80 words a minute, takes 120 in shorthand—has materially helped his career. When, as senator, Nixon publicly championed General MacArthur after his return from Japan, a tidal wave of 80,000 letters rolled in. Pat pitched in with the office staff, helped read and classify the mail, and typed replies until every one had been answered.

Domestic Tasks of the "Second Lady"

She no longer lends a secretarial hand, but remains far from idle. Her own personal mail averages 150 letters a week—ranging from requests for her husband's favorite recipe (tamale pie) to pleas for intercession in impending legislation. Her separate social life as second lady of the land is impressive, yet at home, despite the acquisition of a housekeeper, she does most of the cooking, shops twice weekly at the local supermarket, valets for herself and Dick, sews draperies and makes her daughters' clothes. Whatever her day, she tries to be home every evening to give the girls their baths and read to them before they go to bed. Tricia and Julie make their own beds and tidy their own rooms. "For two years I taught nursery school, so I understand the handling of children pretty well." Mrs. Nixon said. "I like them; in fact, I wouldn't mind a larger family."

From the age of thirteen, when her mother died, to the age of seventeen, Pat kept house for her father and two brothers—"washing, ironing, everything." This rigorous training has stayed with her. "If I have something important ahead," she told me, "I'll keep at it till it's done if I have to stay up all night." Her husband is the same way.

My interview with the Vice-President, limited in advance to only 15 minutes, stretched four times that long. My first question was about his current job. How did he like it? Was he happy in his work?

He shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, as long as there is something to do which has relative importance. I have the kind of temperament which must finish the work at hand. I like the part of this job where there's work to be done. The social phase is like too

Our first stop was Hawaii, and it is as beautiful as all the legends claim. Governor Samuel King greets us at the airport.

In Bangalore, India we visited an airplane factory and shook hands with the workers. Here Dick is being presented with a model of the airplane manufactured there.

much ice cream. A formal dinner twice a month might be all right, but two, three and sometimes four formal parties a week are a chore. Washington social life is very unattractive and extremely boring. The difficult part is that you can't allow your boredom to show."

Many have described him as fast becoming a man of destiny. Would he say he was riding under a lucky star?

"I think anybody's life in politics is affected a great deal by chance," he replied. "History will show that two men may have equal abilities, but opportunity comes to one, not to the other. In my case a lot of things were factors—geography, age, service in the House and Senate, a chance to be associated with the issues of the day. Certain circumstances developed and I happened to be tapped on the shoulder.

"You just don't sit down and say, 'I'm going to be Vice-President or President.' Henry Clay was consumed with the ambition to be President, but he never made it—though his every action, thought and deed were motivated by his burning desire."

Experience Has Made Him More Tolerant

I asked if he felt he had grown to his high office.

"Not particularly. I'd put it this way: if experience has affected my judgment, yes; if it's given me more understanding, yes. The experience has undoubtedly been good for me. Because of what I've been through, I'm far better qualified now to pass judgments, make decisions. For one thing, I'm more tolerant."

He disclosed that he and Eisenhower had met for the first time not in Paris in 1950 as had been reported, but at a luncheon given that same year by former President Herbert Hoover at California's swank Bohemian Grove encampment. Also present, he said, were General Albert Wedemeyer, Julius Ochs Adler, general manager of The New York Times, and Clarence Budington Kelland, author and Republican National Committeeman. "I don't believe Eisenhower was considering the Presidency then," Nixon recalled, "but I think he was being considered. Certainly most of the people at that luncheon were doing their best to convince him."

I asked Nixon if he had a long-range program. He repeated the question, thought a bit, then said: "Well, I have certain projects I'm working on, like speeches to make, but on the whole I take care of each day's problems as they come up—do the thing at hand. The best test of a man is not how well he does the things he likes but how well he does the things he doesn't like. The thing that destroys a person is to be constantly looking for something else—thinking how much happier you'd be in another job."

What did he consider his worst fault? "Others should answer that," he said. "I suppose my worst fault is impatience with inefficiency. Perhaps I worry a lot more than I might about the jobs I do. One thing you ought to do in politics is never be concerned with what you've done. I've never made a speech I've been satisfied with."

I had learned that the Vice-President's personal physician was Dr. Arnold A. Hutschnecker, a German-born Berlin University graduate now practicing in New York and author of a book called The Will to Live. I showed Nixon a copy. He nodded. "Sheridan Downey, my predecessor in the Senate, gave that book to me. I liked it, and looked the doctor up. I go to him once a year for a physical checkup. My heart is strong, lungs in fine condition, blood pressure 120 over 80."

Nixon's liking for the Hutschnecker book makes its philosophy worth noting. The author declares that we are entering a new era he calls "the age of ambivalence." He defines ambivalence as the "simultaneous existence within us of opposite emotions toward the same object or person. We may be outwardly, consciously friendly, and inwardly, unconsciously hostile at the same time." Ambivalence, Dr. Hutschnecker maintains, "explains man's darkest eras, those of persecution . . . the burning of books, all in the name of progress." In the past, he adds, man "could follow his drive toward cruelty and destruction unpunished . . . Today he has no

The Government of Burma presented us with beautiful court costumes of that country. Here we are dressed in these costumes with President Ba U and his daughter before the historic Golden Throne in the official residence.

Here Dick talks with a 75 year old rice farmer in Okinawa. Everywhere we went, we tried to get a more rounded picture of the country by talking with as many people as possible in all walks of life.

MARVIN KONER

Nixon discusses 1954 campaign with Republican National Committee chairman Leonard Hall. G.O.P. chieftain described the Vice-President as the administration's "strong right arm"

excuse." He calls on "doctors, educators, jurists, political leaders and all leaders of men" to make their choice—"for mankind or against it, for creation or destruction."

Dr. Hutschnecker had told me that his cleaning woman said Nixon always shook hands with her—the first patient to do so. I mentioned her remark to Nixon. "In our society, it is essential for people to feel that top officials belong to everybody," he explained. "If the maid, doorman or elevator man hovers on the fringe, I go over and speak to them, shake their hands, partly because I enjoy doing it and partly because it's part of the job of the office as an elected public official. Over the objections of the State Department, Mrs. Nixon and I shook hands with everybody on the Far East trip."

"Yet some accuse you of being a fanatical rightist," I pointed out.

"Look at the record," he retorted. "My most vitriolic mail is from the Gerald L. K. Smith crowd." Smith is an agitator for extreme right-wing causes.

What did Nixon think of Senator McCarthy? "I feel that my TV reply to Adlai Stevenson's attack on the Republican party took care of Senator McCarthy," came the quick retort.

That Campaign-Fund Question Again

I raised another ticklish point—the $18,000 expense fund contributed by his supporters during 1950-'52 for his political use. His face darkened. Had he, I asked, thought to mention it to Eisenhower before the '52 convention? "No," he said.

"Why not?" I persisted. "You were partners."

"I saw nothing unusual about that fund. Expense funds are the rule rather than the exception in Congress. They're used for political purposes. Mine was no secret. The whole idea was for a senator to keep in touch with his constituents. Part of that fund went for the distribution of my speech on Hiss." (As a California congressman and member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, Nixon played a key role in exposing Alger Hiss, former State Department official, as a Communist courier.)

Mrs. Nixon's face drained of its color when I mentioned the fund to her. "We have gone into this thing so often, do I have to explain it again? Dick is so scrupulously honest, I knew he hadn't done wrong. I didn't say anything except to let him feel I loved and believed in him. When he got to the broadcasting station he said, 'I want Pat to sit with me. I want to feel she is here.' He discarded his notes and talked from his heart. I sat there spellbound." There was pride in her voice. "We had over a million responses. After all, you don't have to be phony, if you're honest."

She was similarly spirited over the related issue of her wardrobe. Recently a society reporter, mistaking a mink-coated woman for Mrs. Nixon, had described the coat in detail. A labor paper had picked up the description and reported that "Mrs. Richard Nixon has a fur coat!"

"So what!" Pat Nixon's eyes flashed. "It happens that I'm still wearing my cloth coat. The only fur I possess is a white ermine stole I bought for the Far East trip. But what if I did buy a fur coat? It's *our* money we spend!"

ORDER OF THE HOUND'S TOOTH

Dick Nixon

Members of Nixon's staff founded Order of the Hound's Tooth during the 1952 campaign

Not even the Nixons' bitterest enemies could call them money-seeking today. They have turned down offers for public appearances, articles and books totaling more than $300,000. The Vice-President alone has rejected 3,700 offers to speak for cash. When he does speak, he takes no money.

Plainly, the matters of both the fund and the coat still rankle in the Nixons. The uniquely personal once-over they received from the voters in 1952 may be the reason why, despite the limelight existence they lead much of the time, they seem to set such store by the seclusion of their home.

Embarrassed by Sight-Seers' Curiosity

I got a personal glimpse of the problem as I sat with Mrs. Nixon in their turquoise-and-chartreuse living room one recent sunny morning. "I'm recognized wherever I go," she said a little sadly. "At first, it made me a bit diffident. Even now I sometimes feel as if I were living in a goldfish bowl. Sight-seers in cabs, cars and on foot stare at the house, ring our bell, and ask for autographs. I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings, but it isn't easy, this life. Our house is so near the street and we're so right-out-loud. See—that's what I mean!"

Through the picture window she pointed to a car which had halted at the curb. Its occupants, two couples, were as visible to us as we to them. They gawked at us, at the house, then moved on.

The Nixon home is an attractive white-brick affair. A subdued Checkers, the Nixons' cocker spaniel, sat at her post on the steps as I went in. The *décor* of the eight rooms is that of an attractive home-furnishings ad. Through the rear window of the living room, I could see the Vice-President's suits airing on the line. There were similarly homey touches throughout the house—frilly white curtains in the kitchen, a tall apothecary jar filled with hard candy for the Nixon girls atop a big white refrigerator; gray carpeting on the stairs leading to the second floor. In the Nixons' bedroom, painted on the silver wall back of the big double bed, is a blue canopy topped off by a stylized coronet. "I designed that," Pat told me proudly. "I wanted something different, not too feminine, yet with a touch of luxury. No matter how little money you have you can make things attractive."

She appears wistful about some of the changes the Vice-Presidency has wrought in their lives. "Dick is so busy," she said, "we don't have as many good times as we used to. People come and go in our lives. We only see our friends in groups—and then just occasionally."

One such group is the Order of the Hound's Tooth—founded after Eisenhower remarked during the '52 fund incident to the effect that his running mate would have to be "clean as a hound's tooth." Members of the Nixon campaign staff belong to the order, which has Checkers as its mascot and an insigne for each member of a hound's tooth mounted on a gold chain. Another group is the Chowder and Marching Club, organized when Nixon was in the House, and composed of young congressmen. Nixon has in a sense become the elder statesman of this group, now his devoted coterie and one which may be an effective spearhead for his political future.

Occasionally he will sit down with the members and, over a beer, discuss impending legislation. Congressman Patrick J. Hillings, who represents Nixon's old California district, told me: "Frankly, the Republicans' success in the House is due largely to Dick. He analyzes the situation, sees the key men, preaches the Eisenhower program. He argued for Ike's tax program; he's the best salesman Eisenhower has."

The Nixons' closest friends include Deputy Attorney General Rogers and his wife; Alice Longworth; former ambassador William C. Bullitt; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Drown (he heads a magazine-dis-

to be phony if you're honest"

tributing agency in Long Beach, California), and Paul Marshall, member of the Maryland House of Delegates. The Washington intimates often take potluck at the Nixon home.

"We're a total loss at bridge, canasta or poker," Mrs. Nixon told me. "But we like to talk. Once in a while we sing. Dick hasn't the *time* he used to for his music, but every now and then he'll ramble over the piano keys. Bach is his favorite. To hear him even now, you'd think he'd been at it every day." She doesn't drink; occasionally he downs a bourbon highball, but he won't drink at all if he's tangling with a problem.

"We try to make our parties a novelty by playing up the popular dishes of foreign countries," Pat continued. "One time it will be a spaghetti dinner with everything Italian; another time it's all Spanish. But I don't make a chore of entertaining because I never feel I must put on a show. We are what we are and that's that."

The Nixons' down-to-earth attitude manifested itself in the Far East. At the Tokyo airport, a fleet of cars waited to express them to the American Embassy. But the streets were lined with Japanese, and Nixon halted the cavalcade five times to get out and shake hands with people. Cheering broke loose and followed the Nixons to the embassy.

Saving Face for the Orchestra Leader

The Nixons made an equally good impression in Korea. At a concert in Seoul one night, the platform on which half-a-dozen singers were standing cracked, tumbling them to the ground. The singers picked themselves up and resumed. A moment later, the platform collapsed completely, again toppling the singers. The orchestra leader, head bowed in humiliation, began to walk off. Nixon jumped to his feet and started applauding; his wife joined in. The abashed singers and orchestra leader returned. Because of the Vice-President's quick thinking, the performance wound up a success—with no face lost.

Events at home since the Nixons' return have tested their mettle in less pleasant fashion. From his law-school alma mater, Duke University, Nixon received an unprecedented slap in the face when the faculty voted down an honorary degree for him, allegedly because of its opposition to his widely reported attempts to patch the rift between Senator McCarthy and the Army. His assertion at an off-the-record session of the American Society of Newspaper Editors that we might eventually have to send American boys to Indochina stirred up a storm that has not yet died down despite Nixon's insistence that, far from being a trial balloon, his remarks were completely off the cuff and hypothetical.

It is plain that because of the unusual circumstances of their debut on the wide screen of national politics two years ago, both Dick Nixon and his wife will continue to be controversial figures in our public life—targets as much of brickbats as of bouquets. The Nixons sense it and are prepared.

The Vice-President smiled somewhat glumly when I asked whether he took the attacks seriously. "In this business you must not be deterred by either praise or criticism," he said. "Generally speaking, the press is very fickle. As a matter of fact, I haven't changed. Dead cats don't bother me. The struggle doesn't—certainly not campaigning. I'm only troubled when the so-called attacks hurt members of my family. It worries me if my parents, brother or wife worry."

Pat Nixon was equally unruffled. "Don't you ever worry about Dick," she told me firmly. "He doesn't let either criticism or praise get him. The other day I happened to mention some editorial praising him. He laughed. 'Don't worry, Pat; next week they'll be kicking me in the teeth.'

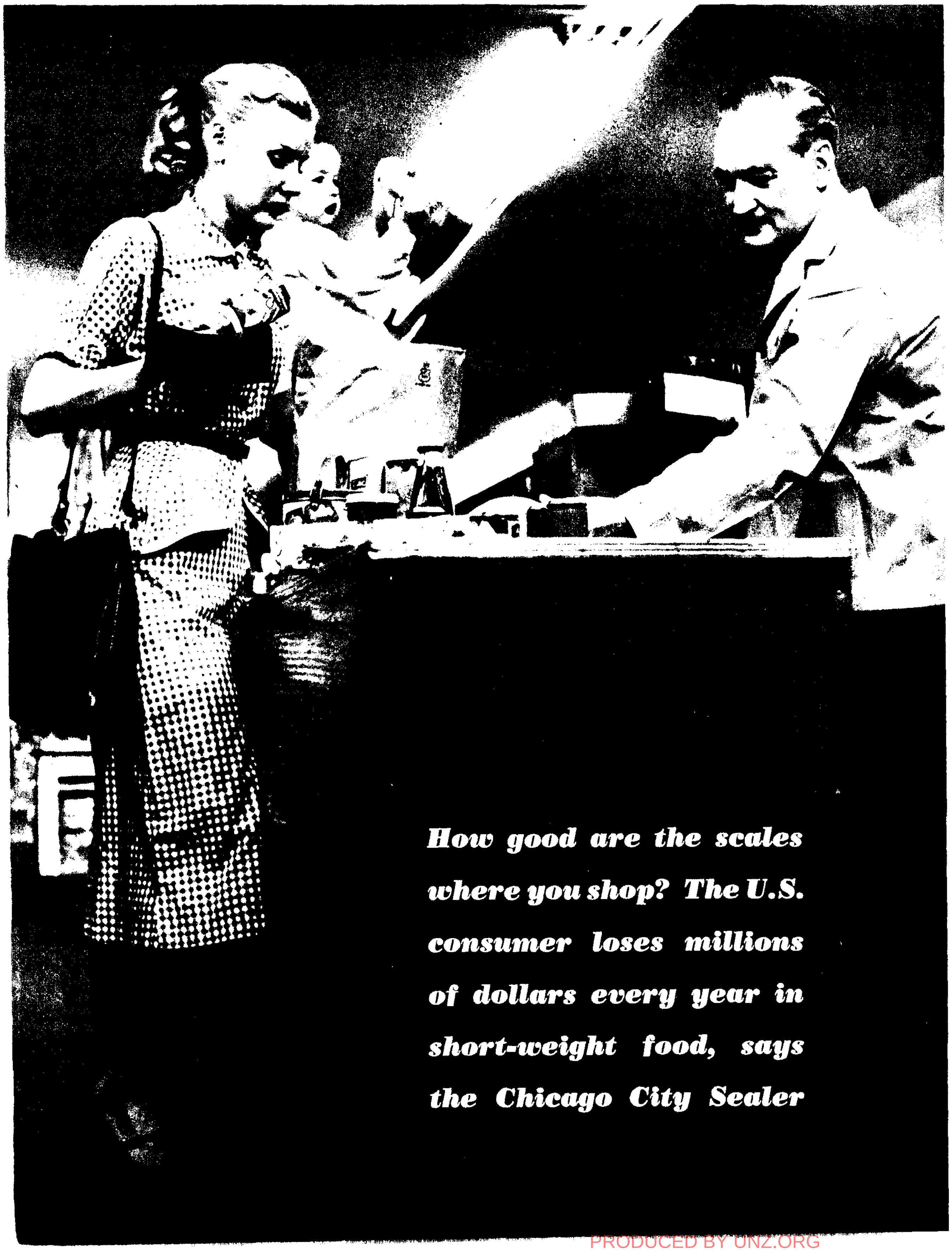
"Politics with Dick," she added, "is like a crusade, a dedication." ▲▲▲

Dick with President Rhee and
Generals Hull and Taylor reviewing
the United Nations troops near
the front lines in Korea. All
sixteen nations were represented in
the parade, and it was one of
the most thrilling sights of the
entire trip.

In Indonesia both the officials and
the people gave us a friendly welcome.
Here Prime Minister and Mrs. Ali
Sastroamidjojo tell me about the
progress this country, which has so
recently won its independence, is
now making under the leadership
of dynamic President Sukarno.

When You Shop—Are You Pound-Foolish?

By IRVINE LEVY with BILL FAY



How good are the scales where you shop? The U.S. consumer loses millions of dollars every year in short-weight food, says the Chicago City Sealer

IF YOU are the average shopper, every week you spend from $5 to $30 for meats, groceries, fruits and vegetables. How would you like to save a substantial part of that weekly food bill? You probably can, simply by paying more attention to what you're doing—and to what the storekeeper is doing—when you shop.

Since 1947, I have served as head of Chicago's weights and measures department. My title is City Sealer. In that time, I have learned that most people could cut $50 to $250 from their annual grocery expenses if they would just follow four rules:

1. Watch the scale while purchases are being weighed.
2. Check weights and prices on packaged items.
3. Read labels carefully.
4. Don't take anything for granted.

The last rule is extremely important. Any time you take something for granted you're likely to lose all you've gained by observing the first three rules.

For example, a woman shopper bought two bottles of ketchup in a Chicago supermarket. The price stamped on the bottle was 25 cents, but a sign over the display read: "Special! Two for 45¢!" At the checkout counter, however, the cashier rang up the regular price stamped on each bottle; the customer, who was rummaging in her purse for a compact, didn't realize she'd lost her five-cent bargain. An inspector from the Weights and Measures Department of the City of Chicago, who observed the incident, commented:

"That shopper made a common mistake. She unloaded her shopping cart, containing about 25 items, in a jumbled pile on the checkout counter. One bottle of ketchup rolled behind a five-pound package of sugar, the other fell between a can of grapefruit juice and a loaf of bread. The busy cashier, through no fault of her own, rang up the two bottles as separate items.

"If the customer had grouped her items properly—placing the bottles of ketchup side by side—the cashier undoubtedly would have remembered the ketchup was on sale and charged the special price.

"But," the inspector concluded, "even if the cashier forgot ketchup was on sale—an understandable error when you consider she has to keep track of continually changing prices on more than 1,000 items—the buyer could have corrected the mistake if she'd been paying attention."

The loss of five cents on two bottles of ketchup may appear insignificant, but look at it this way. That five-cent overcharge was a loss to the customer of 11⅑ per cent on the 45-cent sales price. That same day a rise of 1 per cent in the consumer price index was front-page news in every Chicago newspaper, and I'll bet the shopper winced when she saw it.

I've had an opportunity to study the buying habits of all sorts of shoppers. In my opinion only one woman shopper in 10 gets maximum value for her food dollar. Men shoppers are worse. Only one man out of 50 really knows how to shop for food—and, nowadays, men do about 20 per cent of the nation's food buying.

Before discussing the right and wrong ways to shop for food, I would like to make one point clear. An overwhelming majority of the food merchants and salesmen in your community are honest. They want you to check weights and prices closely when you shop, for two reasons: if you get your money's worth you become a satisfied customer, and you help protect honest merchants against unfair competition from dishonest merchants who thrive by short-weighting or overcharging careless customers.

Several months ago, one of our inspectors issued an arrest notice to a butcher named (let's say) Charley who was offering sensationally low prices. Charley could afford to sell at a cheaper price than his competitors because he was short-weighting his customers. After Charley was tried and fined $50 in municipal court, I received a phone call from one of his competitors, who said: "Thanks for grabbing that guy. I couldn't compete with his prices. Things were getting so bad it looked like I'd either have to go out of business or start short-weighting my own customers!"

According to a World War II government esti-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY FRIED

A Four Roses Mist (Four Roses over shaved ice) is one of the best reminders that—in hot summer weather—a drink made with this fine whiskey and plenty of ice is wonderfully tasty and cooling. And this summer—whether you're a devotee of the "mist," the whiskey collins, or the ever-popular highball—you'll find that a drink made with Four Roses is *better than ever.* For the Four Roses now being bottled is the *finest* Four Roses ever. And that, in our opinion, makes it the finest whiskey you've ever enjoyed.

FOUR ROSES
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MEN WHO KNOW WHISKEY ARE SAYING "FOUR ROSES"

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

"Why bother to thumb a scale?" said one butcher. "No one looks anyway!"

ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Levy inspects local butcher's scale. Surveys show that only one out of seven shoppers checks weight, but you'll probably get honest total, author says, if you *pretend* to watch

mate, U.S. families lose many millions of dollars a year on short-weight purchases. If you are a careless shopper, you may be absorbing part of that annual loss by letting yourself be victimized by a few dishonest people like Charley the butcher.

Charley had a neat racket—until that little man in the blue suit walked into the store and asked for a nice sirloin steak.

"Yes, sir," smiled Charley, reaching into the showcase for the steak. "We've got a real special on ready-to-eat hams today—only 89 cents a pound. You'll find them right over there in the self-service coolers."

The Ham Charley Was Asked to Weigh

While Charley wrapped the steak, the man in the blue suit went to the cooler and selected a ham marked "11 pounds 4 ounces—$10.01." Turning to Charley, the man asked: "Mind weighing this?"

"It's already been weighed, sir." Charley smiled again and pointed to the marking on the wrapper. "See, eleven pounds four ounces."

"Let's weigh it again," the man suggested, flashing a badge which identified him as a Weights and Measures inspector.

No longer smiling, Charley put the ham on the counter scale. The indicator steadied at 10 pounds 12 ounces.

"You weighed that one about eight ounces over," the inspector observed. "That's an overcharge of about 45 cents. Let's look at the rest of those hams."

There were 12 more hams in the freezer, and the inspector discovered that Charley had added from seven to nine ounces to the weight of each. The markups represented an average overcharge of 45 cents per ham.

Next the inspector checked his steak. "Let's see," he said, glancing at the price Charley had scrawled on the wrapper. "You've charged me a dollar and seventy-six cents. Sirloin is selling for eighty-five a pound. That means"—the inspector calculated for a moment—"that means this steak should weigh about two pounds and one ounce."

The inspector put the steak on Charley's scale. The indicator showed one pound and 15 ounces. "Two ounces short," the inspector commented. "That's a lot, with sirloin selling at over five cents an ounce."

These discoveries touched off an investigation which revealed that Charley had been short-weighting his customers for three years. "During this period," the inspector's report noted, "he supplied a nearby restaurant with thousands of dollars' worth of meats. These restaurant sales were not entered on the books. He concealed the restaurant sales by short-weighting his regular customers."

I once talked to a retired butcher who, in his time, had been a known short-weight artist. Aware that he could no longer be prosecuted for his crooked dealings, he talked freely: "It was so easy, I just couldn't resist the temptation. As I got to know my customers, I discovered that only about one shopper out of 10 was watching the scale. So I started adding a few cents to the price when they weren't watching. It got to be sort of a reflex action.

"Then I noticed something else about my customers. They hardly ever checked the weight of a self-service item—like a whole ham or a dressed chicken. So I started marking up my hams and chickens a couple of ounces.

"Of course," he said, "I never thumbed a scale or used any trick weights or gimmicks. That would be doing it the hard way. Why go to a lot of trouble to do tricks with the scale when the customers don't even watch it?"

The notion is widespread that unethical food merchants cheat their customers by the use of mechanical devices—false-bottomed containers, concealed weights, rigged scales controlled by ingenious foot pedals, and the like. The fact is that the percentage of short-weight cases involving mechanical gadgets is infinitesimal. Of 29,887 short-weight sales on which Chicago investigators issued warning tickets or arrest notices during the last 10 years, only two relied on mechanical means (in both cases, butchers inserted small lead weights into dressed chickens, then palmed the weights after weighing the chickens for their customers). The rest were perpetrated by unscrupulous merchants who merely overcharged careless or credulous customers.

How Many Customers Watch the Scale?

It's amazing how few shoppers watch the scale. For purposes of this article, four of my inspectors surveyed 24 food stores in various Chicago neighborhoods to see how many customers actually watch the scale. They checked 1,398 shoppers, 184 of them men. Only one woman out of seven kept an eye on the scale; among men, the ratio was one out of thirteen. The reason, as one shopper explained, is that "it's hard to multiply all those ounces and pounds and odd cents—especially when I'm ordering four or five items in a hurry."

Many shoppers have difficulty with scales—particularly the scale in wide-spread use, which on the customer's side reveals the weight of the purchase in ounces and pounds, and on the merchant's side shows the weight *and* the price in dollars and cents. When you buy a one-pound four-and-one-half-ounce chuck steak at 47 cents a pound, you have to be a whiz at mental arithmetic to figure the price (quick, what's the answer?) while the butcher bounces the meat on and off the scale. The butcher has no such problem. He gets the answer the moment the indicator stops quivering: 60 cents.

The honest butcher charges you 60 cents, or whatever the scale reads. However, if you don't watch the scale, the dishonest butcher may overcharge you for the same amount of meat—and you'll never know the difference. What's more, that dishonest butcher may use his profitable overcharges on round steak to offset a loss incurred by offering another item—say pork chops—at below cost to attract new customers. Thus, the careless shopper who fails to watch the scale unwittingly may help a dishonest butcher expand his business at the expense of an honest competitor.

You can protect yourself and also help protect the honest merchants by remembering one fact: unscrupulous merchants who short-weight their customers are not mind readers. If you merely *pretend* to watch the scale, the chances are you'll get honest weight—because the unscrupulous merchant has no way of knowing whether you can multiply ounces and odd cents fast enough to check his price. There are other ways to save, particularly at the meat counter. Meat generally costs more per ounce than other items on your shopping list, and any saving is likely to be substantial.

For example, whole hams and sides of bacon frequently are put on sale wrapped in heavy paper with the weight stamped on the wrapper. However, ham and bacon lose weight by shrinkage in storage. A 12-pound ham may shrink as much as four ounces—and an ounce of ham currently sells for around 4 cents. Also, while meats are shrinking in storage, their paper wrappers are absorbing moisture, which means extra weight. If you insist that your butcher reweigh a ham without its

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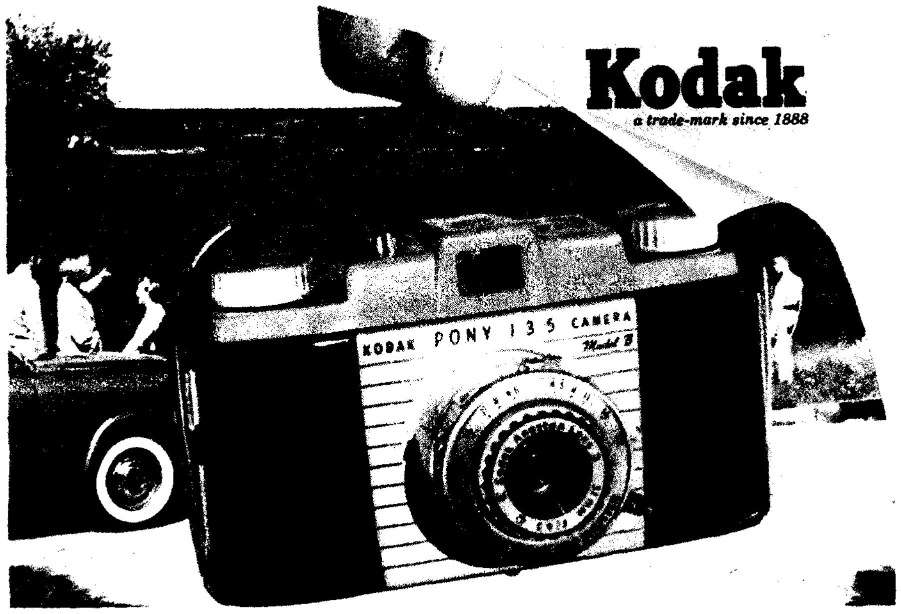
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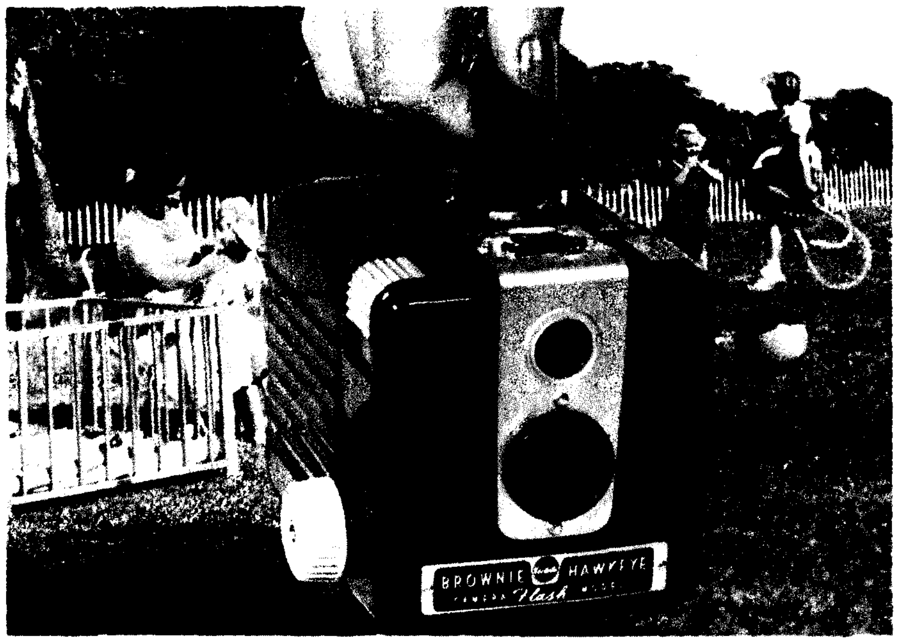
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Gravy and beef; beef and gravy—which would you buy? There's a difference

wrapper, you'll frequently save 16 cents or more.

The same applies to such items as hamburger, liver, sauerkraut or potato salad; they should be weighed, when possible, without the container. There's no point in paying liver prices for a piece of cardboard or wrapping paper.

When buying fish or eviscerated poultry (plucked fowl with head, feet and entrails removed), watch out for short weight caused by ice. Poultry and fish packed in ice absorb water, and the extra moisture frequently is included in the weight you're charged for. The moisture usually seeps away while the food is on display in the showcase, so that your selection may be several ounces lighter than the weight indicated on its price tag. If you ask for a reweighing, you may save 10 cents or so on your fish or chicken. If flakes or chunks of ice adhere to fish, chicken or other iced foods, make sure they're removed before weighing. Recently, one of our inspectors shook three ounces of ice out of the breast of a two-and-one-half-pound chicken.

Tips for Buyers of Chickens

Here are two other ways to ensure getting your money's worth of chicken:

1. When buying cutup chicken by the piece, remember that neck skin can be attached to the breast. With chicken breasts selling for 69 cents a pound, you'll be paying more than 4 cents an ounce for neck skin—unless you make sure the butcher detaches it before weighing your purchase.

2. When buying wings, make sure you get the full wing, including the joint near the breast, which holds most of the meat. If this breast joint is detached, you'll be paying 45 cents or more a pound for skin and bones.

In recent months, many large food markets throughout the nation have converted their meat sections to a self-service operation. Self-service meats are cut, wrapped in transparent paper, marked with exact weight and price, and placed in an open cooling unit for the customer's inspection. Each package should scale from one-quarter ounce to one and one-half ounces heavier than its marked net weight, depending on the size of the package. This extra weight indicates the butcher made proper allowance for the weight of the wrapper. The self-service operation is quick and convenient; it also protects the unwary shopper from becoming a victim of deceptive merchandising, which works like this:

At the meat counter, you notice three trays heaped with pork chops. A price tag—say 61 cents—is perched atop the chops on the middle tray. The chops look like a bargain; you've been buying pork chops for 73 cents a pound.

You place your order: "Six pork chops—those good-looking ones on the left . . . a pound of bacon . . . and two pounds of round steak, ground . . ."

The butcher selects six lean meaty chops from the left tray, and you go home pleased at having found a real bargain. However—

If you checked the weight and price of those chops carefully, you might be surprised to learn that the butcher charged you 73 cents a pound—the market price for loin pork chops.

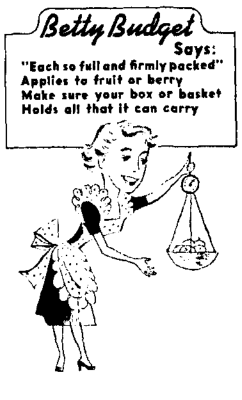
And if you protested this apparent overcharge, the butcher would explain: "But, lady, I gave you loin chops from *this*"—pointing to the left—"tray. They're 73 cents a pound. The 61-cent chops on this tray are end cuts."

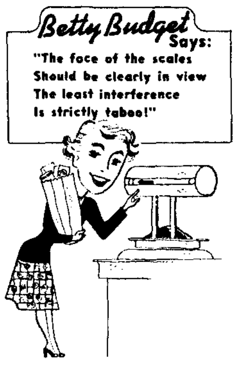
A similar technique can be applied to all types and cuts of meats, so when you ask for meat tagged at an unusually low price be careful the butcher does not give you a more expensive cut and charge you at a higher rate. Never assume that untagged meat on a tray is selling for the same price as tagged meat on an adjacent tray. That assumption could put a large dent in your food budget. You may get what you pay for—but if you can afford to pay only 50 cents for a pound of meat, and you inadvertently pay 70 cents for a superior cut, you're out some money, even though you may eat better.

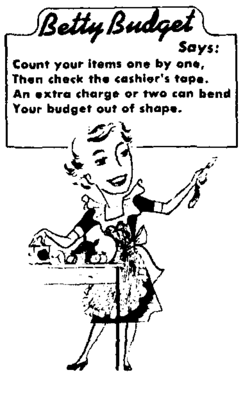
Tips to Shoppers

Levy tries to educate the public on how to get the most for their shopping dollar through messages like these which are run in the newspapers and are shown on film to P.T.A.s and home-economics classes

Betty Budget
Says:
"Your adding machine tape
Needs a star at the top
To save you from paying
For others who shop."


Betty Budget
Says:
"Each so full and firmly packed"
Applies to fruit or berry
Make sure your box or basket
Holds all that it can carry




Betty Budget
Says:
Count your items one by one,
Then check the cashier's tape.
An extra charge or two can bend
Your budget out of shape.

You also can save when buying groceries, particularly if you take time to read and understand the labels.

Let's suppose you're shopping for canned meat balls. You find two competitive national brands with the same net weight and the same price. The label on brand A reads: "meat balls and gravy." The label on brand B reads: "gravy and meat balls." Which brand would you buy—A or B?

If you want more meat balls than gravy, you'll take brand A. Federal regulations require that the ingredients *printed on a label must be listed in order of weight.* Consequently, if you select "gravy and meat balls," you'll be buying a can containing more than 50 per cent gravy, by weight.

However, federal regulations do not require a manufacturer to specify what *percentage* of the net weight of his product is solid matter and what percentage is liquid. As a result, many shoppers misinterpret legal labels.

Recently, I received a letter from an irate shopper who protested: ". . . I bought a package of frozen sliced beef marked 14 ounces, but when I served it I had only about five ounces of meat and the rest was gravy. I want to report this outrageous short weight . . ."

I was familiar with the product the shopper described. One of our inspectors had visited the plant which was processing the beef. Each package, labeled, "gravy and sliced beef," contained 9½ ounces of gravy and 4½ ounces of sliced beef. Price: 65 cents. The manufacturer was not guilty of short-weighting the package. He was merely making the most of a loophole in the federal regulation, which stipulates only that the ingredients must be named in order of weight. The shopper who thought she was getting 14 ounces of beef for 65 cents was actually paying at the rate of $2.31 a pound—because she did not read and understand the label.

By checking labels carefully, you will also discover that different brands of canned or packaged items which appear to be the same size actually differ appreciably in net weight or content.

Take peanut butter. While shopping recently, I noticed a sign reading: "Special! Peanut Butter, 43¢!" Under the sign, three brands of top-quality peanut butter were displayed. Each brand was price-tagged 43 cents. Although differing slightly in shape, the jars appeared to be about the same size—yet close inspection showed that brand A contained 15 ounces; brand B, 14 ounces; and brand C, 13 ounces.

You may even find two brands of vegetables displayed side by side, selling for the same price and packed in cans of the same size—yet of differing weights. If you look at the label, you may discover that brand A weighs 1 pound, whereas brand B weighs 1 pound and 1 ounce. An observant shopper who selects the heavier can gets the better value.

Bread is another item you should buy by weight. Never ask for "a large loaf" or "a small loaf." Instead, look for the net weight printed on the wrapper. You may find a 14-ounce loaf which appears to be larger than a 16-ounce loaf. The difference in size is due to the amount of air the baker pumps into the dough. If you check weights you won't make the mistake of paying a penny per ounce for air.

When grocery shopping, never take the accuracy of signs or price tags for granted. Remember, merchants are human and they occasionally make mistakes. Recently, one of our inspectors noticed a sign over a self-service freezer reading "Haddock Filets, 79¢ lb!" When the inspector picked up a package from the freezer, the net weight read 10 ounces.

Honest Mistake Clips Shoppers

"There was no doubt," the inspector's report noted, "that this was an honest mistake on the part of an inexperienced clerk. The clerk simply mistook 10-ounce small packages for the pound size; then he stamped the 10-ounce packages with the one-pound price and dumped them into the freezer . . . The store manager estimated that at least 80 shoppers bought the small packages without noticing or protesting the overcharge."

You can save money on fresh fruit and vegetables by observing the same careful buying habits followed in the meat and grocery departments. There is also one specific sharp practice to watch out for. Cherries, berries, currants and other small fruits are usually sold in baskets sized by pints and quarts. When buying such small and relatively high-priced fruit, make sure the basket containers are tightly packed. A clever produce handler can juggle three quarts of tight-packed strawberries into four heaping quarts, high in the middle but loosely packed underneath, that may appear to be a better buy than the original level-packed boxes.

One last suggestion: pay for your food purchases as carefully as you shop for them. First, count the number of items you have bought and check them against the list of charges on your receipt. Make certain that you aren't being charged for an extra purchase.

Then, when you get home, check your tape-receipt against your actual purchases. Occasionally, you may discover the cashier made a mistake. My wife once bought two pounds of butter, but on checking the receipt discovered she had been charged for three pounds. When the overcharge was brought to the attention of the store manager, he gladly refunded the money. The transaction did not reflect in any way on the honesty or competence of the cashier, who had made an understandable mistake (I'm amazed that cashiers make so few mistakes while working under rush conditions), but it would never have been discovered if my wife hadn't checked the list.

Food-market cashiers have no opportunity to double-check their totals. That puts it up to you. A bank cashier invariably counts money twice while cashing your check, and, if you're an average bank customer, you also recount the money you receive before leaving the cashier's window.

When you check your food receipt, you're merely handling your food dollars with the same care as your banking dollars. And why not? The money you save through careful food buying is just as good as money in the bank. ▲▲▲

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Everything Happens in the

It's a handy place to hold a picnic, build a fire when it's cold, grab a nap—or even

THE sudden, frantic wigwagging from the dugout 290 feet away informed Washington pitcher Chuck Stobbs one day in Philadelphia that it was time to go to work. Unbuttoning his windbreaker, the handsome young Senator southpaw arose from his seat in the bull pen and moved toward the warmup mound. As he did so, a note tossed from the adjacent grandstand landed almost at his feet.

Stobbs glanced up toward the stands. A flustered young woman, doing her best to register the proper maidenly modesty, smiled coyly at him from the first row. The pitcher unfolded the note and skimmed over the contents.

"Dear Chuck:

"I'm 26 years old, not hard to look at, and awfully fond of baseball. My sister is afraid I'll become an old maid. She keeps telling me to go out with ballplayers because they are nice fellows and make a decent living. You are my favorite ballplayer and I think we'd get along swell together if we went out on a date."

The girl supplied her name, address and phone number, and added a precautionary postscript.

"P.S. If you think I'm a crackpot, please pass this note along to some of the other single fellows on the team. But be sure to tell them I prefer pitchers, and I work late on Tuesdays and Thursdays."

Stobbs smiled as he recalled the incident recently. "I learned long ago," he said, "not to be surprised by anything that happens in the bull pen."

Only the "mop-up brigade"—that weary-looking group of seven or eight players who trudge out to the bull pen a few minutes before the start of each game—can testify to the laughs, the pranks, the heartbreak and the hard labor which are daily crammed into the back room of baseball. To others, the bull pen is a mystery—not only to the majority of fans, but even to such established stars as Stan Musial, Ted Williams, Pee Wee Reese and Al Rosen, who rarely have any reason to set foot in it.

Even the name "bull pen" is a mystery. Some baseball historians say it owes its origin to the Bull Durham tobacco signs which provided the backdrop for unlimbering reserve hurlers in baseball's early days. Others trace the word to the similarity in the roles of baseball's relief pitchers and the reserve bulls in the sport of bullfighting, who are kept available near the bull ring in case the starting *toro* proves to be a dud.

Whatever the source of the name, there's no confusion about the modern definition. Essentially, the bull pen is a specially designated plot of ground at least 65 feet long in some distant part of the ball park, where relief pitchers, reserve catchers and, occasionally, utility players go to warm up. There are two pens in each park, each with two sets of home plates and pitching rubbers—except in St. Louis, where, for unexplained reasons, there is only one set.

Owing to the varied constructions of different parks, the width of any given bull pen is never identical with that of another. At Yankee Stadium, for example, the bull pens are huge runways separating the bleachers from the grandstands in both right and left field. But the bull pens in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, far out along the right- and left-field foul lines, are so narrow that they cramp any two pitchers who must warm up side by side.

"The average bull pen," says Cub relief pitcher Turk Lown, "is about as glamorous as a chicken coop, and twice as uncomfortable."

A hard wooden bench is usually standard equipment. The bull pens in Milwaukee, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, Comiskey Park, Ebbets Field, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh also have drinking fountains. Those in Cincinnati, Comiskey Park, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Boston, Milwaukee and the Polo Grounds boast overhanging shelter for protection against the sun and debris from the stands. Baltimore bull pens have recessed player dugouts—and Brooklyn has also protected the visitors' area to avoid any repetition of last season's near-tragedy, when Pittsburgh catcher Sam Narron was struck in the eye by a lighted firecracker.

Some players look upon the bull pen as an ideal spot to hold a buffet picnic, kindle a fire during a cold snap or grab a sorely needed nap. On the other hand, Bob Lemon, Cleveland's converted third baseman-outfielder absorbed the ABC's of pitching as a reliever in the bull pen; Jim Konstanty of the Phillies used it to salvage a fading mound career, while ex-catchers Birdie Tebbetts and Paul Richards made it a springboard to future managerial jobs. Richards, a one-time Detroit bull-pen receiver who now pilots the White Sox, firmly believes "pennants can be won or lost in the bull pen."

"Some fellows just go down there to fool around," he says. "In the visitors' bull pen in Washington, the players are so close to that refreshment stand near the left-field line that they sometimes swap an old baseball for two hot dogs and a soft drink. The bull pen isn't supposed to be a bartering place or a convenient spot to play Twenty Questions. Its chief purpose is to prepare a pitcher for an emergency."

When he was managing the Athletics, Jimmy Dykes, now the Baltimore pilot, once fined three members of his bull-pen crew $50 each for sneaking in soda pop on a humid afternoon. Satchel Paige occasionally used to smuggle in bottles of beer in a water pail covered with a towel when he was with the St. Louis Browns, and two Red Sox pitchers concealed a portable radio underneath a warmup jacket one night to hear a Rocky Marciano title fight.

Once shunned as a baseball Siberia, the bull pen now attracts more and more reserve players who regard it as a welcome refuge from cranky managers and a perfect place to relax. Normally, a manager sends five or six relief pitchers, a reserve catcher and a coach, who acts as the noncom in charge, to the bull pen. Sometimes a utility player also is dispatched to help warm up the hurlers or get ready himself for possible duty in the late innings. But during the first and last months of the season, when each club is allowed to carry 40 players instead of 25, many of the reserves who can't find a seat in the dugout head for the bull pen.

"Everybody and his brother makes a beeline for the bull pen these days," growls Cass Michaels of the Chicago White Sox. "You practically need a union card to get in the joint."

Ralph Kiner a Target for Hecklers

Those players who do get in spend considerable time heckling rival outfielders. The Cardinals' relievers, for example, love to tease Cub outfielder Ralph Kiner because he doesn't move around much. "Get some circulation in those legs of yours," they razz him. "You're killing the grass out here."

Ted Williams, the lanky Red Sox slugger, is a favorite target of the Detroit bull-penners, who are aware of his passion for fishing.

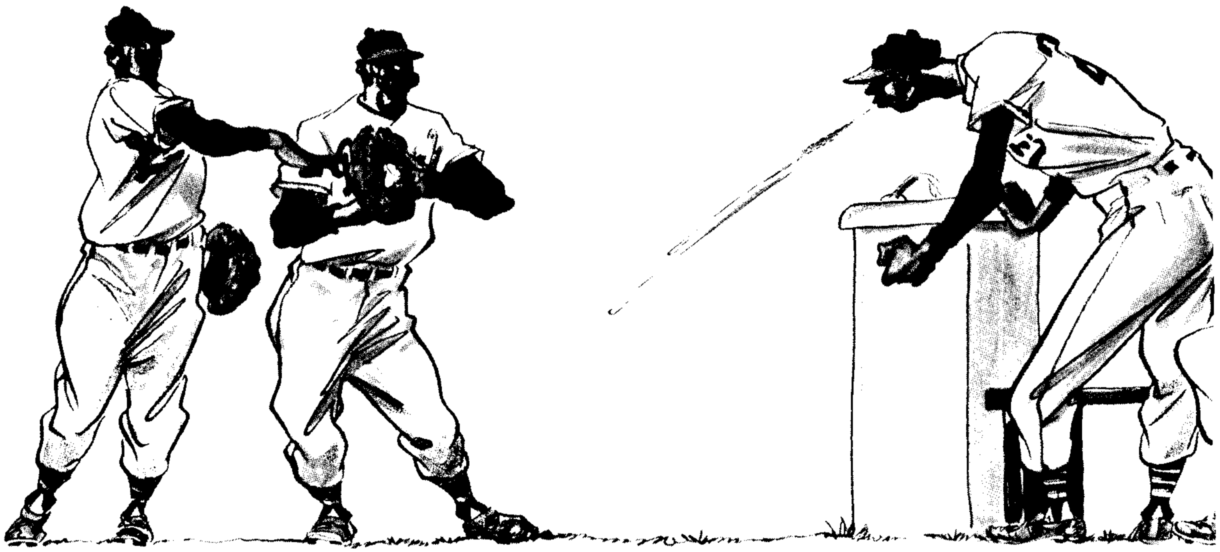
"The fish are really biting down in Okeechobee, Ted," they yell. "Bet you wish you were there."

Ordinarily Williams is hard to distract. But even as he crouches in the outfield, his hands on his knees and his eyes on home plate, he's willing to gab about fishing. When the Tigers in the bull pen become too annoying, though, he lets them know it.

Cleveland outfielder Vic Wertz, recently traded from Baltimore, says, however, that the players in the bull pen occasionally display a warmer attitude.

"Many's the time my tongue has been hanging out from chasing Yankee base hits," he says. "But I can usually depend on Charlie Silvera or Ralph Houk (both reserve catchers) to slip me a cup of water from the Yankee bull pen."

Here's a cartoonist's view of some of the strange goings on in the nation's bull pens. They serve as a place of entertainment and refreshment, a source of dates—and on occasion have provided a steppingstone to a manager's job



Bull Pen

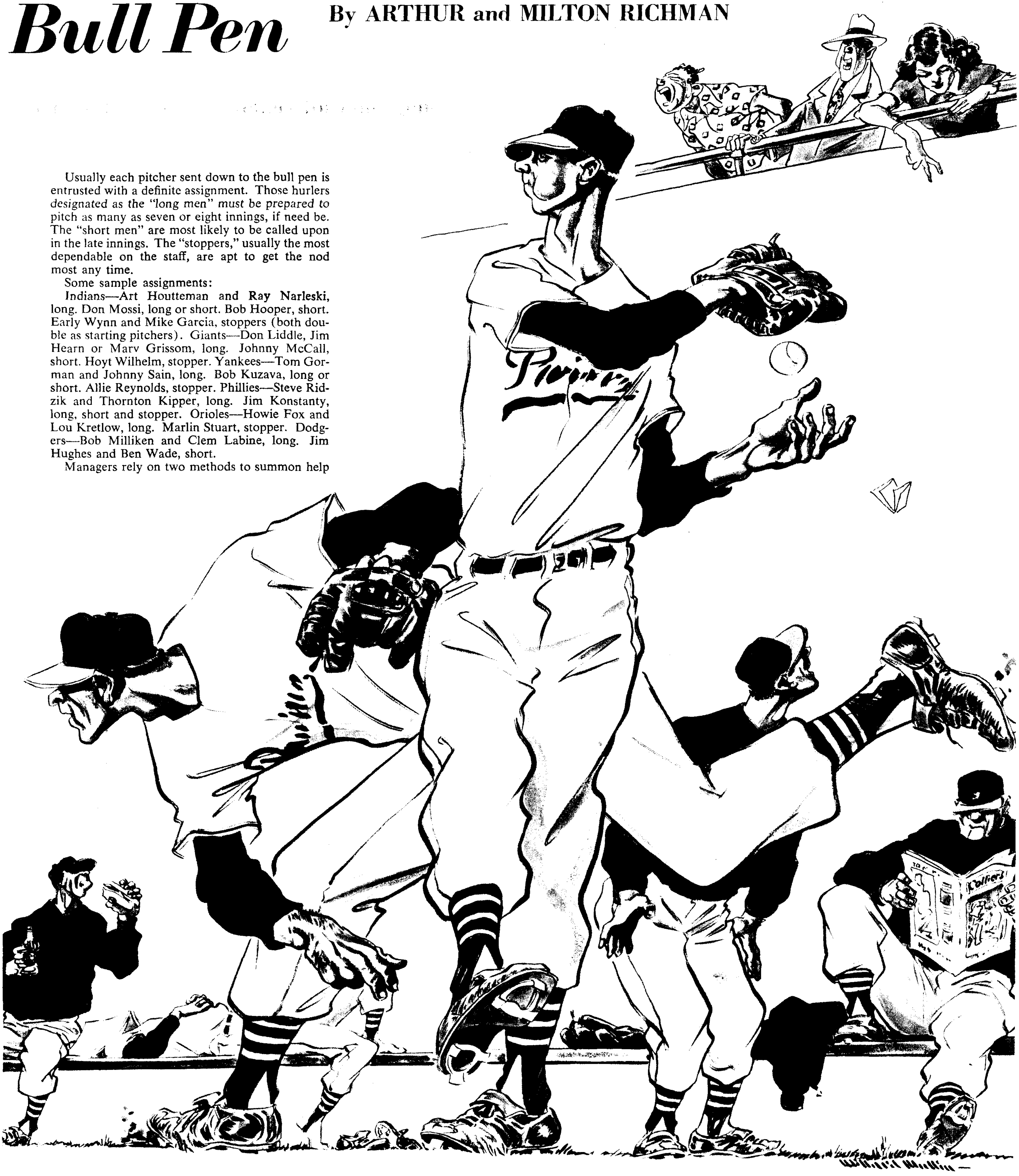
By ARTHUR and MILTON RICHMAN

Usually each pitcher sent down to the bull pen is entrusted with a definite assignment. Those hurlers designated as the "long men" must be prepared to pitch as many as seven or eight innings, if need be. The "short men" are most likely to be called upon in the late innings. The "stoppers," usually the most dependable on the staff, are apt to get the nod most any time.

Some sample assignments:

Indians—Art Houtteman and Ray Narleski, long. Don Mossi, long or short. Bob Hooper, short. Early Wynn and Mike Garcia, stoppers (both double as starting pitchers). Giants—Don Liddle, Jim Hearn or Marv Grissom, long. Johnny McCall, short. Hoyt Wilhelm, stopper. Yankees—Tom Gorman and Johnny Sain, long. Bob Kuzava, long or short. Allie Reynolds, stopper. Phillies—Steve Ridzik and Thornton Kipper, long. Jim Konstanty, long, short and stopper. Orioles—Howie Fox and Lou Kretlow, long. Marlin Stuart, stopper. Dodgers—Bob Milliken and Clem Labine, long. Jim Hughes and Ben Wade, short.

Managers rely on two methods to summon help



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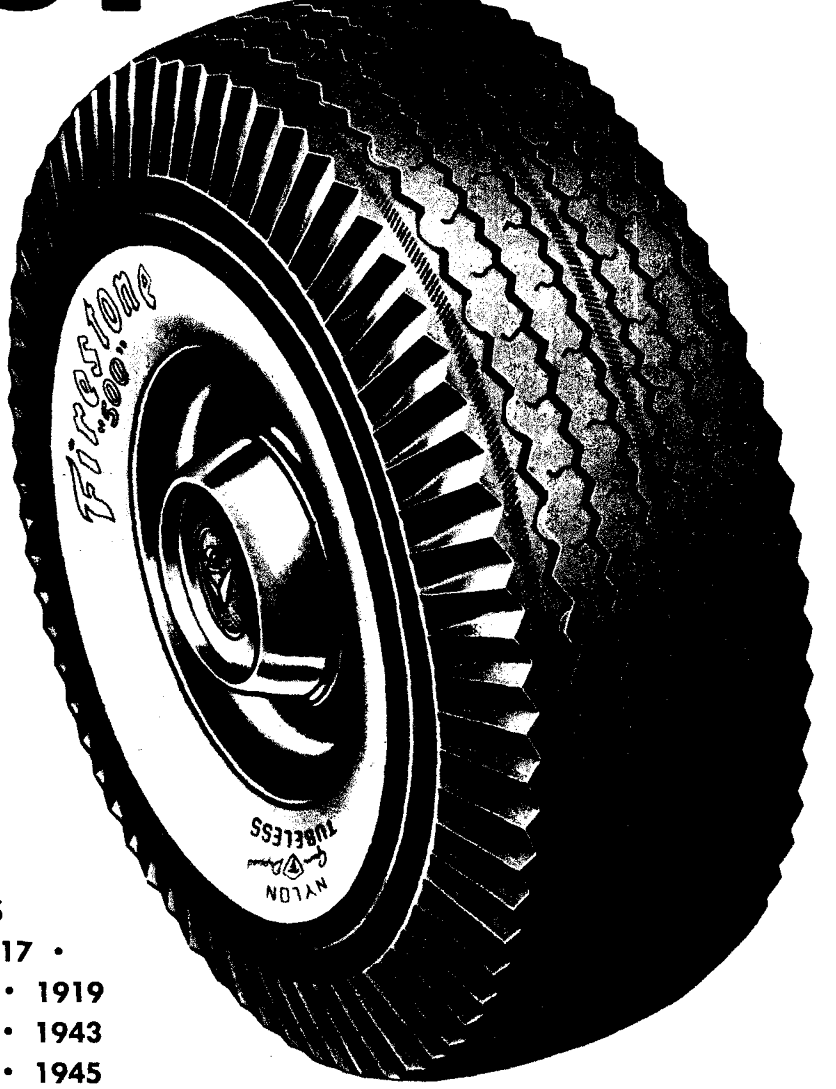

*NO RACES IN 1917 • 1918 • 1919
1942 • 1943
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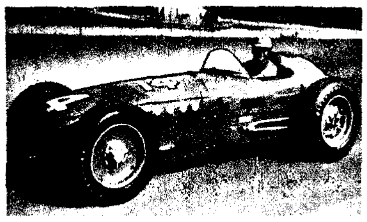
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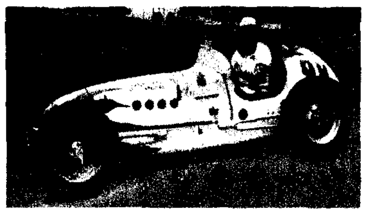
BILL VUKOVICH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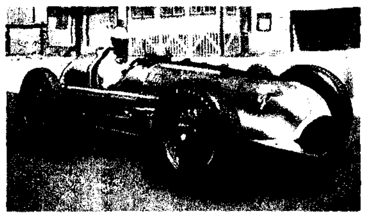
TROY RUTTMAN

1951 126.244 M.P.H.
LEE WALLARD

1950 124.002 M.P.H.
JOHNNIE PARSONS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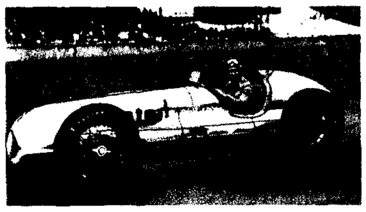
BILL HOLLAND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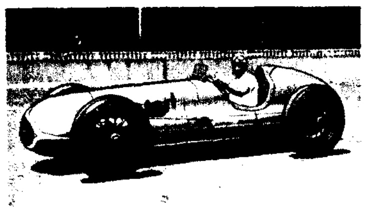
MAURI ROSE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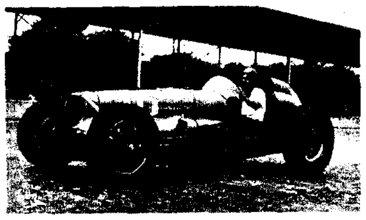
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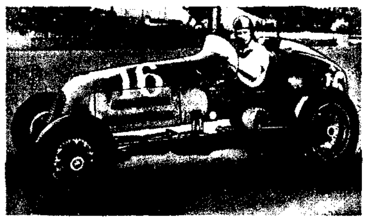
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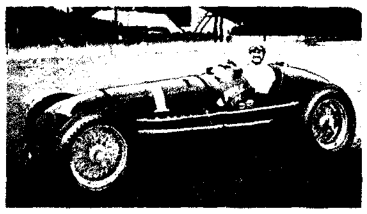
MAURI ROSE, FLOYD DAVIS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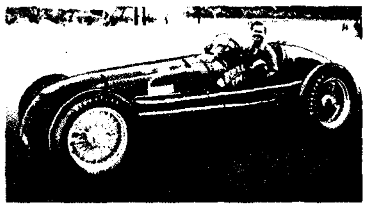
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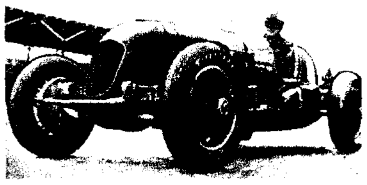
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FLOYD ROBERTS

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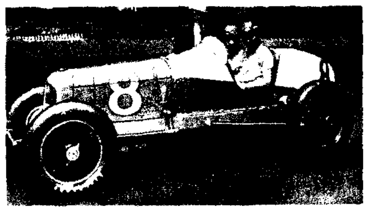
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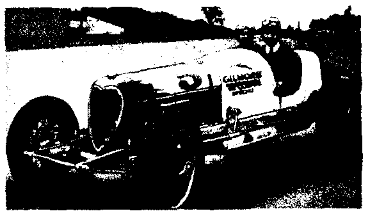
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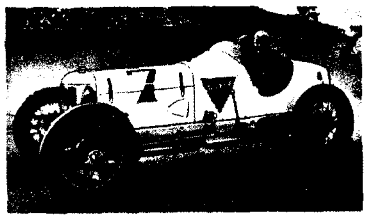
KELLY PETILLO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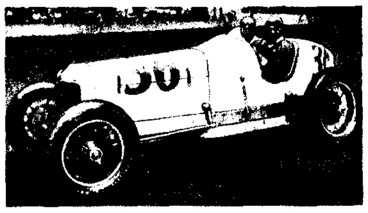
WILD BILL CUMMINGS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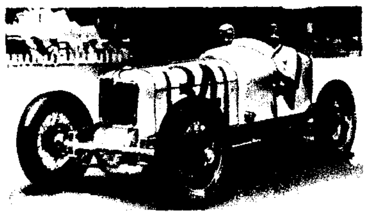
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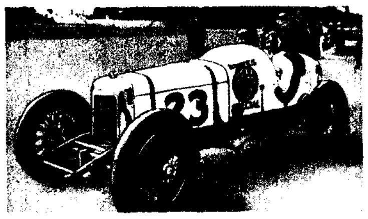
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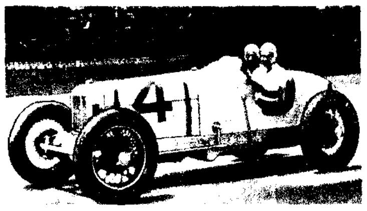
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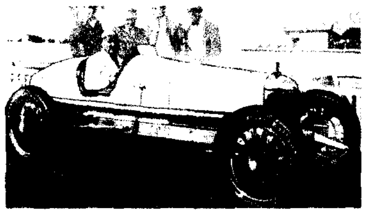
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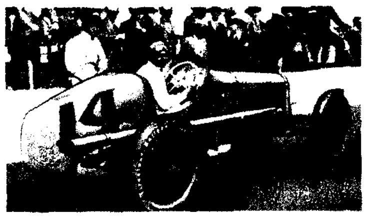
RAY KEECH


1928 99.48 M.P.H.
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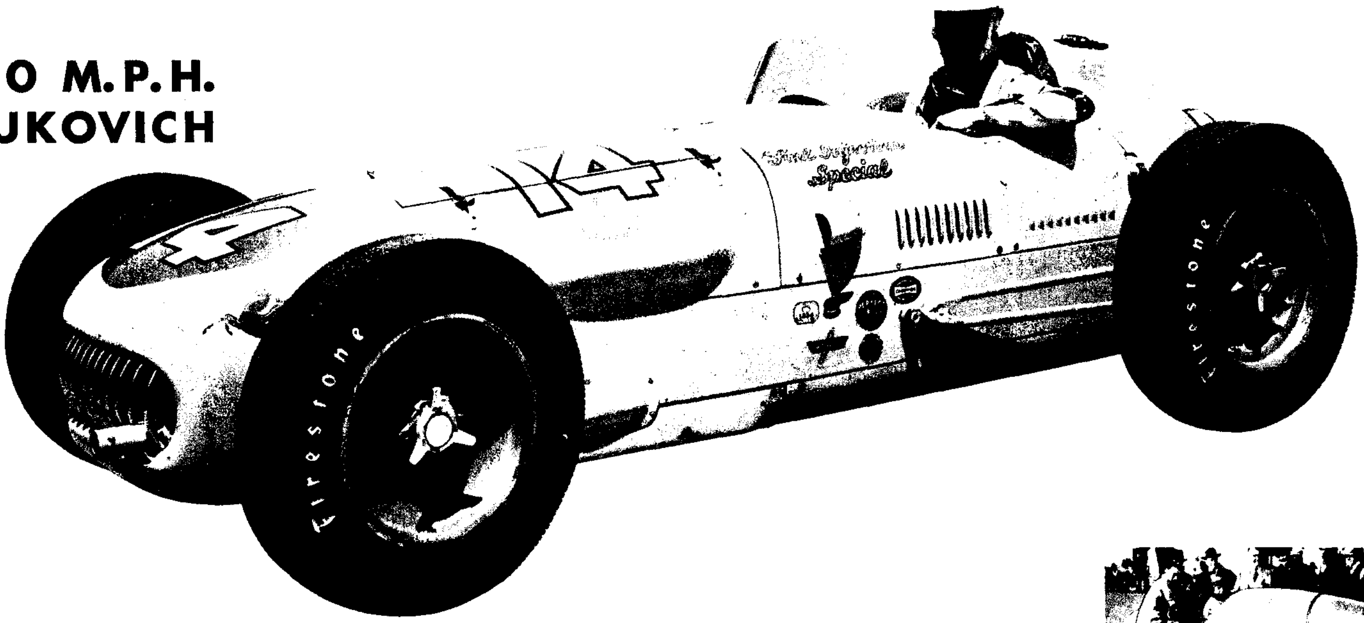

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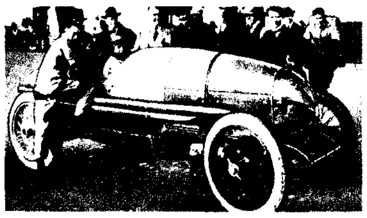

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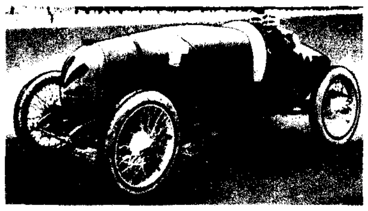

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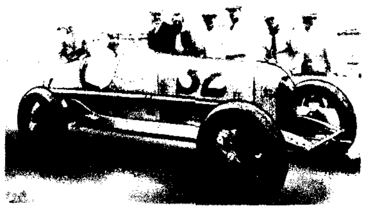

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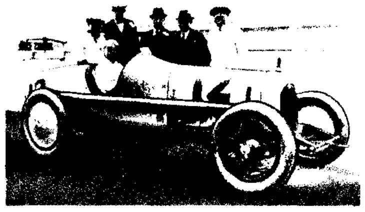

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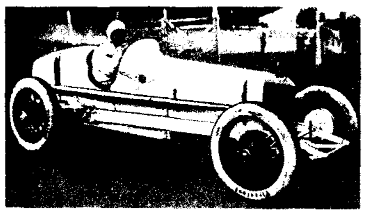

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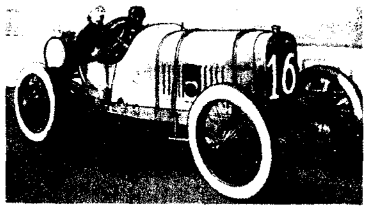

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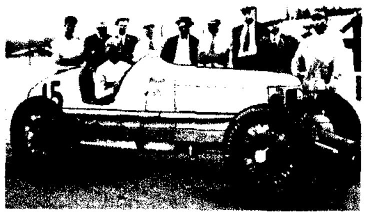

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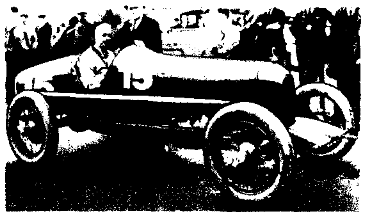

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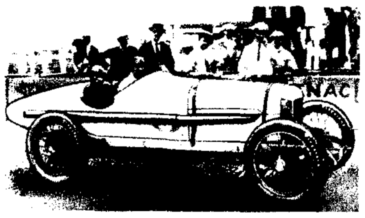
JOE BOYER, L. CORUM



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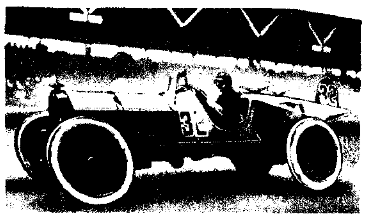

1911 74.59 M.P.H.
RAY HARROUN

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Yankee pitchers asked for a limousine for the ride

from the bull pen. In Washington, Baltimore, Boston, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Comiskey Park, Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds (where the bull pen is believed to have originated in 1905), the manager can speak with the relief crew by telephone. Where there are no phones, however, a coach will climb out of the dugout and signify the manager's pitching choice by means of hand signals.

When the Phillies want Karl Drews to come in from the bull pen, for example, coach Eddie Mayo may imitate a swan dive with his hands because Drews throws a sinker. If the bespectacled Konstanty is desired, Mayo puts his hand up to his eyes as if he's looking through binoculars. Kipper, who walks with a peculiar gait, knows he's wanted whenever Mayo touches his knees.

Early Wynn of the Indians and Harry Dorish of the White Sox, both inclined toward stoutness, start ambling in from the bull pen when they get a hands-across-the-stomach sign, while Cub coach Ray Blades gets the message across to Dave Cole by imitating a man shoveling coal.

Studying White Sox Relievers

We spent an afternoon in the shadow of the bull pen studying the White Sox relief crew during a game at Yankee Stadium early this season, just to see what goes on. Manager Richards had sent eight men out there: right-handers Mike Fornieles, Sandy Consuegra and Harry Dorish, left-handers Al Sima, Jack Harshman and Tom Flanigan, reserve catcher Carl Sawatski, and coach Ray Berres.

The players sat on a long bench, talking, with their feet propped up on the bull-pen barrier. Each time the White Sox took the field, Berres tossed a ball out to left fielder Bill Wilson, who used it to play catch with center fielder Johnny Groth until it was time for the game to resume.

Don Johnson, the White Sox starting pitcher, held the Yankees hitless through the first three innings, so for a while there was virtually no activity in the Chicago bull pen. Harshman and Sawatski ducked under the bleachers in the top of the third to grab a quick puff on a cigarette.

When Enos Slaughter got the first Yankee hit in the fourth, Flanigan, a rookie, asked Sima, "What kind of pitch did he hit?" Sima replied, "It's hard to tell from here whether it was a fast ball or a slider."

An inning later, Minnie Minoso of the White Sox lined a long drive that headed for the left-field stands. Consuegra, a native of Santa Clara, Cuba, jumped up from his seat and shouted, *"Arriba, arriba!"*—the Spanish equivalent of "Up, up!"—trying meanwhile to influence the flight of the ball with body English. The ball landed in the sixth row of the stands for a homer that gave Chicago a 4-0 lead. Dorish turned to Fornieles and said, "It looks like an easy day for us, eh, Mike?"

Joe Collins hit a pinch two-run homer for the Yankees in the fifth, cutting the margin to 4-2, but still there was no action in the White Sox enclosure. Everything was so quiet that Sima's wife and little daughter came through the stands to wave hello.

But with two out in the sixth, Yogi Berra singled for the Yankees, and as Eddie Robinson strode up to the plate, Chicago coach Lum Harris suddenly rose out of the dugout. Ignoring the phone—that newfangled gadget—he pumped his hands up and down in a herky-jerky motion that meant he wanted the fidgety Consuegra to get hot. Consuegra began warming up with Berres, then quit when Robinson ended the threat by flying out.

Upon two separate signals from Harris in the eighth, both Sima and Consuegra got up to throw.

"Maybe I talked too fast," Dorish said, keeping his eyes on home plate.

Sima was called into the game in the eighth and Fornieles started to unlimber alongside Consuegra. While he was hard at work, three teen-age girls walked up to the bull-pen railing in left field and asked him, "Where is Gene Bearden playing now?" Without bothering to look their way, Fornieles, who is also from Cuba, answered, "*No comprendo.*" When the girls had left, he said to Consuegra in perfect English, "Have you ever seen such pests?"

Although Consuegra and Dorish both were summoned into the game in the ninth, the White Sox won, 4-3. The moment the game was over, the remaining bull-penners hurdled the barrier and headed for the clubhouse. Starting pitcher Johnson, who was credited with the victory, received most of the clubhouse congratulations. But the bull-penners didn't squawk. To them it was just another day's work.

Coach Jim Turner, who handles the Yankee pitchers for Casey Stengel, calls the bull pen the key spot of every major-league club.

"Twenty years ago, they put anyone in the bull pen," Turner says. "But today you have to pick out relievers more carefully than you choose your starting pitchers, or you're in trouble."

Stengel feels he's an authority on the bull pen. "Who should know more about that place than me?" he asks. "I sure hadda use it enough in my time. When I managed the Braves and Dodgers, I'd get cramps in my arm from wavin' the pitchers into so many ball games. But it's been different with the Yankees. They've always had a dependable guy like (Joe) Page or Reynolds in the bull pen."

Allie Reynolds is one of those pitching rarities who is equally effective whether he starts or relieves. Virgil Trucks of the White Sox and Russ Meyer of the Dodgers, however, are only two of many hurlers who simply can't do both. "As a rule, I just can't seem to get anyone out in relief," Trucks says. "Maybe it's because I'm used to starting games and my pitching rhythm is thrown out of kilter when I'm called in unexpectedly."

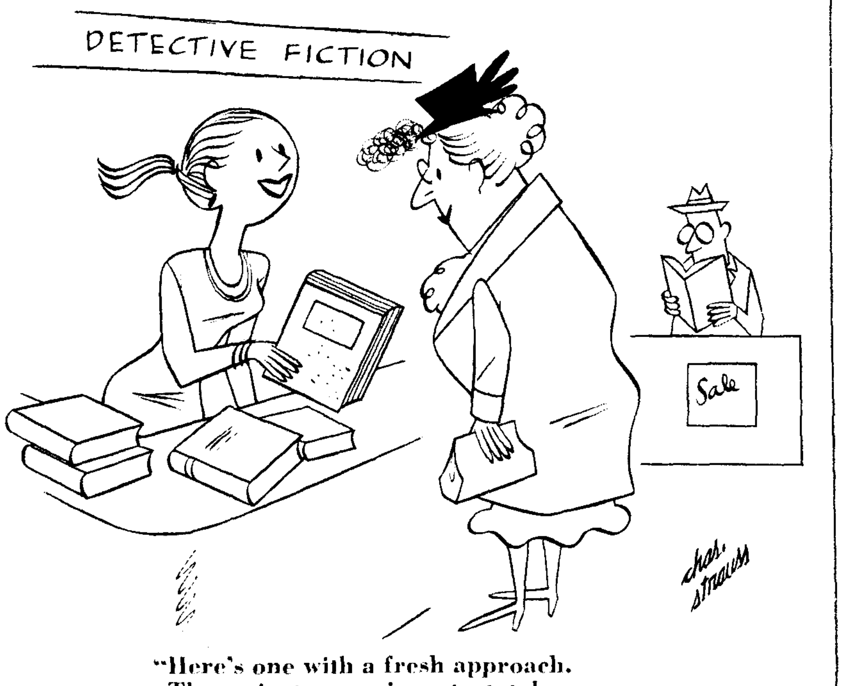
Meyer Miscast in Fireman Role

Like Trucks, the thirty-one-year-old, right-handed Meyer is considered a top-notch starter but a poor man to have in the bull pen. Called into the fifth game of last year's World Series, Meyer gave up a grand-slam homer to Mickey Mantle on his very first pitch.

"When I was with the Phillies in 1949, I did pretty well in both starting and relief assignments," Meyer says. "But when you get a little older, it takes you longer to get loose, I guess. There's never any problem about getting loose when you start a game: you have at least 15 minutes to warm up."

The odds are generally stacked against the pitchers in the bull pen and they know it. "Whenever you get called in to relieve," explains veteran Murry Dickson of the Phillies, "the other club usually has men on base, and you're in a hole before you even start." To make matters worse, the relief pitchers find little chance to pick up a victory because their teams are generally trailing by the time they're called in. It's a discouraging situation, but not necessarily hopeless, says Ellis Kinder, the forty-year-old stopper of the Red Sox who broke an American League record by appearing in 69 games last season.

"I do a lot of thinking out there in the bull pen," Kinder says. "I make up my mind that if I'm called into the game, the hitter at the plate isn't going to be glad to see me. First of all, I'll

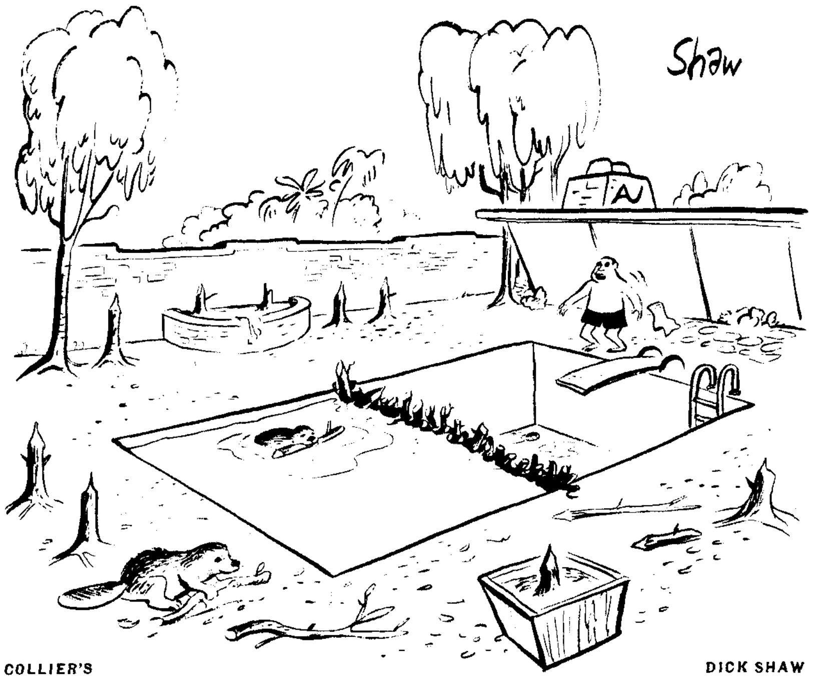


COLLIER'S

"Here's one with a fresh approach. The private eye is a teetotaler, never indulges in strong language and has no use for the opposite sex"

CHARLES STRAUSS

in from the bull pen. The White Sox offered a hearse



COLLIER'S DICK SHAW

build up the tension before pitching to him. I'll get the sign from my catcher, stall around and then walk off the mound. I know, too, that the most important pitch could be my first pitch. That's the one they're anxious to swing at. If they have men on base, I'll make that first pitch low, so I can get the batter to hit the ball on the ground for a double play."

Veteran relievers like Kinder and Al Brazle of the Cardinals are accustomed to warming up almost every day for long, indefinite stretches.

"In a well-pitched game, the guy out on the mound will make anywhere from 95 to 120 pitches," Brazle says. "Yet in one double-header last year, I threw 230 pitches in the bull pen and never got into the game. At the end of the day I was so tired I could hardly move. I've thrown up to 3,000 pitches in one month—enough for 25 full games."

When Erratic Pitchers Start

Relievers know in advance they'll be bouncing up and down in the bull pen when pitchers with erratic control, like Marion Fricano of the Athletics or Lou Kretlow of the Orioles, start a game. But they expect a breather when control specialists like Robin Roberts of the Phillies or Eddie Lopat of the Yankees take the mound.

Bull-pen pitchers also are affected by the idiosyncrasies of their managers. The Giants' Leo Durocher and Al Lopez of Cleveland make repeated trips to the mound before taking a pitcher out, thereby giving their bull-penners plenty of time to warm up. But Bucky Harris of Washington and Jimmy Dykes of Baltimore, who normally go with their pitchers a long time, act quickly once they've made up their minds to take out the starter.

Naturally, most bull-pen complaints center about the manager. "Don't tell me that slave driver wants me in there again today?" one pitcher will moan. "This is the fourth time he's called me in a week." Another pitcher may beef about not getting any work at all.

The salary disparity between relief pitchers and starters is another source of irritation to the bull-pen crew. "Until Joe Page came along with the Yankees, relievers got little credit and even less cash," Frank Smith, Cincinnati's number one fireman, declares. "Ball clubs have learned to appreciate a good reliever since Page, but they're still not paying 'em what they deserve."

Konstanty, voted the Most Valuable Player in the National League in 1950, when he won 16 games for the Phillies and helped them to a pennant, feels the same way. "No matter how much work you do in the bull pen," he says, "it isn't appreciated unless you're with a winning ball club. If your club isn't a contender, it won't mean a nickel in your pocket the next year."

Even if the bull-pen salaries haven't skyrocketed (most relief pitchers average between $7,500 and $9,500 a season), working conditions have improved during the last five years.

The Cleveland management provides an auto to shuttle Indian relief pitchers from the bull pen to the mound. For a time, White Sox hurlers made the trip by station wagon at Comiskey Park. General manager Frank Lane admits it was difficult to find a chauffeur with the proper temperament for the job. "We had one fellow who drove as if he was on a speedway," Lane says. "I had to get rid of him before he killed some of our pitchers."

Ultimately, Lane had to get rid of the bull-pen taxi, in turn, before the fans killed the chauffeur (they were using him as a target for debris), but while it was in operation the service was available to visiting teams as well as the White Sox. The Yankees, however, preferred to walk the 345-foot distance. Once when a couple of Yankee pitchers said they traveled only in Cadillacs, Lane tried to accommodate them: he hired a big, black Cadillac hearse and placed it at their disposal. The Yankees turned down the lift.

The Pittsburgh bull-pen brigade unquestionably is the most active in the majors today—first, because the Pirates' starting staff isn't too strong, and second, because manager Fred Haney has a standing rule that a reliever must begin warming up any time the opposition gets two men on base during the first seven innings. After that, a reliever goes to work as soon as the opposition gets a single man on.

"On my ball club," Haney explains, "the bull pen often is more important to me than our pitchers who start the game." However, Haney has had trouble driving home that theory to some of the young, inexperienced players on his club. "One young catcher came to me before a game last season and asked me which pitchers I wanted in the bull pen," Haney recalls with a smile. "I told him Roger Bowman and Johnny Hetki. Halfway through the first inning, though, I looked down the bench and saw Bowman there. 'What are you doing here?' I asked. 'Don't you know I'm using you in relief today?'

" 'No one told me,' he said.

"I took the rookie catcher aside after the game and asked him why he hadn't sent Bowman to the bull pen.

" 'I'm sorry, sir,' he said, 'I forgot.' "

"Initiations" for Rookies

Rookies who enter a big-league bull pen for the first time occasionally are subjected to practical jokes by way of initiation. When Bob Miller, an eighteen-year-old bonus hurler, reported to the Detroit bull pen last summer, he discovered two dead mice and a collection of spiders stuffed inside his glove. The Senators' Sonny Dixon put his glove down on a ledge during his first trip to Washington's bull pen. While his back was turned, a cup of water was placed in his mitt, and when he reached for it he got an unexpected shower.

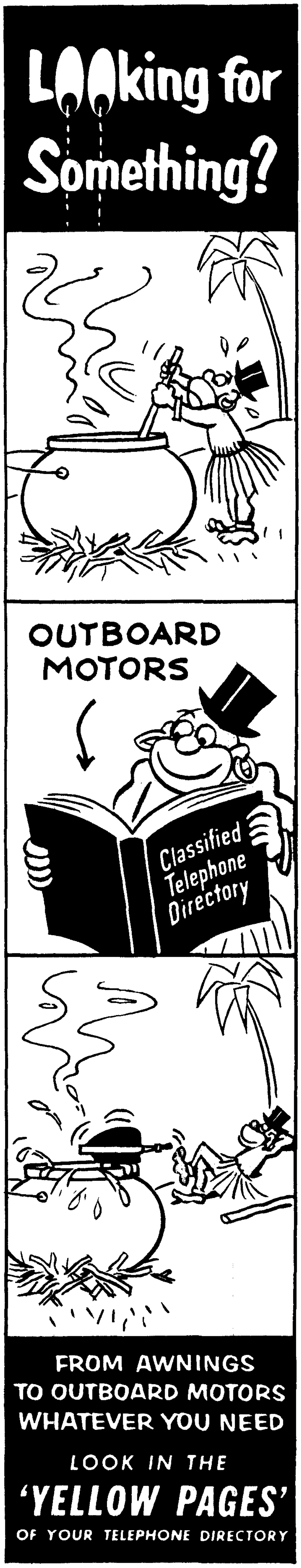
Time passes most slowly in the bull pen during long double-headers. At such times, Don Johnson of the White Sox chases boredom by describing the game as if he were a radio sportscaster, spicing his accounts with station breaks, commercials and urgent news bulletins. One Phillie pitcher of last season, rarely used and no longer with the club, used to pick out a remote corner of the bull pen during night games in Philadelphia, pull his cap over his eyes, take off his shoes and fall sound asleep. Each time he was awakened, after the game, his first words always were, "Who won?" They claim he didn't see a single night game in Philadelphia all last year.

Veteran bull-pen men agree that the best relief pitchers require about four minutes to warm up (Konstanty and Reynolds are examples), but the length of time varies with the individual.

Lew Burdette of the Braves, Jim Hughes of the Dodgers, Howie Judson of the Redlegs, Sonny Dixon of the Senators, John Hetki of the Pirates, Hoyt Wilhelm of the Giants and Frank Smith of the Redlegs are ready to go after a brief warmup; but Steve Ridzik of the Phillies needs eight to 10 minutes, and Ned Garver of the Tigers, when he's used in relief, requires at least 15.

On some occasions, a pitcher will have no time to warm up at all. Hal White, former Cardinal reliever now with Oakland, once decided to shave in the clubhouse a few minutes before the start of a game. But the starting pitcher was blasted from the box before he could retire a man.

When the call came back for White, he bolted out of the clubhouse and past the bull pen in such a hurry that he neglected to wipe all the shaving cream off his face. Spotting the lather still clinging to his cheeks, an inquisitive bleacherite hollered, "Hey, White! How ya fixed for blades?" ▲▲▲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MIRACLE OF LOVE

By MAUREEN DALY

We were strangers, we spoke a different language, and no one understood our fear—except Sister José, who spoke the simple language of the heart

WE'D been on the little Spanish island just one day when Megan, our little girl, got sick. At first she was just fretful, but by the time the sun went down at ten o'clock that night she was hot and listless. Even without a thermometer I could tell her temperature was dangerously high.

The evening before, our first in the village, Bill and I had unpacked our bags and then walked down the main street to the café in the square. We'd come as tourists to this little island of Ibiza, which was an overnight boat trip from Barcelona, and had taken rooms in Santa Eulalia del Río, a village of a few dozen houses overlooking the Mediterranean. In the daytime it was bright and wind-swept; in the early evening it was a static theatrical backdrop done in murky pastels. Before leaving for the café, Bill had changed into an old cotton T-shirt and Army suntans and I wore a cotton sun dress and sandals; but in this poor village we were still conspicuously American.

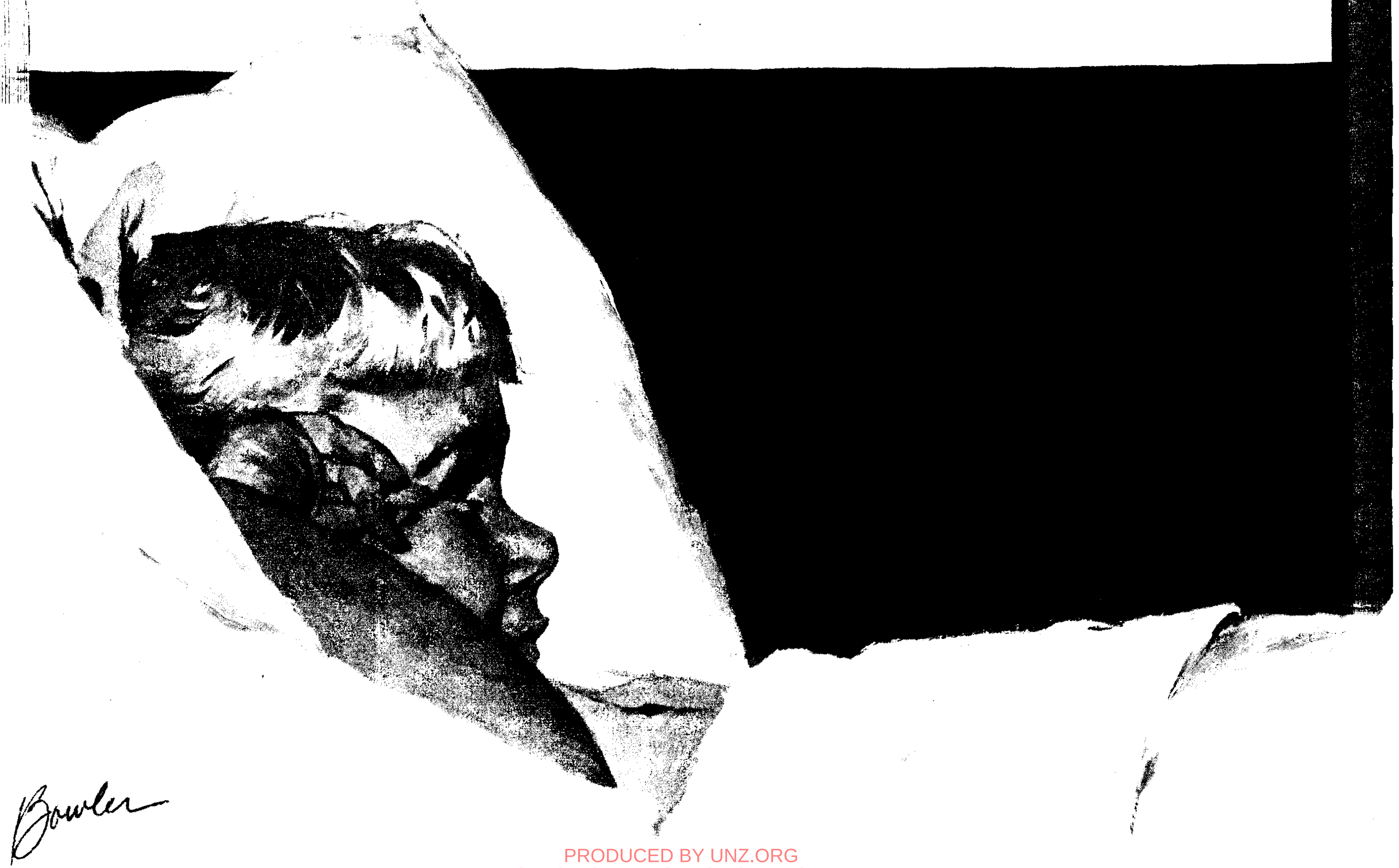
The few tables at the café were crowded with village men sipping absinthe and strong, black coffee. No one really spoke to us, but the men nodded to Bill and there was only a small circle of silence around us as we ordered black coffee. Behind the big coffee machine hung an old picture of Franco, faded with steam. It was almost eleven when the last man went home and the café owner closed up by unscrewing the single big bulb in a hanging socket. When we went back down the main street to our rooming house every light in the village was out, and we had to follow the cart ruts to stay on the dusty road.

The next morning right after breakfast, Megan and I went walking through the village, stepping around the flat baskets of peppers, onions, potatoes and figs laid out for sale along the narrow sidewalks. Straw hats were our first purchases, for even before ten in the morning the sun was intense and the white dust of the street was dazzling.

Megan and I walked as fast as a four-year-old can walk, but her pace put me on a defenselessly intimate basis with the women we passed. They went quietly on about their work, not hostilely or shyly but almost as if we were not there at all. The main street of the village was no more than a city block long, but it took only half that distance for the women to see that I was an intruder, a stranger who had come only to look.

My walking with a child didn't change their attitude toward me; there was no nodding and smiling, not even on the common bond of

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER



MORE POWER TO AMERICA

American industry shows world how

OVERSEAS VISITORS see one of the latest examples of American inventive genius in this section of an automatic production line in an automobile factory. Known as an automatic transfer machine, this unit and two others together operate 321 tools to transform rough metal castings into finished automobile engine blocks. Precisely controlled power is supplied by General Electric motors.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

to produce more with electricity —today's greatest bargain

General Electric motors and controls, operating modern production tools, help to give us the world's highest standard of living

The foreign visitors pictured on the opposite page are seeing at first hand why Americans earn more money, own more goods and have more leisure time than any other people on earth. The answer is the productivity of the American workman, made possible by complex machines such as the amazing automobile engine production line you see here.

Key to efficient mass-production techniques is our abundant use of electric power. Electric motors now provide 85 percent of all the power used in American factories. By multiplying our productive capacity, electric power enables America, with only 7 percent of the world's people, to produce over 40 percent of all the world's goods.

Today's greatest bargain is electricity, whether it's used in the home or in the factory. Not only is its cost low, but it is also capable of doing thousands of jobs more efficiently and more economically than they can be done by any other means.

America's electric utilities are doing a tremendous job in keeping the supply of electric power always ahead of our growing needs. Every year, electric utilities spend billions of dollars for new power stations and more efficient turbine-generators, transformers, switchgear, and other electric equipment.

General Electric, manufacturer of all kinds of electric apparatus, supplies a large part of the equipment that makes possible this expanding production of low cost electricity. In addition, General Electric is an important supplier of the motors and controls that keep America's factories continually turning out more goods for more people and so contributing to our rising standard of living. General Electric Co., Schenectady 5, N. Y.

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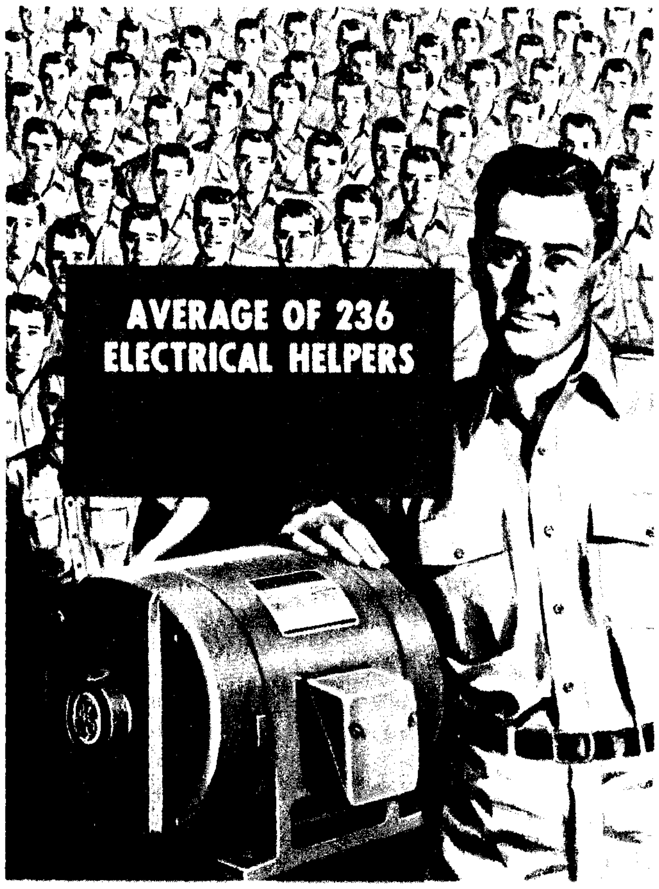
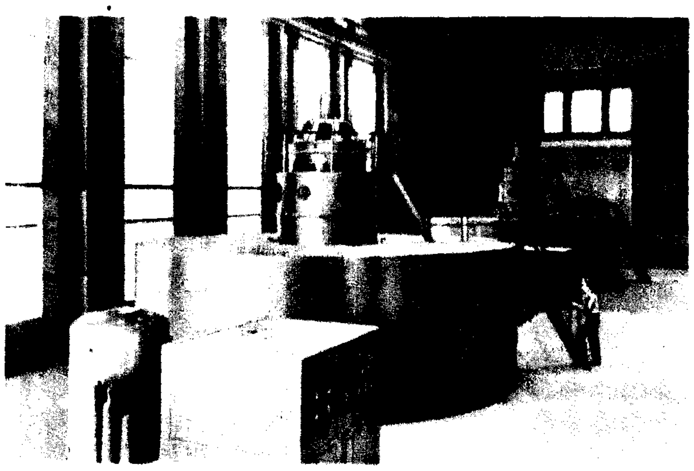
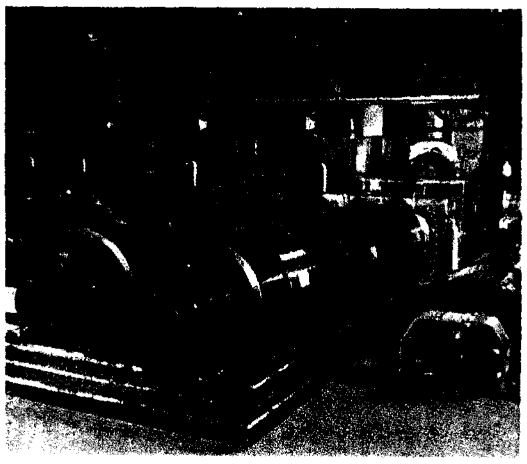


AMERICAN WORKERS produce more every day and earn the world's highest wages, largely because machinery driven by electric motors multiplies their muscle power. Scientists calculate the electric power used in industry gives every American worker the equivalent of 236 strong men to help him on his job. That's more than double the help given to European workers.

Engineering enterprise and financial daring make America strong



BOLD INVESTMENT of 20 billion dollars in new facilities, like this modern electric power station equipped with water-driven General Electric generators, has enabled far-sighted electric utilities to double our supply of electricity since 1945.



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ELECTRICITY HELPS Americans produce and earn more in shorter hours than people of any other nation. American workmen earn more than a bare living—they have money for luxuries and pleasures and leisure to enjoy them.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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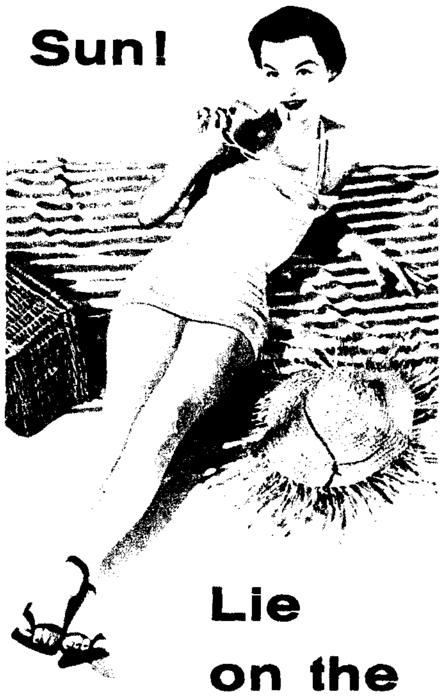
Sun!



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Tampax and sun-bathing were made for each other! The hotter it gets, the more need for Tampax. For this modern sanitary protection actually *prevents odor from forming!* And you'll surely be delighted to learn that Tampax never chafes or irritates. The wearer doesn't even feel it!

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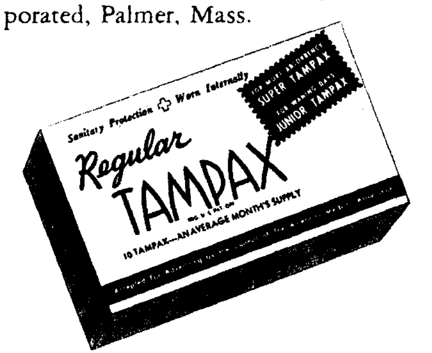
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motherhood. Suddenly I knew why. Megan was sturdy, almost embarrassingly so, next to the dark-eyed, thin-legged little children playing along the street. Her legs had a firm, solid look and her hair was thick and shiny, without the tiny bare patches that marked some of the children's heads. She had the arrogant look of privileged good health. Her actions seemed almost bold when she tried to shake hands with a little boy who had been staring at us, but then turned and ran crying back to his mother. And his mother didn't smile at me. These villagers were here to live and die—dependent on the sea, a few green crops and fruit trees, and the matted brown sheep that browsed on the hills. These women had no time to walk their children in the sun in the middle of the morning.

LATER Megan and I sat at a table outside the café watching the sea. We sat for a long time over two bottles of lemonade, feeling sleepy in the sun; and still later, when Megan first began to feel ill, I remembered with worry that the metal caps on the lemonade bottles had been rimmed with rust.

Our rooms were in one of the few two-story houses in the village, cool in the daytime, damply warm and stuffy at night. After I had put Megan to bed that night, Bill and I sat by the window to get air. Below us the village was black and silent. Bill's cigarette, as he drew on it, made only a faint, tiny glow in the room. Every half hour or so we tiptoed in to put damp cloths on Megan's forehead and to be sure she was covered. But she slept almost too soundly, breathing through her mouth, quiet and hot under the thin blanket.

It was a long night. It seemed to me, sitting in the darkness, that something very big had gone wrong; we had gone too far against some indefinite but disapproving force. At eleven o'clock at night in this Spanish village, with wavering electricity, no car, no telephone and no friends, it was as though we had been dropped back into the Middle Ages.

At home in Philadelphia the night would have been just a short familiar period until morning. There I had my child's room so memorized that I knew every squeak in the floor. The thermometer and extra blanket were in the closet; the doctor's telephone number was written on the wall next to the telephone. But here, without those props, I was another person. There was not, as I had always expected, some emergency mother-wisdom to draw on. There was nothing. Somewhere in my life, unconsciously or not, I had allowed a faith in such panaceas as penicillin to replace religious faith; that night I had neither to depend on.

I went over to one of our suitcases, feeling in the inside pocket in the dark. "Don't bother looking," said Bill quietly. "It's there. I checked it this afternoon." There was a relief in knowing that we had both been worrying about the same possibility. In the suitcase, with the passports and some travelers' checks, were our insurance policies, with one new policy insuring treatment up to $10,000 in case of polio. The daughter of a friend of ours had become ill the year before, in September, when everyone thought the season for the disease was past. We had taken out a policy for Megan, then, and it had seemed to me like a combination charm and antitoxin.

"Just stop thinking about it," Bill said abruptly. "In the first place, she probably hasn't got polio and in the second place, that policy wouldn't do any good way out here anyway. We're too far away. Think about something else. She'll be better in the morning." But I noticed he didn't want to talk about anything else either.

We went carefully over everything the child had done in the last few days. Most of the time at Santa Eulalia del Río she had just walked round and round the garden of the house, feeding the little chickens and chasing the big roosters. But, of course, there were the flies, and the dogs she'd patted in town, and the bunch of green grapes an old woman had given her when we got off the boat, and the endless strange fish, figs and fried octopus we'd all eaten, and the milk I couldn't get anyone to boil, and the drinking water, and the endless, endless beating sun.

We went to bed finally, when there seemed nothing left to talk about.

About five o'clock the morning began to come alive with sounds. As the day got lighter, the noise of the sea came more clearly; the trees brushing against the closed shutters moved with a new breeze. In the garden below, the little chickens woke and began scratching and peeping to be fed. By six Bill was down in the village, looking for a man with a donkey cart who would take him the seven miles across the island to look for a doctor.

Even in our room, I could hear the waking sounds of the village. In a few short hours the strangeness of the place and the fear of illness had made me acutely conscious of the pattern of living here. At the first moment the sun began to shine, even in its thin morning brightness, the whole town was rushing to do its business and get back into the shadows before the inevitable, unrelenting heat filled the day.

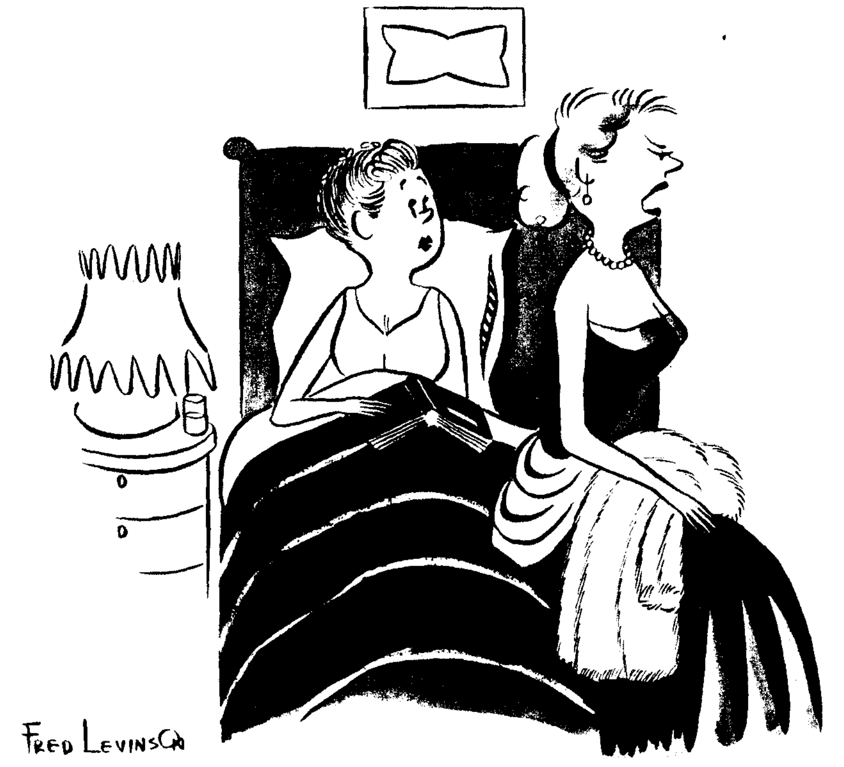
The little maid of the house, a sixteen-year-old with a single black braid hanging between her shoulders, brought a tray with cold coffee, a jug of steaming milk, some bread, butter and a saucer of sugar. The bread was cut from a big loaf, musty and a little hard, and the butter was soft and faintly rancid. But I knew there was no point in asking for better food; it was the best to be had in the village. I mixed some of the coffee with hot milk and sugar and spooned a little into Megan's mouth when she waked. Then she drank the whole cup thirstily and seemed well enough except for the heat of her skin and her listlessness. "Where's Raggy?" she asked in a small voice.

The doll had slipped under the bed during the night and I had to go down on hands and knees to get it. There seemed something symbolic that morning about the Raggedy Ann doll with its painted grin, still looking as insolent as when I'd bought it for Megan's third birthday. It made me think, with a start of guilt, of the casual simplicity with which I'd accepted a child. Even the nausea during pregnancy, intense as it was, or the hazy memories of labor hadn't seemed part of becoming a mother; they were instead a very direct result of being in love, new, pleasant experiences with an inevitably pleasant ending.

Now, in that little Spanish room came the sudden conviction that I had never really earned this child because I'd never had to pay for it in any way. But what had I missed—was it a pain, a plan for the child, a way to say thank you? For a reason I would never quite know, I had the growing, certain feeling that my child was going to die.

IT WAS ten o'clock before the doctor came. Bill and he arrived together in a rattling taxi from the other side of the island. The doctor was a tall, thin man with gray hair cropped close to his head. He seemed quick, efficient, impersonal—and worried. Megan's temperature was 104, her throat was inflamed and she barely opened her eyes when he examined her. Since we couldn't speak enough Spanish, Bill explained to the doctor in halting French that she had never been seriously ill before and that she had had all the usual shots before leaving the United States.

The doctor was thoughtful and grave. There was a serious infection in the body, he said. He wasn't sure what. He could not come to see her tomorrow, but he would be back the



"He said I'd look terrific in 3D, but then I found out it was his apartment number"

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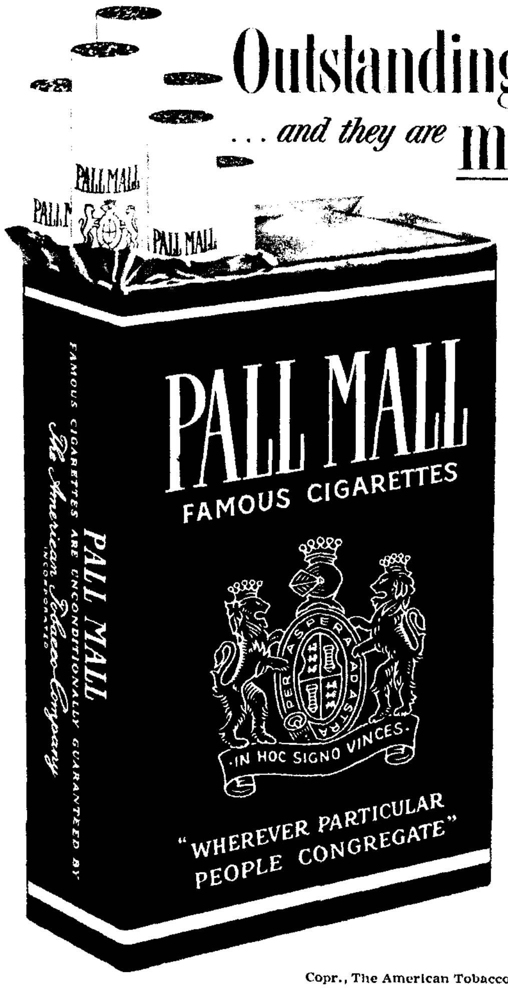
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COLLIER'S "Now a pinch of salt . . ." ROWLAND WILSON

day after that at noon. In the meantime, one of the sisters from the village would come to give her penicillin. There was a nursing order in Santa Eulalia, with four sisters to care for about seven thousand people scattered throughout the area. The sisters were all peasant women, he explained, women of the island. He would stop at the convent on his way back to the other side of the island. He had no telephone, but if the baby turned worse Sister José would know how to get word to him.

Megan was sleeping heavily when the little nun arrived for the first time. Bill and I were watching from the bedroom window when she came trudging up the stony, dusty road to the house, holding up her long skirts, already grayed and heavy with dust. Though it was still more than an hour till noon, the heat had stilled every noise in the village. The children had gone into the dark doorways to play and even the dusty chickens were huddled in the scattered shadows around the yards.

WE HEARD the little nun walking across the dry grass to the back door and a few moments later there was a tap on our bedroom door. I waked Megan gently to tell her someone was here to see her.

We opened the shutters enough to let in the light without heat, and both Megan and I saw Sister José clearly for the first time. She was short, more like a tall child, and slight even in the folds of her black nun's habit. Her face was pale and smooth, but her hands had a rough, outdoor look, as if she had worked long hours in a garden. Her capable fingers and short nails were scrubbed clean. It was her eyes that gave her that strange doll-like look—round, brown and very bright. On her breast was pinned a starched circle of white cloth with a lumpy red cross embroidered on it. In one hand was a small black leather bag; the other hand was hidden in the folds of her long skirt.

She smiled at Megan, her twinkly eyes giving her an oddly childish look. As she walked toward the bed, she pulled her hand from the folds of her skirt. There was a tiny baby chick, peeping loudly, stretching its skinny neck. Megan never moved, but she gave a little smile of happiness and whispered, "Mine!"

Very gently the nun put the chicken on the bed, where it squeaked and toppled among the folds of the blanket. Sister José said nothing to either of us—but her quick little smile seemed to speak reassuringly.

As Megan's eyes followed the chicken, the nun arranged her equipment on a table, wiping her fingers with alcohol, setting up a tiny spirit lamp to sterilize the needle and getting out the little bottle of penicillin. Her movements were quick and professional. A few moments later I held Megan over my knee while the nun pinched the little hip for the first injection. Megan gave a squeal of indignation, surprised and angry at being hurt, but in a moment she was lying back on the pillow in contented weariness, the little chicken cupped in one hand. By the time the nun had packed her bag and tucked the chick back in the folds of her habit, the child had dropped off to sleep. The whole process had taken less than ten minutes.

By eleven o'clock that night Megan had had five injections. Each time, except the last, the nun had stopped to pick up a little chicken in the yard, holding it hidden as she came into the room. Her shiny eyes always smiling first at Megan, with just a quick glance for me. Never once did she say a word to us, but set the chick gently on the bed, her silence and the strange, childish excitement she brought with her riveting the child's attention to the little bird.

For a few moments it was like two children playing, and when the woman turned to light her spirit lamp and get the needle ready, she seemed to leave that feeling of excitement and rare treat with Megan. Never once did the child show fear when the nun came into the room. Never once did she seem to suspect that the nun brought with her anything but the little chicken. But by the fifth shot, wearied with fever, Megan had begun to whimper even in her sleep. Carefully we rolled up two linen towels, putting one under her lower spine and one just above her knees, so the sore places where she had had the shots would not have to touch the rough sheets.

While the lamp flickered, the nun explained to me in whispered Spanish and gestures that she would spend the night with us to give penicillin every three hours. The child and I might share the narrow cot; she would sit up in the big wooden armchair.

Sometime during those long, hot hours I dropped off to sleep. It was about half past twelve when I woke with that curious nightmare feeling that someone had just spoken aloud. But Megan was sleeping and the little nun was sitting upright in her chair. There was no sound in the room except the faint click of her rosary beads as she pulled them through her fingers. There was an alertness about her posture and the evenness of her breathing that showed she had not dozed at all. I was afraid to move, for fear Megan would wake up, so I lay watching the nun in the darkness. Somehow Sister José sensed I was awake and turned toward me. She raised one hand in a little wave.

JUST before one o'clock she got up from her chair, and in a moment I saw her pale round face lighted by the tiny blue flame of the spirit lamp. Twice more that night we got up together to give Megan her shots. Just after the seven-o'clock injection the woman took the child's temperature, packed the black bag and went off down the hill to Mass at the village church. At ten, having made her rounds of patients in the village, both nun and chicken were back at our bedroom door.

During part of the day, Bill sat in the sickroom and I wandered around the hot sunny garden. Promptly, on every third hour, Sister José came up the hill surrounded by a little cloud of dust. Never once did she look tired, never once did she forget to scoop up a tiny chicken from the flock scratching among the bright geraniums in the back yard. With not a word to understand between us, we had become close, dependent friends.

Our second night together was a little more tense, a little more restless than the first, since Megan seemed no better and her fever had been high for well over forty hours. Just before dark, I put cold cream on her fever-blistered mouth and daubed the palms of her hands with cologne to cool them. She never even waked when I touched her.

During the night the wind was restless, and once, near morning, a little lizard that I had seen on the ceiling during the day fell to the floor with a sudden, final flop. I remember thinking that I must be careful to dump out my shoes before putting them on the next day. Sister José, awake the whole night, paced off the hours with her rosary, her little eyes as bright at midnight as they had been at noon.

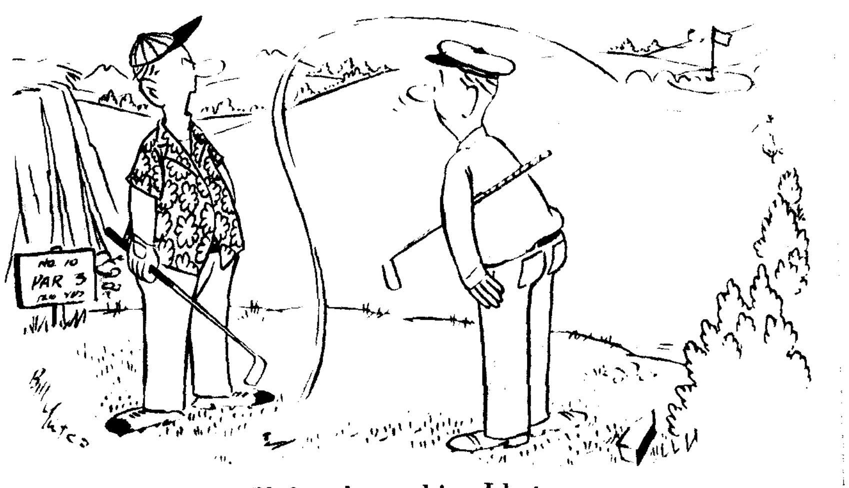
Megan's fever broke suddenly, just after sunrise, and about an hour after her sixteenth shot of penicillin. I lay beside her, feeling her body glued to mine in the heat, and the fever ebbed away so quickly that at first I couldn't be sure it had happened at all. Sister José came with the thermometer and put it into the sleeping child's mouth. The temperature was just a little above normal. Tiptoeing, the nun threw open the shutters to let in the fresh morning air, and then turned to tuck the cotton blankets under Megan's chin. She looked at me then with a pleased smile, like a child who has managed to do something very difficult all by herself. After the two days and two nights without sleep, taking care of us and the village sick, she still looked as neat and unharried as the first time she had knocked on our door.

Quickly, deftly she packed the black bag, wrapping the penicillin bottle and needles in a small white cloth. I knew by her haste she was trying to make the seven-o'clock Mass. With a last little flurry of starched cloth, she bent over and kissed Megan on the forehead, then turned to me with a small bow and put out her hand. I held it and said in a hurried high-school Spanish, afraid she might rush away, "Thank you, thank you. I am grateful. Will you tell me, please, what I owe you, Sister José?" The last words had to be said slowly and with the curiously vulgar gestures of counting money, since I wasn't sure I could make her understand me.

Her face grew sober. "Ah, I understand," she said. She paused. "I must ask you," she whispered sadly, "two dollars for my days. We need money for our work." And then, with her quick smile, she added: "But my nights belong to God—and gladly I give them to *you*."

A FEW moments later there was nothing left in the room to show she had been there—except Megan, sleeping peacefully, the blanket tucked under her chin. I didn't even go to the window to watch her hurry down the hill in the morning dust. I could hear the church bells from the village and the steady wash, wash of the sea—so constant that it seemed only another kind of silence—and I knew that I would hear those sounds again and again, any time in my life I wanted to remember.

For a long, long time I had wondered to myself what to tell my child about God. I still didn't know for sure. But I knew that morning that I would certainly begin by telling her about the little nun whose nights belonged to God. —MAUREEN DALY



COLLIER'S "If there's anything I hate, it's a sliced hole-in-one!" BILL YATES

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What

Is the State Department's raking attack on subversives hitting the target it's aimed at—or is it just mowing down innocent bystanders? Here is a sobering report

By CHARLOTTE KNIGHT

ONE of the major campaign pledges which helped sweep the present administration into power in Washington was the promise that it would clean out of government all the spies, traitors, Communists and fellow travelers who were said to exist there in frightening numbers—free to give away Top Secret and Confidential documents, to formulate policies harmful to the national interest and generally to carry out any orders of a foreign power. For a year and a half now, the Republicans have been translating that promise into action.

I have just spent two months in Washington in a comprehensive study of the Eisenhower security program and its effect on the government—particularly on the State Department, which for years has been under withering Republican fire as a nest of incompetents and subversives. Aware that I was treading on explosive political ground, I interviewed scores of officials and employees in every echelon of the State Department, Republicans and Democrats alike.

I met with the people administering the security program and with many of the people directly affected by it. Collier's reporters abroad rounded out the picture by checking at our embassies and ministries in Europe and Asia, and sending their findings to me.

The inescapable conclusion is that the new security program—intended to provide maximum protection for the nation's secrets and for innocent government workers as well—has been so often irresponsibly administered that it may have done more harm to the United States than to its enemies. Security has been tightened in certain respects—notably in the protection of classified documents—but only at tremendous cost.

Close observers of State for many years, including Democrats, agree that the department needed a major overhaul, that there was a fair amount of dead weight among its personnel, and that the new administration could find plenty of employees who had been dragging their feet too long. Like every government department, State had its inefficient and incompetent workers. More than most departments, it was beset by a hodgepodge of administrative practices that badly needed cleaning up. "There hasn't been good organization or discipline in the State Department since 1924, when Charles Evans Hughes was running it," one insider told me.

"But," he added, "the employees here are, by and large, devoted and hard-working—even dedicated. Many of them have turned down well-paying business offers because they felt they could contribute more to the general welfare by staying in the government. To a greater extent than in any other agency except the armed forces, they are careerists—people of both parties who have always looked forward to spending their lives in government. Now . . . ?"

Now, I found, a shocking proportion of them are completely fed up. Their morale is shot. Because of the way the security program has been administered, raw fear pervades all but the topmost levels—infecting even some of the security officials who created it. Hundreds of workers are disillusioned with government service, dismayed at the trend toward conformity, discouraged and often downright disgusted with the practices employed in the name of security.

Worst of all, the handling of foreign affairs in the field has—in the opinion of some of our foremost diplomats and former diplomats—been greatly damaged.

One highly respected former ambassador told me: "We are witnessing today one of the most dangerous and un-American activities in our history. Suspicion has supplanted trust; 'You distrust me, I distrust you' has become the prevailing attitude."

He added earnestly: "Be sure you label this accurately, for this is something hideous and new in America."

The State Department is not the only agency affected, although the situation is probably at its worst there. "Today the morale of the federal employee is at an all-time low," Senator Olin D. Johnston, Democrat of South Carolina, told the Senate. "Employees so plagued with fear that they hesitate even to repeat their own names cannot be performing their work efficiently. It is almost impossible to ascertain the cost, the unnecessary waste of millions of dollars, created by this low morale."

How has this situation come about?

There are three basic causes for the lowering of morale in the government, all of them—in the State Department, at least—inextricably intermixed. The first was the change of administration from Democratic to Republican, with major job shake-ups for the first time in 20 years. The second was a 20 per cent "reduction in force" (called RIF around

Price Security?

Washington)—an across-the-board cut in personnel decreed for economy reasons. Between the two, government workers got the jitters; many weren't sure from one day to the next whether their jobs were safe.

The third major cause of unrest was President Eisenhower's Executive Order 10450.

Executive Order 10450, which a visitor to Washington hears mentioned constantly, is the Eisenhower security directive, supplanting the loyalty check set up by President Truman in 1947. The new directive was intended to strengthen the machinery providing for the dismissal of security risks, and to protect those dismissed for talking too much or for other improprieties from being branded as disloyal. Under the old Truman program, it was felt, too many innocent individuals had suffered from the lack of such a precaution.

"The whole key to the new order," said Robert W. Minor, first assistant to the deputy attorney general, and the man credited with being 10450's chief architect, "is that a man can be a security risk without being disloyal; and 10450 provides the means to get rid of him as expeditiously as possible —consistent with his rights."

The intent was admirable. But in practice, 10450 has intensified precisely the injustices it was meant to prevent.

In the State Department, all three job policies—the political shuffle, RIF and the security program —were placed in the hands of one man, forty-year-old Robert Walter Scott McLeod, close friend of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, and former administrative assistant to Senator Styles Bridges, longtime State Department critic whose Appropriations Committee holds the government's purse strings. Congress created a new State Department Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs—and, it is believed by many, Congress dictated the choice of Bridges' aide McLeod as its administrator. It was a powerful post—and its importance was further enhanced by the department when Personnel was added to its functions.

McLeod, by his own word, was brought in to "clean up the mess." The first man in State Department history to be equipped with the twin clubs of Personnel and Security (and possibly the last; he has now been deprived of Personnel), McLeod lost no time in swinging them in all directions.

"Congress wanted heads to roll," McLeod told me, "and I let 'em roll. Blood in the streets and all that," he added jokingly. "I asked the security office what cases they still had pending in their files. They gave me the names of 'untouchables,' people too high up or too prominent to fire. I said nonsense to all that, and we brought 'em back fast and got rid of 'em.

"I may have acted unwisely in some instances. Now that I've been here longer I don't think I'd again order an ambassador quickly recalled and demand his resignation, as I did, without first checking upstairs."

To many people, McLeod seemed to draw a thin, almost invisible line between "security" and "jobs for Republicans." He made no secret of his desire to sweep out as many of "the old Acheson crowd" as possible, and he apparently made little distinction between the holders of top policy jobs, who were fair game, and the rest of the State Department's 11,000 employees, who had always thought they were nonpolitical workers protected by civil service. McLeod complained, in fact, that civil service regulations were hampering his efforts to find jobs for Republicans. In a speech before the American Legion, he said:

"Sometimes it is extremely difficult, because of the Civil Service Act, the Veterans' Preference Act and the Foreign Service Act, to replace an individual whose viewpoint does not coincide with that of the Republican party."

Around the department he was heard on at least one occasion referring to those "civil service slobs," and he applied the term of derogation, "Acheson holdover," so sweepingly that one Foreign Service officer with almost 25 years of service roared indignantly: "What does he mean, 'Acheson holdover'? Dammit, I'm a *Stimson* holdover!"

Career Diplomat's Reputation Damaged

When President Eisenhower nominated career diplomat Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen to be Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., McLeod opposed the appointment so vigorously that he actually went over the heads of his State Department superiors to protest, behind the scenes, to a key White House aide. The Senate held up confirmation of Bohlen, and the word got out on Capitol Hill that there was derogatory information in Bohlen's security file. The President and Secretary of State Dulles supported Bohlen to the hilt, and the Senate finally approved him, but not before his reputation had suffered. Months later, while engaged in research for this story, I learned that security had nothing to do with McLeod's position regarding Bohlen. He had merely felt that Bohlen was so closely allied with the policies of the Truman administration that he was a "public relations hazard."

McLeod's ventures into politics reached a peak last February, when he made a series of highly partisan Lincoln Day political addresses around the country, touching off a roar of press and Congressional protest that crossed party lines and earned him, according to reports, a regular top-sergeant-style "chewing out" from General Walter Bedell Smith, the Under Secretary of State. (Smith later referred wryly to that mid-February period as "McLeod Week.")

The effect of McLeod's sweeping security and personnel policies within the department has been almost incredible, a word I do not use lightly.

For the first time on any assignment, I encountered not just a few, but literally dozens of individuals who were afraid to be seen talking to a reporter. These officials, below the top executive level, often urged me to go away and find somebody else to question. "Look," said one man, "I understand the problem, and I wish I could talk to you. I think my information would help. But I've got ten years in the department now, and I hope to stay in. I just don't dare take a chance."

Those who did consent to talk insisted on the safeguards of what could only be called clandestine arrangements: interviews away from the State Department, away from anyone who might be likely to report back that Mr. X was seen talking to a reporter. I discovered there was justification for such caution. One day I had lunch at my hotel with one of McLeod's severest critics. A few days later, I lunched with McLeod's confidential secretary, who said, "Oh, by the way, five different people have called to say that you have been talking to ———" —and she named the man.

There seemed to be an almost pathological fear of tapped telephone wires. And although security officers will go to great lengths to tell you (even before you ask them) that telephones in State are positively not tapped, it makes little difference so long as the prevailing feeling is that they are.

The fear of wire taps extends even to State's own medical department. Just before leaving Washington, I rang a doctor to check a point in connection with one of the medical criteria in 10450. I had hoped my question could be answered by phone, but the doctor requested that I come to his office. When I arrived, he guided me to another office farther down the hall, where we were joined by one of his colleagues. Then he explained: "It isn't safe to discuss things over the phone."

Security officers themselves sometimes become victims of their own cloak-and-dagger routine. One day I rang one such officer at his office to request a routine appointment. He was plainly irritated. "For goodness' sake," he admonished, "I thought this was a matter for some discretion! I can't possibly see you here. If you want to arrange an interview elsewhere, call me at my home. Please don't call me here."

On another occasion, I announced to one of McLeod's key aides that I would soon be returning to New York. He had been extremely co-operative, and assured me that if I needed any additional data I should feel free to ask him.

"Fine," I said. "I'll call you."

"No," he said seriously. "Don't do that. The phones aren't safe."

"But I thought it was one of your jobs to make sure they *were* safe," I said.

"Long-distance is never safe. Write me a letter."

"Okay," I said, and turned to leave.

"Wait a minute," he said. "You'd better not sign your name. Let's work out something else."

So we decided on a suitable pseudonym, if and when I needed to communicate.

Most shocking, the atmosphere of fear extends even to the home. I called the wife of a State official who is now overseas and asked if I might come out and check a couple of minor facts about him for accuracy.

After I said I was writing a story, I could literally hear the fear come into her voice. I assured her that under no circumstances would I use her name, and begged again to see her for a few minutes. She reluctantly consented and I rode to her home in the suburbs outside Washington. When I arrived, I met a frightened woman. She pleaded with me to realize that her husband had been in the department for many years, that his present position was possibly the only job that a man with his experience could get, that they had several children, and wouldn't I please understand that she couldn't say anything to me at all?

I left at once, and started down the path. The door opened again and she suddenly ran after me. "Please," she implored, "will you please *not* tell anyone that you came to see me? You see, it could very well mean my husband's job."

What's everyone afraid of?

They're afraid, perhaps, that what happened to Dorsey Fisher—to cite just one example—may happen to them.

Fisher, a Foreign Service officer with 24 years' service, had been questioned and cleared in 1950 concerning allegations (some of them anonymous) involving people he had known in Mexico when he was information officer there. In March, 1953, he was questioned on the same charges and—he thought—cleared. He was given a new appointment, as Counselor of Embassy in Jidda, Saudi Arabia, and prepared for it by taking inoculations, getting his orders, straightening out his travel tickets and so on.

Four hours before his ship was to weigh anchor in New York, Fisher received a frantic phone call from Washington, explaining that there had been a mistake and that he hadn't been cleared after all. He was told to sit tight and await clearance.

Six nerve-racking weeks later, Fisher was called back to Washington.

"I saw Robert Blank" (a pseudonym for one of McLeod's security officers) "for several hours. We went over the whole business again. Blank explained, and I know honestly, that cases under recent procedure are being decided very predominantly against the officers concerned, so that I could make up my mind to resign or let the case go through the full process and end in dismissal."

Fisher resigned. The quotation above is from his diary; afflicted with a long-time cardiac condition, he died of a heart attack a few months later. Today his friends are convinced that the security ordeal killed him; he had expressed fear that it would. That can never be proved one way or the other; the important fact is that people believe it, and are afraid.

They are also afraid of something else, which Fisher mentioned in a letter shortly before his death. "What took the heart out of me above all," he wrote, "was to find that everything in the way

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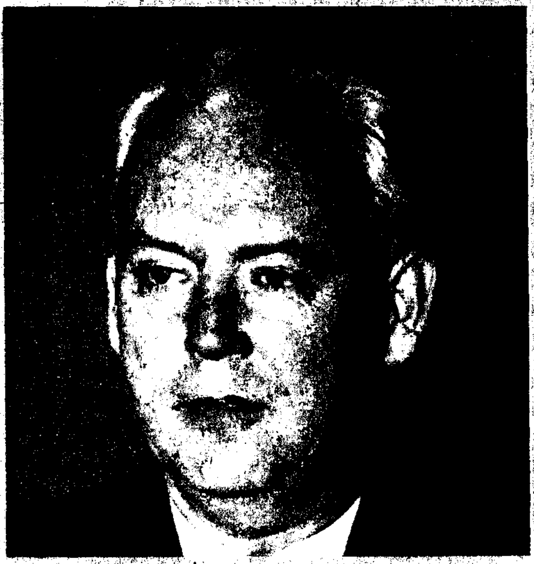
Deputy Personnel Administrator

GEN. WALTER BEDELL SMITH
Under Secretary of State



ROBERT F. CARTWRIGHT
Deputy Security Administrator

of work, devotion and intelligence I had put into the service for 24 years, and the fact that office after office abroad had praised the job I'd done, was now regarded as completely irrelevant. They do not weigh against the most astonishing collection of rumors, allegations and mystifications."

In addition to such disheartening personal experiences, there have been other reasons for uneasiness. The recent "numbers game" which aroused such a furor in Washington (with some Republicans claiming that all those dismissed under 10450 were subversives, when in fact only a small percentage were even remotely open to such a charge) has made it clear that the original intent of the order has been grossly distorted. The individual has received less protection from irresponsible charges than ever before. Many an employee separated from government as a security risk simply because he has relatives behind the iron curtain (and could conceivably be vulnerable to Red blackmailers) has found that outside the government the general belief is that all security risks fired from State are Communists or homosexuals, or both.

One result has been that some employees (possibly including some Democrats) who had been thinking of quitting for personal reasons have stayed on because they don't dare leave. A man with eight years in the department said: "I left a job with an oil company because I had a real interest in the people and customs of a certain part of Asia and I wanted to put this curiosity at the service of my country. Now my years in State are actually held against me. Suppose I apply for a job in private industry. Resigned from the State Department? Why, they'd say, he must be a Commie, or at least a sexual deviate."

Absurd? Not at all. I heard of a man who resigned not long ago and applied for a job in a business organization. His prospective employers agreed that he was well qualified, but offered to hire him only on one condition: if the State Department would re-employ him, for just a month, to remove any onus that might be attached to his resignation.

In part, the trouble with the security program is inherent in Executive Order 10450; in part it's the result of the way the order has been administered.

Under 10450, a government employee in a "sensitive" position—a term which embraces everyone in State—may be dismissed for a number of obvious security reasons with which there can be no quarrel. Originally outlined in President Truman's Executive Order 9835, the predecessor to 10450, they include such acts as sabotage, treason, espionage, Communist activity, disclosure of secret data, and so on. Where there's evidence of such activity, the investigation is handled by the FBI.

But 10450 also added a list of "suitability" criteria not involving subversive actions, some of them so loosely worded that almost anyone could become ensnarled in them. A man may now be fired, in the words of the order, for:

"Any behavior, activities or associations which tend to show that the individual is not reliable or trustworthy: any deliberate misrepresentations, falsifications or omissions of material facts; any criminal, infamous, dishonest, immoral or notoriously disgraceful conduct, habitual use of intoxicants to excess, drug addiction or sexual perversion; an adjudication of insanity, or treatment for serious mental or neurological disorder without satisfactory evidence of cure; any facts which furnish reason to believe that the individual may be subjected to coercion, influence or pressure which may cause him to act contrary to the best interests of national security."

The principle of guilt by association was thus made a part of the official standards for judging a

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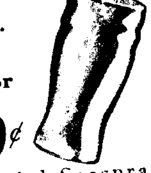

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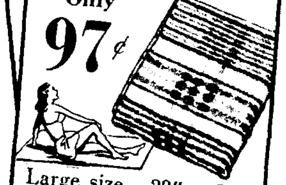

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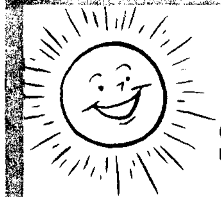

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When you ask McLeod's staff what standards they use to judge guilt by association, they have a ready answer (I heard it half a dozen times): "We don't have to prove a man is a duck. If he waddles like a duck, quacks like a duck and associates with ducks, that's enough."

Mr. Dulles's Disconcerting Demand

Other areas of 10450 also are open to wide interpretation. Scott McLeod told me that when Secretary Dulles first read 10450, he called in the security administrator and, as McLeod walked in the door, snapped: "McLeod, define immorality!"

"I can't, sir," said McLeod.

"Then I suggest you cut this provision out."

Since the Presidential order had already gone out to other departments, the word was permitted to remain—along with other words and phrases which all but defied definition.

"How do you decide," asked one man, "what constitutes 'excessive' drinking? At what number of drinks do you draw the line? If you forgot to list on your employment form an arrest for a minor traffic accident in 1937, who decides whether it was a 'deliberate' omission?"

In the State Department, the basic decision is made by a group of evaluators working under McLeod. They check through what Dorsey Fisher called the "rumors, allegations and mystifications" in the individual security files and recommend suspension if the information strikes them as sufficiently damaging. Theoretically, such a recommendation is always thoroughly reviewed before being acted on—clear up to the Secretary himself. Actually, the staggering number of investigations and reinvestigations made necessary by 10450 would make it physically impossible for any one man—McLeod or Secretary Dulles or anyone else—to delve into every scrap of derogatory information read by the original evaluator. (An exception was the personal review by Dulles of the 2,000-page dossier on veteran career diplomat John Paton Davies, who has been cleared eight times, yet has had to go through the mill again.)

Since last October, McLeod's chief security aide has been Dennis A. Flinn, a Foreign Service officer with a wide investigative and intelligence background, including eight years as an FBI agent. Flinn assured me that evaluators' reports are carefully checked by senior evaluators and by himself, and sent back if there seems to be any question. But Flinn added a significant qualification: "If, on the other hand, it's a clear-cut case for suspension or clearance, I sign the recommendation."

Obviously, an untrained, inexperienced, overworked evaluator could easily make a clear-cut case where none actually exists. And not all Flinn's evaluators are as well trained—or as numerous—as he'd like.

One of Flinn's predecessors under McLeod, confronted with the enormous task of investigation and reinvestigation imposed by 10450, is reported to have told his staff: "If you've got any friends or acquaintances we could hire, send 'em in—even if they can just walk and talk."

"It was a bad situation," admitted one of McLeod's assistants. "How can you make a proper investigation if you've never had any training? It was the blind leading the blind—investigations and evaluations, both being made by inexperienced people."

When Flinn took over last October, he says the security office was only two thirds staffed—and he still feels he hasn't enough qualified evaluators. He believes evaluators should have a college degree, preferably in law, and several years of investigative experience. At present, his 12 evaluators include only seven with law degrees—plus one who never went to college, two who didn't finish, one who has had no previous investigative experience and three who have had less than one year's experience in evaluation.

It was such a staff which, in the seven months between the time 10450 went into effect and the end of last year, accounted for the separation of 193 "security risks" in State—*one* of whom was a suspected, but unproved, subversive.

By all odds the most bitterly criticized aspect of the present security procedure is that it is not necessary to prove a man guilty before recommending his suspension; the government doesn't even have to prove "reasonable doubt" exists. The entire burden of proof rests with the accused.

McLeod has defended this reversal of the time-honored tradition that under democracy any man is innocent until proved guilty. "The common error," he has said in a number of public speeches, "is to feel that there is some analogy between the security system and the judicial system." The present theory—based on statements made by several Supreme Court justices over the years—is that "government employment is not a right, but a privilege" and that the government is entitled to withhold the privilege from anyone it chooses.

Very often, for economic reasons, a man cannot afford to fight for this privilege (or his reputation). There is, to be sure, an elaborate procedure designed to protect the rights of the individual. But it is so cumbersome, so time-consuming, and in the end so financially costly that very few government workers can avail themselves of it. Consequently, the resignations are absurdly high in proportion to the number dismissed.

Take a typical example: Joe Jones suddenly finds himself suspended without pay—and without notice. If he chooses to go through the appeal routine, he is given a written statement of charges, to which he may reply within 30 days. During that month, he must try to gather enough evidence to disprove these charges—and, if he can afford it, he gets a lawyer. If he has served abroad (and many in State are Foreign Service officers), lengthy depositions must be obtained from individuals outside the U.S. In one case, the cost of obtaining such depositions alone was $1,500.

If Jones's written reply doesn't satisfy security officers, he is notified that his job is to be terminated. Weeks may have elapsed since his suspension—and in the meantime Jones has had no income. But if he and his wife, after counting their savings once more, decide they can hang on a little while longer, Jones announces that he wants to appeal before the hearing board—a panel of three government workers from other agencies, taken from civil service rosters. Jones and his lawyer prepare their defense, which very often includes bringing character witnesses from great distances—at Jones's expense.

Months go by and Jones is still waiting for his hearing. He wants to clear his name—but finally there comes a point where this natural desire must give way before mounting necessity to earn a living. Soon Jones may reach the point where proving his innocence becomes a luxury he cannot afford.

As of the time I arrived in Washington, not one security case in State had gone through the full appeals procedure under 10450. Only in the last few weeks have any hearing boards been called; five were convened in the late spring to make recommendations to Secretary Dulles on various cases, including that of John Paton Davies.

Knowing the cards stacked against them, the long months without pay, the anxiety of prolonged waiting, the excessive costs involved where the whole burden of proof falls on the accused, most State employees charged with being security risks quietly resign at the outset.

As one department employee after another has gone down the security chute, those who remain have become more and more frightened—and less efficient. State Department morale had already been hard hit by the security hearings held by Senator McCarthy's subcommittee just before McLeod took over (they stopped, significantly, soon afterward).

New graduates from tough U.S. Foreign Servic

It was reported in The New York Times that during the McCarthy hearings the head of one office said his staff "was able to do only about one half its normal output of work," and another was said to have confided to a friend, "I am engaged in an intense effort to fade into the wallpaper."

The Case of the Foreign Service

The worst damage caused by McCarthy and the subsequent 10450 security program was done to the Foreign Service.

The Foreign Service is an independent agency within the department. Its members are chosen under a non-civil service set of regulations and they must meet stringent requirements—including rigorous examinations and training. The service is a small, proud, intensely fraternal corps, not unlike the Marine Corps in many respects. Its 1,285 members, diplomatic officers at American posts and missions around the world, are jealous of their reputations; what happens to any one of them is felt throughout the entire service, from the big European embassies to the remotest Asian outposts.

The Bohlen incident, which occurred shortly after McLeod became security administrator, shocked and disheartened them. What happened next—the hasty summons from overseas posts of one Foreign Service officer after another for security interrogation in Washington, and, with rare exceptions, their subsequent failure to return—plunged those who remained into a state approaching utter despair.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

chool. Educators report lessened interest in diplomatic careers due to fear of unjust security measures

"I had a long talk with the ambassador," wrote one of Collier's correspondents from a European capital. "He said that McLeod's antics are making us look like fools to people abroad. I got the impression that a foreign diplomat talks to one of our representatives now as if he half expects him to be gone tomorrow."

Among many Foreign Service officers, the impression grew that it wasn't safe to report the truth to Washington about any foreign situation when the truth didn't jibe with the preconceived notions of the people in Washington.

"The young Foreign Service officer now is up against it," a State Department official told me. "He knows what the views are at headquarters. Suppose he comes up against information that is contrary to those views. To play it safe, he tones down what he sends in, so he can't possibly be accused of being in sympathy with the wrong side."

Another man said: "Part of our job when we go abroad is to keep in touch with the opposition party, as well as with the party in power. Sometimes—in fact, most of the time—the opposition is a left-wing group. Because they *are* the opposition, and because it isn't wise to let local officials see you talking to them, most such meetings are handled with some secrecy, usually at night.

"Can you imagine what some inexperienced evaluator with no knowledge of foreign affairs would make of those nocturnal meetings a few years later?"

A counselor of embassy in one overseas capital stated the situation baldly. "Some reports," he said, "are being written so as *not* to give an accurate picture of conditions, but rather to keep the man writing the report in the clear . . ."

The fate of Foreign Service officers who served in China jolted the rest of the service. Almost everybody who had anything to do with China before it went Communist has now been completely discredited. Today nobody wants the same to happen to him.

One Collier's correspondent heard of a diplomat who was offered an excellent post last year in a troubled southeast Asian country. Although he was exceptionally well qualified for the job (he spoke a number of Oriental languages and had spent years in the Far East), he turned it down cold. In effect, he argued this way:

"If we lose that country to the Communists, as we may, I don't want it on my record that I served there. Why should I risk my career trying to convince McLeod and McCarthy that it wasn't entirely my fault? The best I could hope for would be the fight of my life just to prove I was a loyal American—and then, oblivion. No, thanks."

When Collier's reporter was told that story, he said, "But an officer in the Army couldn't turn down a tough assignment just because victory isn't guaranteed."

"You're right," said his informant. "But that's the Army. Someone in the Foreign Service who's been connected with a losing battle against Communism, whatever the odds, is lucky if he isn't charged with treason."

Even the future of the Foreign Service—whatever remedial action might be taken for *present* ills—seems to have been threatened. Here are two almost identical quotes from college professors: "I find it almost impossible to interest able seniors in a Foreign Service career. They prefer to go to the Central Intelligence Agency, which few considered before, because it stood up for its own people"—that is, when it was under attack by Senator McCarthy. The second quote: "It is becoming steadily more difficult to draw able men into government service . . . I can interest students in the CIA, which stood firm against attack, but not in the Foreign Service."

Last January 17th, the sad state of the Foreign Service was suddenly exposed to light by five of its most distinguished former members, in a strongly worded letter to The New York Times. The five men—former diplomats Norman Armour, Robert Woods Bliss, Joseph C. Grew, William Phillips and G. Howland Shaw—referred to the attacks on Foreign Service officers, then declared:

"With rare exceptions, the justification for these attacks has been so flimsy as to have no standing in a court of law or in the mind of any individual capable of differentiating repeated accusation from even a reasonable presumption of guilt. Nevertheless, these attacks have had sinister results.

"The conclusion has become inescapable, for instance, that a Foreign Service officer who reports on persons and events to the very best of his ability, and who makes recommendations which at the time he conscientiously believes to be in the best interest of the United States, may subsequently find his loyalty and integrity challenged, and may even be forced out of the service and discredited forever as a private citizen after many years of distinguished service. A premium, therefore, has been put upon reporting and upon recommendations which are ambiguously stated or so cautiously set forth as to be deceiving. When any such tendency begins its insidious work, it is not long before accuracy and initiative have been sacrificed to acceptability and conformity. The ultimate result is a threat to national security."

A Question Justified by Circumstances

They added that under the circumstances it seemed fair to ask "whether we are not laying the foundations of a Foreign Service competent to serve a totalitarian government rather than the government of the United States as we have heretofore known it."

The response to the letter came fast and hard. Letters of endorsement poured in to the five signers from Foreign Service officers (from ambassadors down) in every corner of the world. More important, the letter to the Times—having been signed by two former Under Secretaries, two former Assistant Secretaries and a onetime ambassador—was read within the department at top levels which had previously been inclined to pay little attention to reports of low morale.

Few Secretaries of State have stepped into the job at a more difficult time than John Foster Dulles did when he assumed his duties a year and a half ago. Preoccupied with a seemingly endless series of foreign problems, Dulles had little time in which either to learn about, or to be concerned with, the welfare of the people serving under him. As it was once conceded to newsmen, the very topmost officials seldom get an opportunity to talk to anyone but other top officials. As a result, many State executives seemed convinced that everything was fine at the lower levels. One consequence of this attitude was a series of public statements on morale that probably hurt morale as much as anything could.

Secretary of State Dulles has said that morale in State is high.

General Walter Bedell Smith, the Under Secretary, assured me personally that morale in the department is good.

Scott McLeod has been quoted in print as saying morale is high.

Everybody in the State Department security office, to a man, insists morale is high.

I argued the point with McLeod. How did he know morale was good? I asked.

"Well," he said, "the Secretary said it is high. What more do you want?"

Earlier, some newsmen had asked how he justified his statement about morale, in view of the letter from the five diplomats. "These guys are on the outside now," he explained. "They didn't come and ask me, or Bedell Smith, or (Under Secretary) Don Lourie about morale."

I spoke to Robert Cartwright, McLeod's very capable deputy administrator, who, like McLeod, is a former FBI agent.

"You hear a lot about fear," he said. "I have had no feeling of fear. I don't know anyone who's afraid—except possibly those who have reason to be . . . like the felon who is apprehensive about being caught. I think the whole thing is terribly overdone."

Finally, I saw George Wilson, formerly Senator William F. Knowland's right-hand man, later McLeod's chief of personnel. "All this fear business is simply self-induced hysteria, in my opinion," he said. "Anyway, the farther you get away from Washington, the better morale always is."

About as far from Washington as you can get, in the remote Foreign Service outposts, career diplomats were writing letters like this to colleagues in the United States:

"We have had the distinct feeling that we were not considered worth defending, and that perhaps the work of the Foreign Service is no longer thought to be as high a calling as we imagined it to be." (Foreign Service personnel, like other State Department personnel, come under the supervision of George Wilson.)

Wrote another: "Won't you please try to catch the Secretary in one of his less busy moments and convince him that his own personal intervention on behalf of his department is now required? . . . Without mentioning my own feelings, I must say that wherever I travel these days I find a nearly unanimous feeling that there is little hope for us because the head of the family is not fighting for us . . ."

Opinions Differed on Morale

Thus, while the Secretary and his immediate subordinates were insisting that morale was fine, the people whose morale was involved (including at least 185 Foreign Service officers, by actual count of letters sent to Americans from abroad and individuals interviewed overseas by Collier's reporters) were pleading to be heard on the subject of their own fear and dismay.

Last March, Secretary Dulles acted. He separated Scott McLeod's jobs, leaving him with Security and Consular Affairs, but removing Personnel from his jurisdiction. Not long afterward, Dulles announced the formation of the Secretary of State's Public Committee on Personnel (called the Wriston Committee, after its chairman, Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University) and said that one of its tasks would be to study "requirements to increase public confidence and fortify personnel morale."

McLeod frankly smarted over what he felt was a demotion. He told me:

"I didn't know anything about it until the day after Secretary Dulles left for the Inter-American conference in Caracas. When he returned I went directly to his office and said, 'Are you mad at me? If so, I'll go quietly.' He assured me that was not the case, but now that most of the security cases had been handled, my job could be described as a change in mission: from cleanup to checkup. At least, that's the way we planned to present it at his next press conference. But nobody asked.

"Nevertheless," McLeod said, getting back to his clipped wings, "I think they should at least have shown Congress the courtesy of discussing this with the committees concerned before just bluntly coming out with an announcement."

McLeod disclosed that he had insisted on having control over personnel policies before he would consent to run the security program. "If you're going to clean up a mess," he said, "I think Personnel is the big broom in the cleanup. There's a lot of mess here that isn't due to security alone. There are people who aren't sympathetic with Eisenhower's policies, for instance. Obviously, the only way you can correct that situation is to have authority over personnel."

COLLIER'S

"It's useless to shower me with gifts, but don't let that stop you"

PHIL INTERLANDI

McLeod was bitter over the press attacks which had characterized his first year in office. He spoke of an "inspired, planned campaign to 'get' me," and added: "Don't let anybody kid you. The ADA" (Americans for Democratic Action) "are calling the shots on this campaign."

Certainly the State Department security picture under McLeod has not been so black as a few people have painted it. Even many of his critics will admit that the security situation in State in the years preceding the present administration was long overdue for a general tightening up, and that McLeod's staff has at least accomplished that.

It is easy for a reporter to find numerous examples of bad, or careless, security practices in the past—including a Secret cable that was once found on the floor of Washington's Union Station (how it got there nobody knows to this day), Confidential papers left in open desks overnight, safes frequently left unlocked—and so on.

"A potential enemy in those days didn't need a high-level spy," admitted one former State official. "By giving some charwoman ten bucks to bring him what she could find lying around loose, an agent could have made quite a haul almost any time."

Serious though these flaws were, however, they are chalked up to general administrative laxity (for years one of State's greatest over-all weaknesses), and to the inherent carelessness of the average American—who, until fairly recently, has never been very espionage-conscious—rather than to a calculated attempt on the part of anybody to allow "traitors free run" (McLeod's words) in the department.

A major handicap of previous administrations was a scarcity of trained, experienced security personnel. Low standards, poor salaries and lack of inspired leadership did not make it easy to attract men of talent and training.

"Many really competent security officers—and there are few good ones anywhere—left to find something better," said one departee. "Ex-FBI men who ended up in State's security office nearly went nuts with the slipshod way things were run. Security became a sort of waiting room for people looking for other jobs."

Said another: "Some of the goings on in Security were strictly comic-opera: serious investigations conducted by telephone, evaluations made on people's cases (and whole futures) by untrained guys, some of 'em just kids who'd worked up from clerks and had no previous investigative experience. There were no training courses, no manuals, not even proper guidance."

It is to McLeod's credit that many internal ills within the security shop are being corrected as fast as time, Congressional appropriations and the recruiting of veteran security personnel will permit. Tighter administration, improved filing and index systems, training and stricter disciplinary measures for infractions have resulted in better *physical* security throughout all the department's domestic and overseas installations.

In almost every public speech, McLeod is fond of citing one case in point: "We have a Marine guard system at our overseas missions," he explains. "The Marines go around at night to make sure that everything is locked up. I was astonished when I got a report from one geographic area sometime last year that there had been 233 individual security violations in that one area in one month. Documents left lying on the desks. Safes left unlocked.

"I wanted to know who were the people involved, how often they were involved," he continues. "Well, there was no information on that. None whatsoever. So we started a system of security-violation forms. Now a copy is attached to the personnel file of the officer . . . After we started having a regular report on security violations, the number went down from 223 in a month to 15."

Launching a "Crash Program"

Prodded by the White House and the Attorney General's office to finish the initial cleanup under 10450 by June 30th of this year, State was forced to borrow 100 investigators from the Civil Service Commission this spring and launch into a "crash program" to meet the deadline—when all investigations or reinvestigations of the 11,000 employees were supposed to be completed. I asked McLeod if he could assure the President that the job was all wrapped up. He prudently replied that it was "substantially" finished. "Security is never entirely finished," he said. "The day I say it's finished, the next day we'll find a spy."

Just how well is the government equipped to find a spy under the present security setup?

I consulted counterespionage specialists who presumably would know. They expressed serious reservations about the ability of any security program built around Executive Order 10450 to stop a really determined and expert enemy agent. More than likely, they said, 10450 would merely alert him to the obvious pitfalls.

One of McLeod's consultants, a retired FBI inspector of 30 years' experience, told me a spy wouldn't have a chance of penetrating State now. But McLeod himself gave a somewhat contrary impression in secret testimony before a House Appropriations subcommittee last January 25th. He was asked whether the department's present investigative procedure would have turned up Alger Hiss, sent to prison for having lied about his connections with an espionage ring. He said that it would not.

There is even a certain amount of confusion over what security risks McLeod's office *has* turned up.

During the big "numbers game" row there was talk of 534 security risks found in State, then 590. Democrats and the press clamored for a breakdown: precisely how many had been fired as subversive and how many for less significant reasons? "I don't think the people are concerned with any breakdown," said Scott McLeod. "They don't care if they were drunks, perverts or Communists—they just want us to get rid of them."

Nevertheless, the newspapers—including Republican journals—demanded the figures, and finally Civil Service Commissioner Philip Young supplied them to the House Civil Service Committee. For State, the figure of 590 shrank to 117 security-risk separations under 10450, of whom no less than 112 had resigned.

Shortly afterward, McLeod called in his chief of security, Dennis Flinn, and said that if they were going to play the numbers game they'd better get some figures they could stick to. Flinn and his staff reviewed their files again, and came up with the latest figures: 309 security risks separated from State for all causes in 1953 (including 148 whose files contained derogatory information concerning alleged Communist associations or activities). Of the 309, 193 have been separated since 10450 went into effect, including one suspected subversive.

On January 25th, Under Secretary Smith testified before a House committee that "no Communists had been found in the State Department" and that as far as he knew there had never been any Communists there with the exception of Alger Hiss and a minor official fired long ago.

On February 10th, two weeks later, McLeod told a Lincoln Day rally at Worland, Wyoming: "In the twenty years from 1933 to 1953, traitors had free run in high places and in low. It is not for me to tell you why—it is up to those who permitted it to tell you why. I wish they would. I wish they would stop squalling 'smear' and stand up like men and offer an explanation if they can . . ."

One month later, McLeod was asked by House members whether he had found fewer or more people with subversive tendencies than he had expected to find when he assumed office. He conceded: "I think I have found fewer than I expected to find."

Said one Washington newsman: "Sure, many of the adverse press stories about Scotty are 'inspired.' *He* inspires 'em."

As an additional indication that not only the "left-wing" papers have found fault with McLeod, there is the reaction met by Morehead Patterson, a prominent businessman and member of the Wriston Committee, when he held a private conference some weeks ago with 15 Washington newsmen long familiar with the internal problems of State. Patterson explained that he'd been named head of a subcommittee to concentrate on the morale problem and that he would appreciate concrete suggestions from the reporters. All 15—including representatives of so-called right-wing papers—recommended unanimously that the very first act should be to fire McLeod.

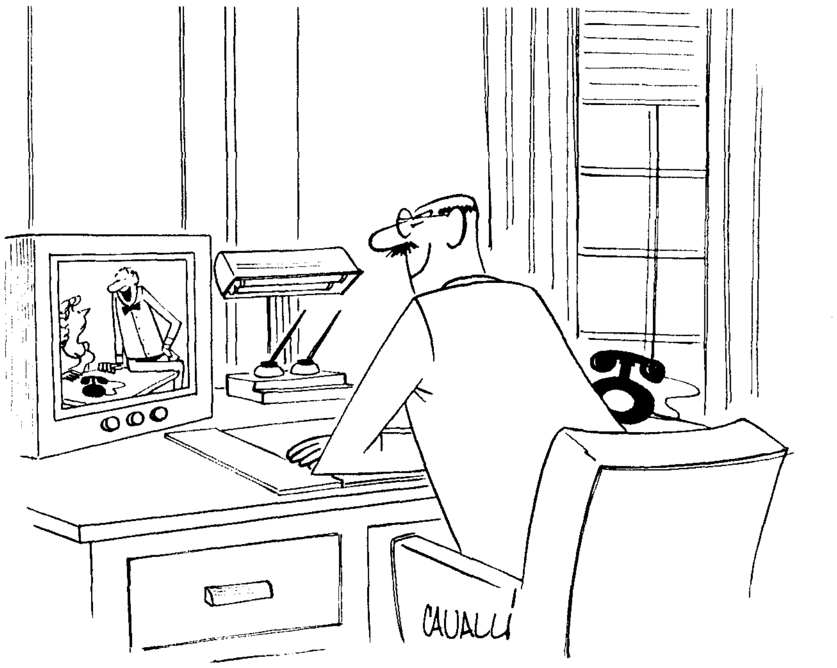
Ouster Wouldn't Solve Problem

Patterson made no commitment, and it is not known whether the suggestion was seriously considered. But it is probably safe to assume that before their study was completed the members of the Wriston Committee realized that although McLeod's ouster might cause rejoicing in certain quarters, it would certainly not alone solve the problem. In the end, the Wriston Committee confined its recommendations almost exclusively to administrative matters.

"In the final analysis," one state official commented, "McLeod and Executive Order 10450 and all the other aspects of the security ruckus are manifestations of a nation-wide emotional phenomenon which can't be solved by a single committee of citizens, nor by the firing of one man.

"While it lasts, all we in the department can do is try to hang on—and hope that the evaluators succeed in picking the truth out of the stuff supplied by the informers, malcontents and the paranoids suffering from persecution complex . . ."

I might have thought his last sentence was greatly exaggerated had I not come across Mrs. Sue Clegg in the course of my research in State. From time to time I kept hearing about a woman employee who had gone to the home of Secretary Dulles one week end, rung his doorbell, and handed him



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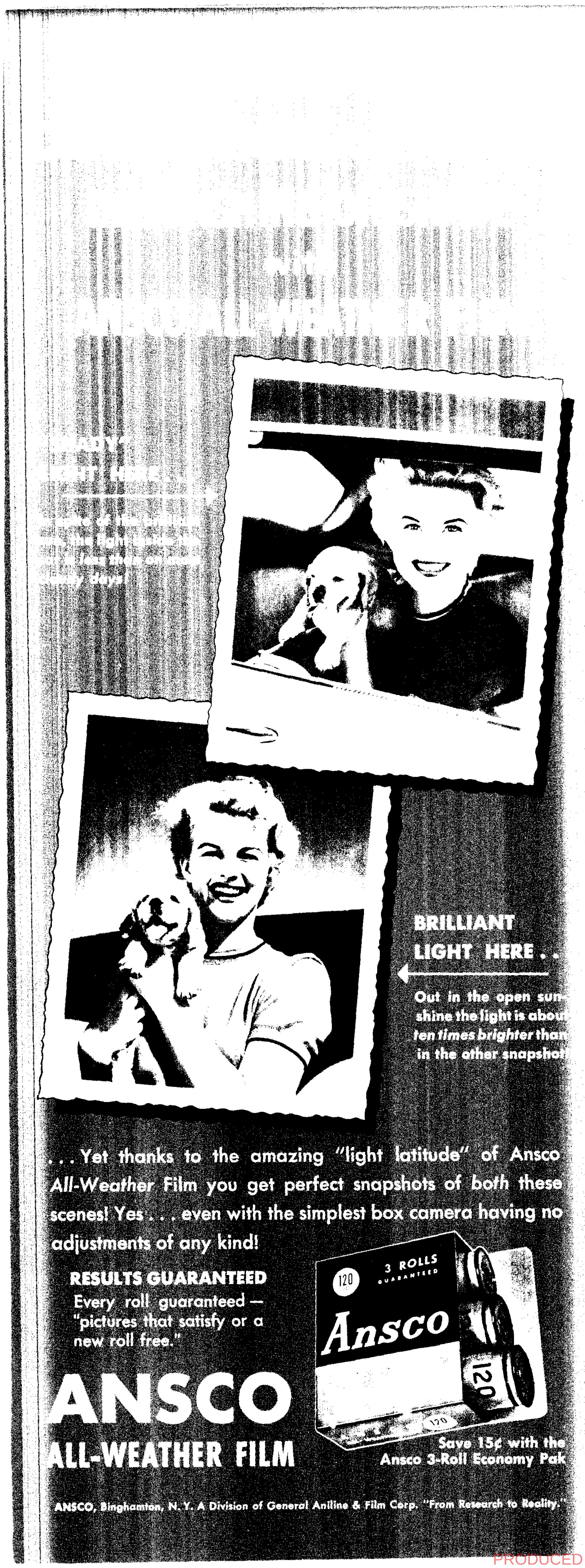
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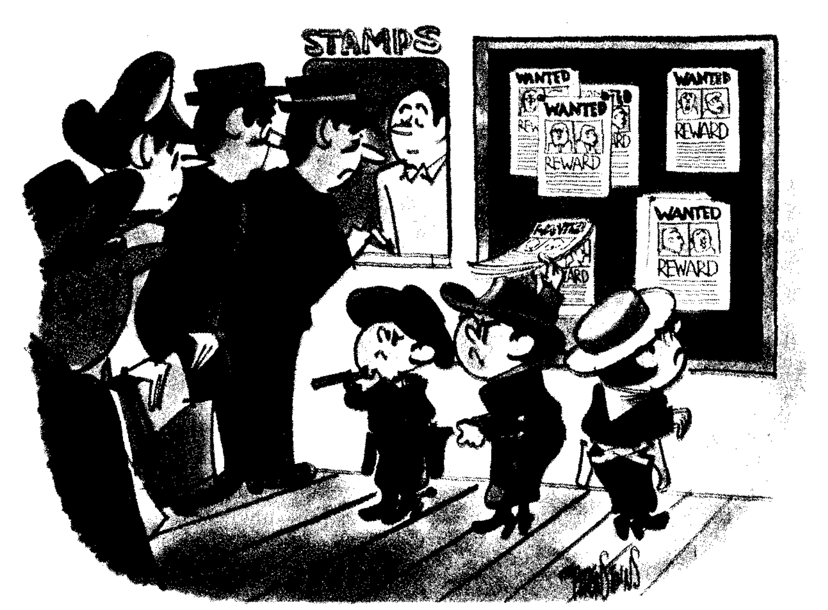


COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

a long list of "Communists" who were in her office—a list which she later sent to the security office.

I decided to get the facts firsthand, if possible. I phoned Mrs. Clegg, a clerk-stenographer, and asked to see her. She came to my hotel, armed with a brief case full of typed memoranda, correspondence and Photostats concerning her case, and spent the next half day trying to convince me "they" were "out to get rid of her."

Who were "they"? Her bosses, of course—all those Communists and fellow travelers who hated her for her own efforts to fight Communism, and who resented her for not taking all their orders. "Typical," she said, "of the sacrosanct hierarchy of Communist officials, who can say: 'I'm your boss. *You're* to do as *I* say.' "

Reasons Given for Dismissal

Mrs. Clegg produced the most recent insult: official notice from the chief of the Personnel Operations Division concerning her proposed removal (which occurred some weeks later), for reasons stated in writing. The personnel officer alleged instance after instance of Mrs. Clegg's refusal to follow proper channels, of an insolent and un-co-operative attitude toward her supervisors, and of many acts of clear insubordination.

"These are simply excuses to get rid of me," said Mrs. Clegg, who then went on to relate the "ill treatment" she had received from one of her former bosses. It appears that, in accordance with the standard Washington custom, he had been in the habit of asking one of the stenographers to bring him coffee from the cafeteria. Mrs. Clegg felt this chore was too time-consuming; she announced that she would no longer bring coffee to him. There followed an argument, with Mrs. Clegg making so much of a fuss that the man sent a memo to her personnel supervisor, pointing out that her continued difficulty with the staff seemed to "stem from her failure to face the fact, which apparently is unpleasant to her, that her position is only that of stenographer. . . ."

Mrs. Clegg made a copy of the memo, and then decided the time had come to take action. That day, she typed a formal letter on an official State Department letterhead to Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., requesting that the FBI inquire into the background of the man with whom she'd had the dispute (Mrs. Clegg gave me a copy of the letter). Later in the day, she sent a telegram to the Attorney General advising him that the situation was urgent and that she needed help.

Mrs. Clegg didn't say what the outcome had been. I guessed that there had been none.

"Can you tell me about your visit to Secretary Dulles' home?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly. "That was a day I shall never forget. Before I brought him the scroll, I took a day of my annual leave; I spent the whole day in our department library, checking through the official Biographical Registers. Then I went home that night and stayed up very late copying down on a long scroll a list of names of the people I believed to be Communists."

"But why a scroll?" I asked. "Why not just regular paper?"

"I didn't have any in the house, so I had to use shelf paper," she said. "I used a strip about a yard long, and when I was through I rolled it up in scroll form. It was imperative that the Secretary get it at once."

"Why?"

"Well, the Secretary was to address one of the Congressional committees on Monday morning and I felt it important that he should be warned in advance that the material on which his testimony was to be based had been prepared by these Communists in my section."

"What evidence did you have that they were Communists?" I pressed.

"Well, I suppose you'd call it evidence through deductive reasoning."

"Could you be more explicit?"

"As I told you, I spent hours looking through the Biographical Registers. I checked off all the people in my section, what years they were in State, and so on, and then I looked up the exact period that Alger Hiss had been there. Naturally, everyone who was there with, or under, Hiss was in a position to be influenced by him, so those names went down on my scroll. Besides, most of them had favored the International Trade Organization and the lowering of U.S. tariffs.

"I made three copies of the scrolls—one for Secretary Dulles, one for the Chief of Security, and I kept the third," continued Mrs. Clegg. "I didn't finish it the way I wanted it until three-thirty Saturday afternoon. Then I dressed in my best black suit, for I sort of hoped that Mr. Dulles might invite me in to have tea to discuss this issue with him.

"Anyway," she said, "I grabbed the first cab I could and drove over to the Secretary's house. I rang the bell. The Dulles' car was by the door and it seems they were leaving for a reception, so I gave the scroll to the butler and told him that it was urgent and that the Secretary must have it personally. No, I wasn't asked for tea.

"Then on Monday, I took annual leave again and took a cab over to the security office, and gave the names to an official there."

Diagnosed As a Paranoiac

Later, when she received the charges against her, Mrs. Clegg typed up a 24-page reply and sent it to the Personnel office. She furnished me with a copy. In it she describes with astonishing frankness several examinations by the State Department's psychiatrist, Dr. James P. Scanlon, who, it seems, had diagnosed Mrs. Clegg as a paranoiac. At one point, Mrs. Clegg writes:

"Dr. L—————— (her own physician) told me that Dr. Scanlon's report on my condition as he diagnosed it had so alarmed him that he had telephoned my stepdaughter to help in finding my husband . . . Dr. Scanlon had advised him that I was suffering from paranoia."

Mrs. Clegg was given sick leave for the purpose of getting treatment, and when the sick leave expired, she was returned to duty. When I talked with her in April she was still on active duty in the department—a year after starting her personal campaign against Communists in State. A few weeks later she was dismissed, as a result of the charges brought against her by the Personnel Operations Division.

How many Sue Cleggs are right now busily writing letters to the Attorney General, to the FBI or to security officers, naming fellow workers as Communists or fellow travelers, no one can tell. Nor can anyone outside the department's own security office know for certain how many suspensions or "resignations" may have resulted from similar charges. But this much is certain: even a letter with as little foundation as Mrs. Clegg's finds its way into an individual's file which is thereafter tabbed as "containing derogatory information" and is placed at the mercy of an evaluator who must judge between fact and fancy. And it is a safe assumption that the accusers do not attach psychiatrists' official diagnoses of paranoia to the letters they write.

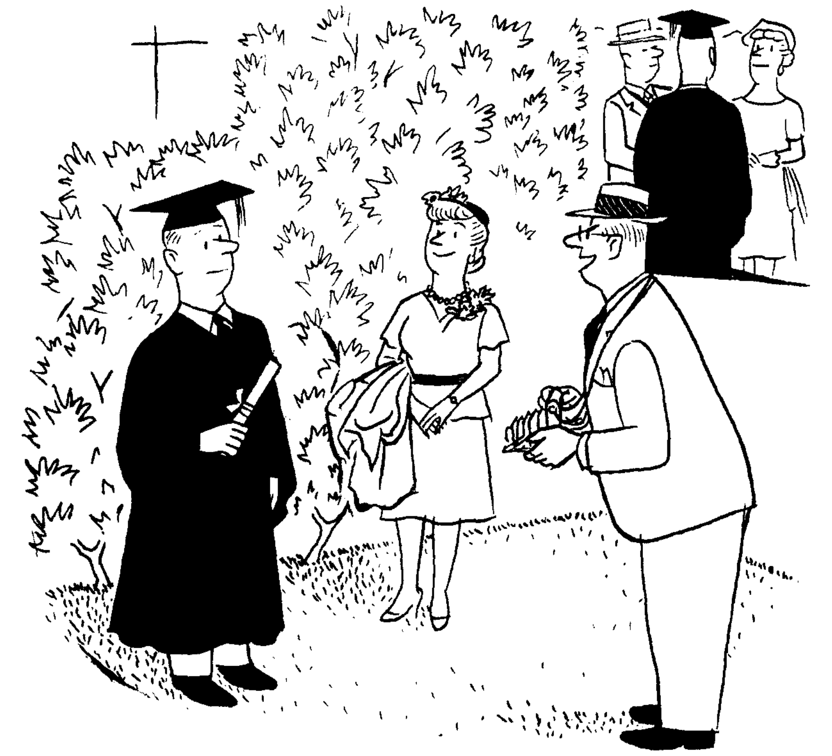
Was it possible that some of the "security risks" may have been separated from the State Department for reasons not entirely valid? I put the question to a key member of McLeod's staff.

"Grenades go off and sometimes hit a lot of people," he said, "maybe some they weren't intended to. But this is a war . . ."

Last year, outlining the administration's security plans in his first State of the Union message, President Eisenhower said:

"All these measures have two clear purposes. Their first purpose is to make certain that this nation's security is not jeopardized by false servants. Their second purpose is to clear the atmosphere of that unreasoned suspicion that accepts rumor and gossip as substitutes for evidence."

There was no mention of war—particularly a war in which many of the casualties appear to be on our own side.



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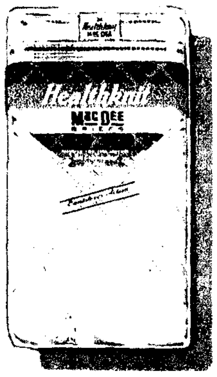

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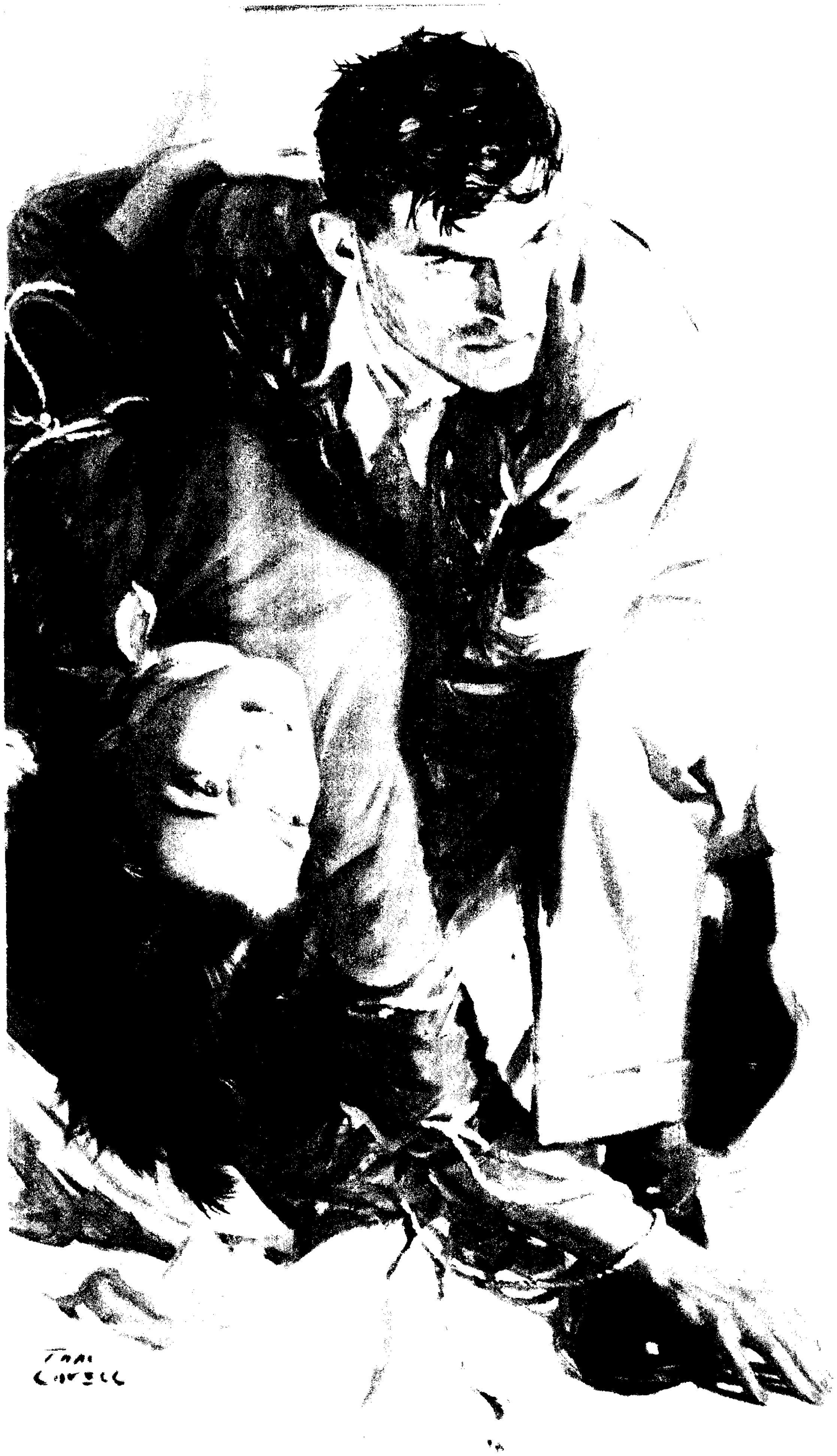
Rendezvous WITH A TRAITOR

By HOLLY ROTH

Both their lives were in jeopardy now, and he had to help Marta—guilty or not



The last knot gave; he took Marta in his arms. "I'll have to go for help," he told her. "Up the air shaft"

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

The Story: ROBERT KENDALL, a free-lance writer, was assigned to do a series of articles on FRANCIS BURTON HOLLISTER, an Army lieutenant and code specialist suspected of espionage. Kendall interviewed Hollister in prison and found him a brilliant, enigmatic young man much given to quoting the Bible. He mentioned to Kendall a girl, MARTA WENTWIRTH, at whose apartment he had been arrested, and he implied that she was involved in his conspiracy. Kendall wrote a thorough character study of Hollister without discussing his supposed espionage—the details of which, for security reasons, the public and Kendall himself had not been told. Then, soon after Kendall completed his series, Hollister committed suicide; and as soon as the first installment appeared on the newsstands, someone ransacked Kendall's apartment, in a vain attempt to see the rest of the articles before publication. ERIC GREGORY of the FBI and MAJOR WINDHAM of the Army's Counter-Intelligence Corps were then forced to tell Kendall the details of the espionage charge against Hollister: he had seen a top-secret message vitally affecting the country's security, had assaulted a guard in his haste to leave his station and had tried to contact a known Communist; but he had been arrested before he could pass the information on, and he had had no chance to do so afterward. So, the Army believed, Hollister had used Kendall's series as a means of transmitting his secret data to his cohorts—and had committed suicide to speed up publication of the articles. Kendall agreed to help Gregory and Windham in their attempt to uncover and delete the message before the Communists found it. He went to see Marta, who denied being involved in the Hollister case; but Kendall, though attracted to her, did not trust her. Then he studied his manuscript, noting again Hollister's extensive use of Bible quotations. He realized that Hollister must have wanted to call attention to a Bible; and since Marta's apartment was the one place he could have hidden a message before his arrest, he must have meant Marta's Bible.

THE SECOND OF TWO PARTS

KENDALL picked up the telephone and dialed, and when she answered he said coolly, "Miss Wentwirth?"

"Yes. Is this—" She paused a moment and then said: "Who is this?"

During the preceding evening they had progressed to the use of first names. He supposed she was bewildered by his formality now, but he suddenly remembered that her wire was tapped—that someone was listening to them. Their words, their intonations and intimations would be open to conjecture, to interpretation.

"Bob Kendall," he said.

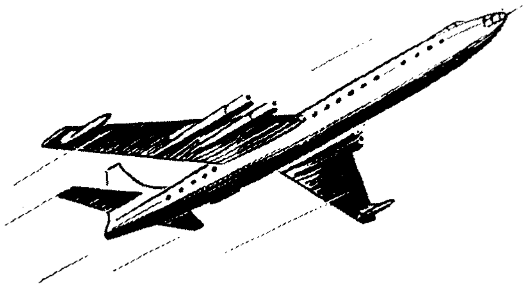
"Oh, yes." Then, avoiding using his name, she said, "How are you?"

"Fine, thanks. And you?" This was ridiculous, he thought, but he had not planned his conversation for three persons; he had not thought beyond the feeling of revelation he had had when he had linked in his mind the Bible, the list of quotations Hollister had used, and the title Hollister had picked: Genesis of Treason. He said abruptly, "Are you free for dinner?"

In the pause that followed, he was tensely aware of how cold he had sounded. She would not see him, she would not—She said, "Yes. Thank you," in a voice as frigid as his. Then she added, "Not before six."

"I'll see you at six, then."

After he had hung up, Kendall thought with satisfaction: Gregory and Windham won't get to the Bible—*I* will. If there's



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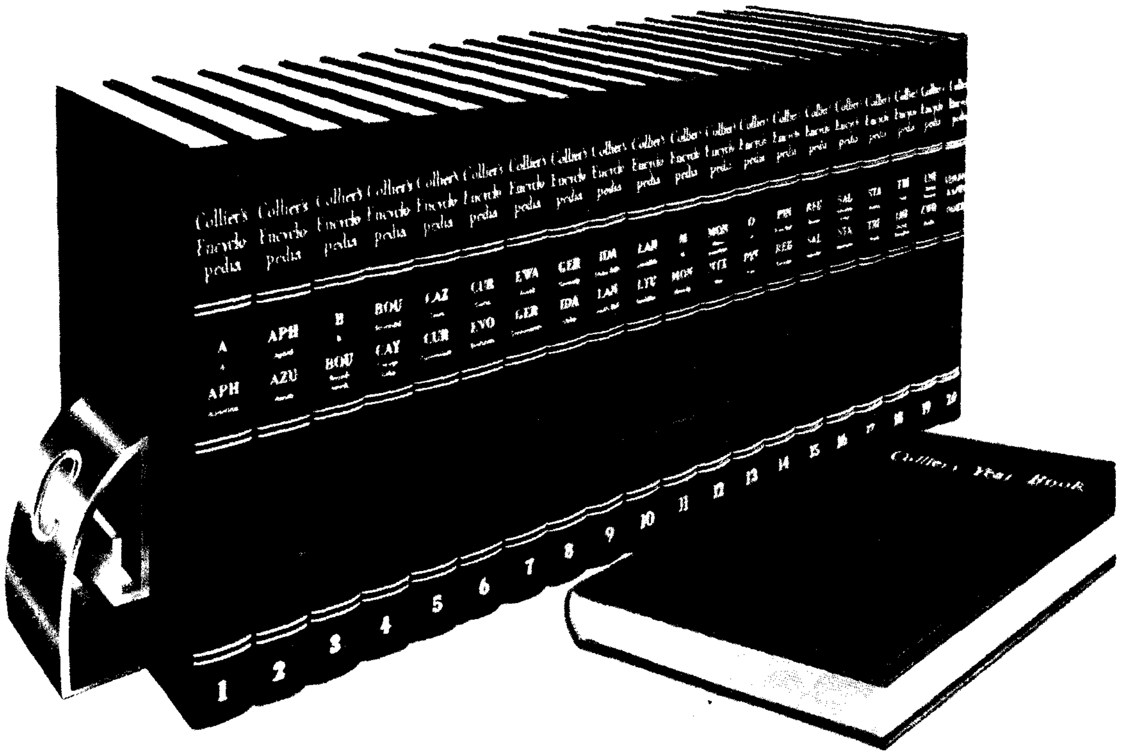

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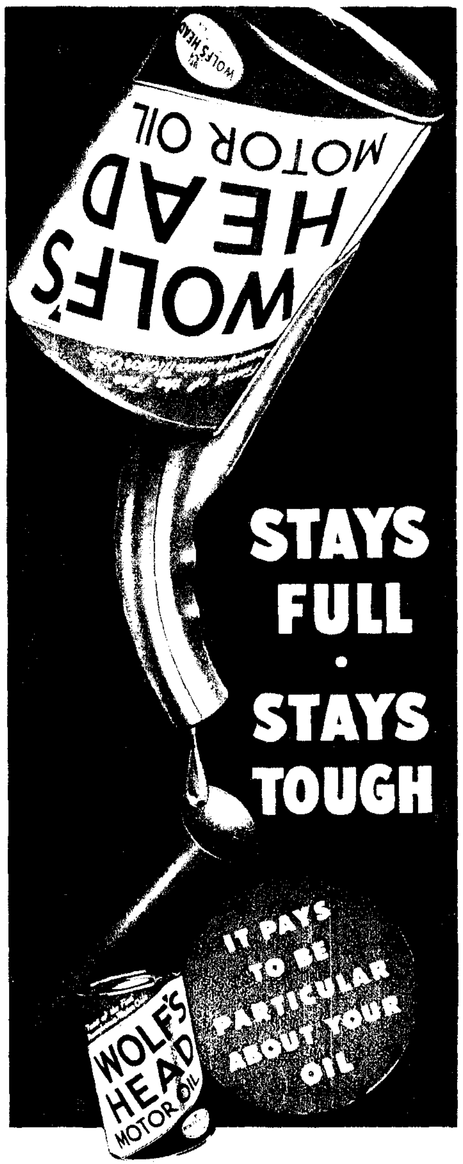

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anything there, I'll turn it over to them. He could have asked if she had a Bible, of course, but they would have heard and rushed over to her apartment.

But what difference would that have made? he asked himself harshly. Why *not* simply ask her? Why *not* let them go over and recover the Bible?

For an uncomfortable second he was face to face with his underlying motivations, and then a sudden thought spared him the unveiling. If Marta Wentwirth were involved, here was the answer to why she had made no incriminating moves: she didn't know where to find the information. If he had mentioned the Bible, she could have fished out Hollister's notes, map, whatever it was, and passed the information on to his cohorts.

That explanation served his purpose beautifully. He couldn't possibly, he rationalized, have avoided taking her to dinner.

WHEN Marta let him in, he found her mixing cocktails in her minute kitchenette.

He said, "Can I help?"

She laughed—a pleasant sound, more musical than her uninflected voice would have led him to expect. She said, "Nice of you, but as matters stand I won't be able to get in here myself if I gain a pound."

He looked at her slim figure admiringly and commented that he thought that was an exaggeration. He wanted to get into the living room and look at the books, but a guilty conscience—or anyway, he corrected himself, an ulterior motive—made it seem a difficult move. He looked over her shoulder at the small window and said, "At least you have a window. My kitchen has no ventilation at all."

She said, with the paradoxical pride of most New York cubbyhole dwellers, "This apartment has excellent ventilation—four exposures."

"That's unusual in Manhattan."

"Well," she admitted as she handed him his drink, "I haven't really got four exposures. I've just got windows on four sides. The bathroom, kitchen and dressing room look out onto a narrow little air shaft. Come along; I'll show you." She led him past the bath, stopping to indicate the window, and through her bedroom into a neat little dressing room, banked with drawers and shoe racks. "There," she said.

He walked over and looked out the small window. The air shaft was some twelve feet long and about three feet wide; all that was visible was gray stone and several of the small windows, each paned with Florentine glass.

He turned back to her. "Well, you certainly get cross ventilation, and a good deal of light too."

"Yes, it does add light, but that's because I'm next to the top floor." She paused. "Well—let's have our drinks."

In the living room, he sat sipping his drink and staring at the single, not very large, built-in bookcase across from him. But he seemed unable to think of an excuse to get closer to it. She finally gave him the opportunity. "More?" she asked, indicating his glass.

"Yes, thanks," he said, and as soon as she was through the doorway he went to the bookcase. She kept up a light chatter from the kitchenette, but he had no idea of what she was saying.

Then suddenly, from just behind him, she said, "Here you are," and he jumped involuntarily.

My guilty conscience, he thought, and he said, "You have nice books."

"Really?" she said coldly.

He turned to look at her. She was sitting rigidly, her hands folded in her lap. "Have I said something wrong?" he asked.

"No." Her eyes were disturbingly black. "It's what you haven't said. Why don't you simply ask me where I keep my Bible?"

He thought: It's no use. She's guilty as hell—of something. "Where *do* you keep your Bible?" he asked.

She said frigidly, "Upstate, at my parents' house. It was my great-grandmother's, and it's much too fragile to be carted around. Satisfied?"

"No. Shall we go to dinner?" In the silence that followed, he thought, as he had during their telephone conversation: She won't go.

Finally she said, "Yes. I'll get my coat," and got up and left the room.

In a moment she was back, carrying a coat of soft green color, a little darker than the green of her dress. And then he noticed her hair—the black hair framed her face so dramatically. She was wearing it loose and soft and unfettered.

He was instantly delighted and flattered. She had paid him the compliment of doing her hair in the fashion he had once—was it only last night?—admired.

He felt suddenly guilty, as if he were here under false pretenses, and he wanted to explain. He said, "I wanted to know about the Bible because—"

And at exactly that moment she said, "I knew you were looking for a Bible because—"

They both stopped and smiled. "Go on," she said.

"No, you go on."

"Well, this afternoon a Mr. Gregory of the FBI came to see me. He asked if I had a Bible, and when I said no he acted as if I might be lying."

He said gently, "It was because he thought, as I did, that Hollister might have secreted a message in your Bible."

"And you came to make sure?" She was suddenly aloof again.

"To make sure? Oh, no. I didn't even know Gregory was here. We came upon the idea independently. Really."

She smiled faintly, as if to dismiss the subject, and let him help her with her coat.

THE next morning Kendall awoke with his mind crowded, churning with unrelated facts and impressions.

The FBI, the CIC had much more than he to attend to, but they had nevertheless beaten him to the deduction about the Bible. *Was* there a Bible? If Marta had known . . .

The thought of Marta was more arresting than guesses about a Bible. Last night's dinner, like the previous one they had shared, had been a pleasant, if shy, exchange of bits of their personalities. She had admitted she was lacking in the ability to communicate with others—because, she added, she had no real desire to share herself. He amazed himself by explaining that while he too shared nothing, he found it a great lack, a void he would give anything to fill.

"Well, then," she had asked, "why don't you do something about it?"

"I try, but something I can't control keeps me from trying hard enough." He paused and sought for an explanation but didn't find it.

She sat back with an air of decision. "Then all you need is a basic faith in people."

He smiled. "I'm afraid it's not quite so simple as that."

"I suppose not," she agreed. "But I should think if you could ever trust someone completely, without reason—" She stopped and shrugged.

HE FELT cheated. It was an illogical reaction, but he couldn't help it. To be able to apply her cure, you would first have to conquer the disease.

"Well." Then he laughed. "May I quote Hollister, as I seem to do increasingly? 'If a man knew where he would fall, he would spread a blanket first.' "

He tried not to think of the personal aspects of the evening they'd spent together, and to concentrate instead on practical considerations. Had he been guilty in allowing himself to be undermined in his search for facts? But he hadn't been undermined. He had carefully refrained from any discussion of wire taps or followers—although, knowing that a detective had been assigned to watch Marta, he had not found it difficult to spot the man. But had he spent a relaxed, peaceful evening with Marta when he should have been working on the Hollister case?

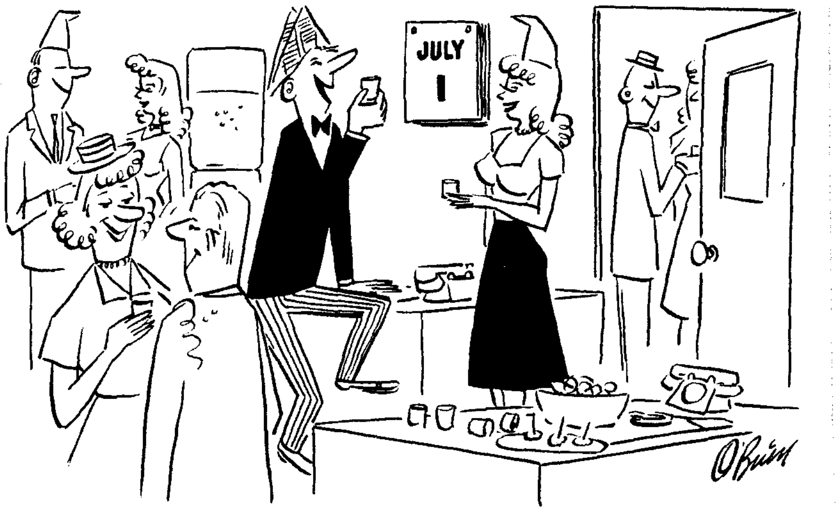
When the doorbell rang he got out of bed and put on his robe. From the hall, he called out, "Who is it?"

The pleasant, even, boyish voice said, "Gregory. Mr. Kendall."

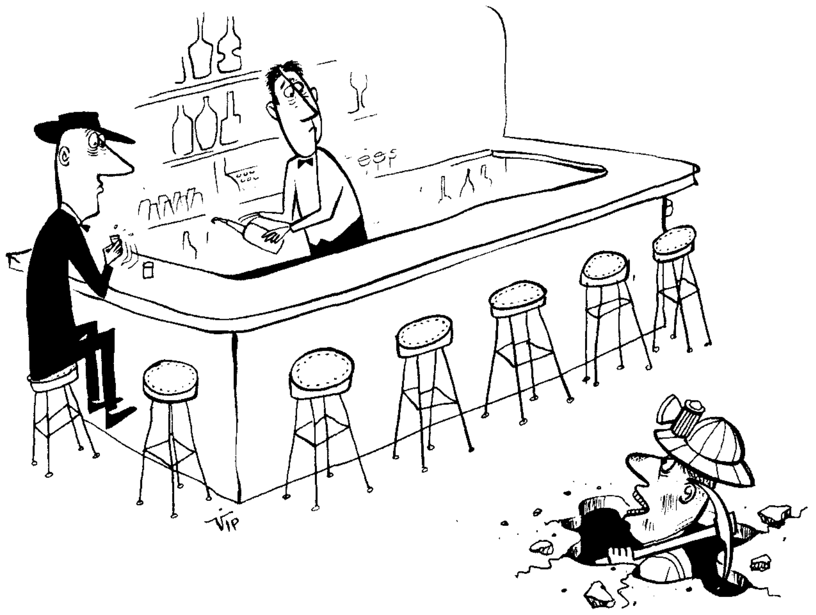
Kendall opened the door. "Do you always get up so early?" he said sourly.

Gregory laughed. "Sorry." As he followed Kendall through the hall, he added, "You've been busy too, I see; deducing, dining, and house cleaning."

Kendall ignored Gregory's reference to his date with Marta. "The maid dropped in, in her unpredictable fashion, someplace between six and ten last evening," he said. "She wasn't in the least surprised by the mess; she left a



COLLIER'S "Happy fiscal year!" JACK O'BRIEN



COLLIER'S "Do you serve miners?" VIRGIL PARTCH

note: 'Dear Mr. Kindal—what a party!' Why do bachelors always get characters for maids?"

"I think it's the other way around," Gregory said, laughing. "Maids, faced with bachelor clients, turn into characters."

"Maybe that's it. You're going to have to perch in the hall, Gregory. There isn't room for both of us in the kitchen, and I want breakfast. Have some?"

"Just finished." Gregory sat on a chair in the hall and watched Kendall through the kitchen doorway. "The note sounds as if she admired good parties."

"What? Oh, Lena. Yeah, doesn't it?"

"Maybe she thinks you don't throw enough of them."

Kendall said forbiddingly, "What's on your mind this morning? My domestic problems or my dinner companion?"

Gregory looked bland. "She's not in the clear, you know."

The rush of his own anger took Kendall by surprise. He said, "Now, look. I'll spare you most of the speech, but you've got one coming. About minding your own business, about considering people innocent until they're proved guilty, but most of all about psychoanalyzing me. My social life is none of your damn' business—"

Gregory said loudly and for the second time, "Sorry!"

Kendall stared at him for a moment. Then he turned and took eggs out of the refrigerator. "Okay. Explanation: I went over to Marta Wentwirth's last night to look for a Bible. You had beaten me to it."

"I see. Of course she had got rid of it."

Kendall spoke without premeditation. "She didn't have one."

"How do you know?"

"I—" How *did* he know? She had looked pretty; she had worn her hair the way he liked it. "I don't know. I mean, she said she didn't have one, and it doesn't make sense that she had and then discarded a Bible. If she'd had the information, she would have tried to turn it over."

Gregory looked thoughtful. "I think you're right. Well, I only dropped around to see if you had come up with anything. Hope you'll keep trying." He got up. "Don't leave your breakfast." He walked down the hall, out of Kendall's line of vision.

As the door opened, Kendall called out, "Gregory! I'll probably take her to dinner tonight too." . . .

That afternoon Kendall managed to get home by three o'clock, and before he took off his overcoat he went to the telephone and dialed. He said, "Marta?"

She replied, and it didn't seem an odd answer to him, "Yes, yes, yes."

Then, when they didn't say anything for a second or two, the pause didn't seem odd either. "Will you have dinner with me?" he said finally.

"Yes," she said. "But why don't we have it here?"

"I'd like that."

"Good. I'll do the shopping."

"Six?"

"Before, if you can."

"See you, then."

Not until he had hung up did he remember the intruder who had heard every word they'd said, but this time the thought amused rather than annoyed him.

He sat at his desk with the Bible, the concordance, a dictionary of quotations, pencils and paper—and a sense of calm happiness.

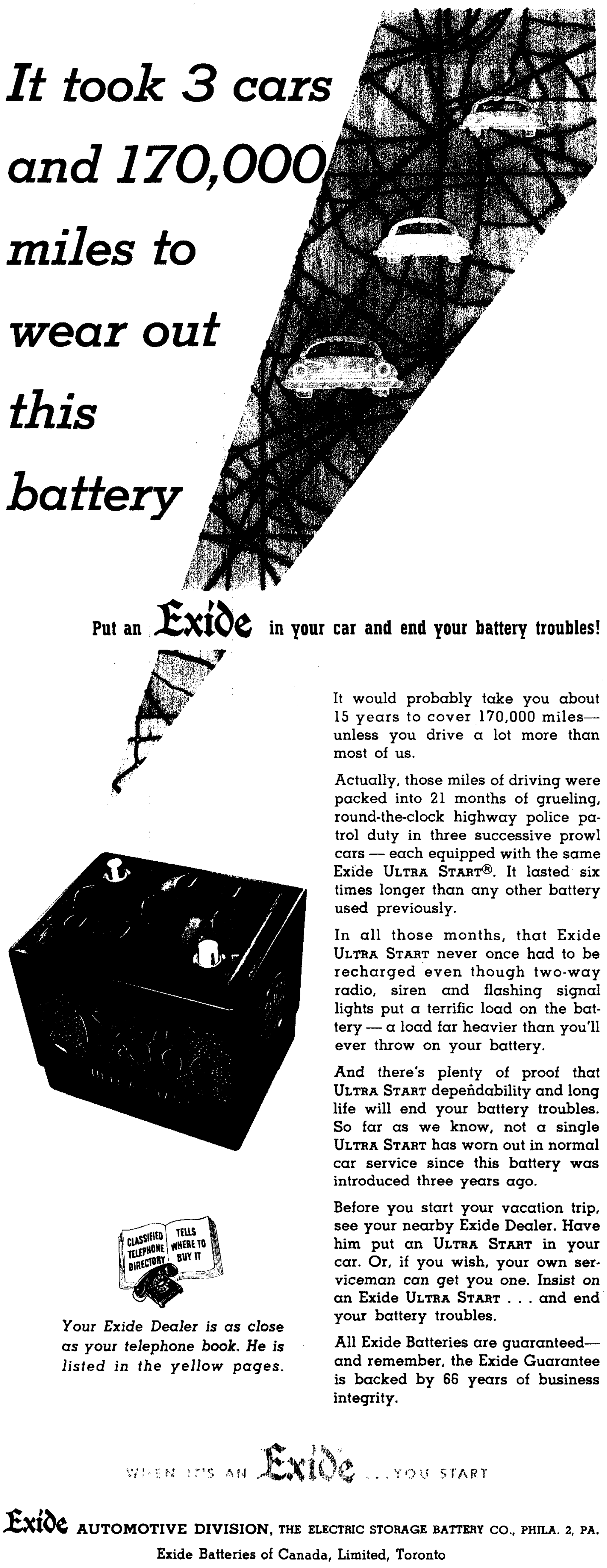
TWO hours later his enthusiasm had dimmed considerably. He had made a master list, which included every quotation Hollister had delivered himself of, and had then tried every trick of code, conundrum or confusion he had ever heard of or could devise.

They all took him nowhere.

One fact stood out: no matter how he read the words, from what angle he examined them, the Biblical quotations seemed the more deliberate. They were all from three books of the Old Testament: Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel.

He started with Jeremiah. The quotes came from the middle, beginning with the first Biblical comment Hollister had made to Kendall: *Now the king sat in the winterhouse in the ninth month: and there was a fire on the hearth* . . . and it continued through the burning of a roll on which Baruch had written the words of the Lord.

Kendall read through the passage in Jeremiah twice and then, whistling faintly through his teeth, moved on to Ezekiel, Chapter 5: . . . *Thou shalt burn with fire a third part in the midst of the city. . . . Then take of them again, and cast them into the midst of the fire and burn them in the fire; for thereof shall a fire come forth into all the house of Israel.* Kendall felt far more bewildered than he had over the



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spiteful king in Jeremiah. He went on to the Book of Daniel.

Hollister had quoted extensively from Daniel—particularly, Kendall noted, from Chapters 3 and 4. These chapters contained the allegory, familiar to Kendall, of Nebuchadnezzar and his mistreatment of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. He read it again, enjoying the rolling phrases and the successful use of repetition. The story pyramided—Nebuchadnezzar got into a fury because Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego refused to worship his golden image; he gave them a second chance; they still refused; he ordered them to be *cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace;* they defied him again; he ordered that the furnace be heated *one seven times more than it was wont to be heated.*

Kendall stopped reading and stared off into space. *Fire . . . burn . . . hearth . . . burning . . . burn . . . fire . . . burning fiery furnace.*

He read back. Every Biblical quote Hollister had used had something to do with heat and fire.

He couldn't sit still any longer; he got up and started to pace. Marta's apartment, he thought—the stove, perhaps? That seemed unlikely. He tried to picture the living room, but excitement had fogged his mind. The chair he had sat in dominated one corner; the bookcase was against the opposite wall, the couch was on the left. What was opposite the couch? He drew a blank, but—it *could* be a fireplace.

KENDALL reached Marta's apartment door at twenty of six. He was annoyed and slightly incredulous when his second ring of the bell brought no response. Her marketing would have been done long before. Why wasn't she there?

He stood indecisively in front of the building. Should he wait for her? No. He walked to the corner drugstore, went into a telephone booth and took out the slip of paper on which Gregory had written his number. He was put through with surprising dispatch. "This is Kendall," he said, "Bob Kendall."

"Yes, Mr. Kendall. What can I do for you? Or"—there was a note of eagerness in Gregory's voice—"have you got something for me?"

"No. It's just that—Miss Wentwirth isn't home."

"She isn't?" There was a pause, and then Gregory said, "Really?"

Kendall felt himself growing warm. "Well, you see, we had an appointment. She *should* be home."

"I see," Gregory said. Kendall heard the note of amusement in the FBI man's voice and felt himself blushing. Gregory said soothingly: "I wouldn't worry, Kendall. We've got a man on her, you know. He's due to call in at six. Why don't you give me a ring in ten or fifteen minutes?"

Kendall muttered, "Okay. Thanks," and hung up.

He went back up the quiet side street. It was full night now, bitterly cold and achingly dry. The street was almost deserted, and the rush-hour traffic sounds from the avenue behind him had an off-stage quality.

AS HE stepped off the curb opposite Marta's house someone behind him flicked a cigarette lighter. Startled, he looked back just as the man in the doorway behind him lifted the flame to his face.

That little incident canceled Kendall's feeling of isolation. In Manhattan someone was always at your elbow.

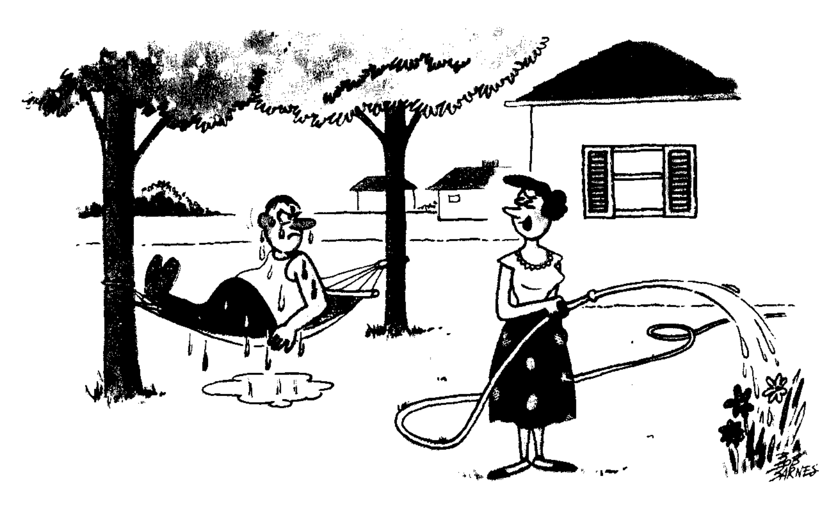
In the small vestibule he rang Marta's buzzer but there was still no answer. After a minute he chose a fourth-floor number and pressed its button. The door's lock buzzed, and he went in.

As he rode up to the sixth floor, he realized that something was bothering him, but he couldn't put his finger on it. The elevator stopped and he got off.

The house seemed very quiet, and the hall was surprisingly drafty. He shivered and looked around for the source of the draft. In the stair well beside the elevator were two windows—one a few steps above him, one almost a flight below. The window above him was open at the bottom, wide open. As he climbed the few steps, he noticed that its panes were of Florentine glass. He looked out and saw that it faced into the slotlike air shaft.

The shaft was peculiarly lighted; he could not think of anything he had ever seen that had quite that luminescent quality. The light came not from above, where the moonless night made it seem as if a black canvas had been drawn over the roof, but through a scattered few of the Florentine windows that lined the shaft on three sides. It was cold, and so most of the windows were closed. Also, it was comparatively early, and so many people had not yet returned from work; only a few panes glowed, and the glass weirdly diffused what light there was.

Kendall noted that the window immediately opposite was open a couple of inches. That must be Marta's dressing-room window, he thought.



COLLIER'S **"Sorry—I thought you were some rare, exotic growth"** BOB BARNES

And it wasn't dark in there. That is— He stared. It *was* dark now, but he thought he had glimpsed a flickering light.

He recalled the vague worry that plagued him as he rode up in the elevator. The man across the street whose face Kendall had seen in the glow from a cigarette lighter—he was Marta's watchdog. Kendall had had only a quick glimpse of his face on the previous evening, but he was the man—there was no mistake.

Kendall leaned on the window sill, shivering. What kind of hours do they work? he wondered. And then he thought: If Marta's not home, what is the detective doing out there?

He closed the window and sat down on the stairs. The detective was across the street, so that meant Marta *was* in her apartment. Why didn't she answer the doorbell? Could she have gone out, evading her shadower? he wondered. No; there was no rear exit; the cellar exit was a precipitous cement stairway a few feet from the front door. Besides, if there were any other way out the FBI would have discovered it weeks before. . . .

There was another possible explanation of Marta's silence. Perhaps she had found the "fire" or "hearth." Perhaps she simply didn't want him in the way—but he didn't want to consider that possibility.

He got up and opened the window again and then stood with his hands on the sash, staring at the window across from him. I saw a flickering light at that window, he thought. Was it a cigarette lighter, a match?

The light came again, and then Kendall knew what it was: the abrupt sweep of a flashlight beam.

Kendall closed the window and started up the stairs. The man waiting outside, across the street, might be accounted for; but the flashlight could not be. *Someone was in the apartment with Marta.* And she wasn't answering the telephone. And there were no other lights . . .

He crossed the seventh-floor landing and climbed the last flight which led to the roof.

IT WAS unbelievably cold on the wind-swept roof. Kendall moved cautiously in the frigid darkness until he located the air shaft. One side of the shaft was blocked off by the wall of the taller building next door. The other three sides had a brick wall around them—waist high, just enough to keep anyone from falling in.

He looked over the wall, down the narrow shaft. It was hopeless. Any idea he had had of going down it was doomed. There was only gray stone and windows—no fire escape, no drainpipe. Near the bottom was a netlike layer of wire, probably placed there to catch any debris that might be thrown out the windows. It looked like the nets they sling under aerialists, Kendall thought, but he wasn't an aerialist.

He leaned to the right. There, at the sixth-floor level, was Marta's dressing-room window, invitingly raised from the bottom.

He sat on the short end of the brick wall and braced his back against the building next door. His feet then stuck out ten or twelve inches beyond the point at which the small brick safety wall made its right-angle turn. If he were to keep his back flat against the wall of the building next door, his feet would brace him against the other side of the shaft—and he could work his way down. Maybe.

The first practical consideration was: overcoat or no overcoat? He finally took it off. Instantly he began to shake so violently that he found it difficult to control his knees as he bent them and braced his feet flat against the wall a few inches down the shaft. Then he began edging his body sideways and downward, slowly.

After a few minutes the cold gave way to a purgatory of heat and cold. The terrible strain caused a constant sweat, and the shaft provided an updraft that bathed him in a steady, freezing current. He sweated and shivered alternately. But he kept stubbornly inching downward. Drop right foot two inches; brace back; drop left foot. Then lower hands two inches. He knew that his hands, braced against the rough brick wall behind and below him, were bleeding, that he was tearing them to shreds.

AT THE seventh-floor window, one story above Marta's dressing room, his torn hands found something to hold to and he was able to draw his shoulders forward for a minute. The small window had an ornate projection over it. He wondered why. No one could see it—no one except human flies. A sudden cold draft of air up the shaft made him realize that, in stopping even for a moment, he was in danger of freezing. "Upward and onward," he said aloud. Then he corrected himself: "Downward and inward."

Toward the end he was not fully conscious. The inching motion, Herculean effort though it was, was better than remaining still in the freezing current. So he moved automatically downward, and for a second, when his hipbone struck something, he did not recognize the rounded protrusion that was the top of Marta's window.

He came more alert then, and instinctively cautious. He intended to enter silently, although he had forgotten why. But there was a terrible moment when he thought he could not get through the small window. He managed it. The window slid up noiselessly, and he went in feet first. His shoulders caught, but he tugged and twisted and finally stood in the darkness of the little dressing room.

He closed the window after him and turned around to face the open doorway to the bedroom. His knees, released from the terrible strain, shook uncontrollably.

Then, unwillingly, his mind was forced to function. Someone was talking, whispering, muttering—very low. He thought he heard at least two voices—men's voices—but he could not determine just where they were coming from or what they were saying.

Gradually his eyes became adjusted to the darkness, and he could see out the doorway of the dressing room into the bedroom. There was a dim half-light in the bedroom, which, he realized, was coming from the hallway. Ahead of him, beyond the little night table, was the bed. Something—a coat? a few pillows?—was piled on it.

He found that his legs functioned. Six quiet steps took him to the bed, but before he reached it he could see that the something lying on it was Marta.

Her eyes were open and panic-stricken, but the lower half of her face was covered by the excess folds of a large gag. The folds made the gag—a pillowcase, he later discovered—seem like a soft, billowy mass, but then he saw the indentations along her cheeks: the gag was viciously tight.

Her arms were beneath her, and

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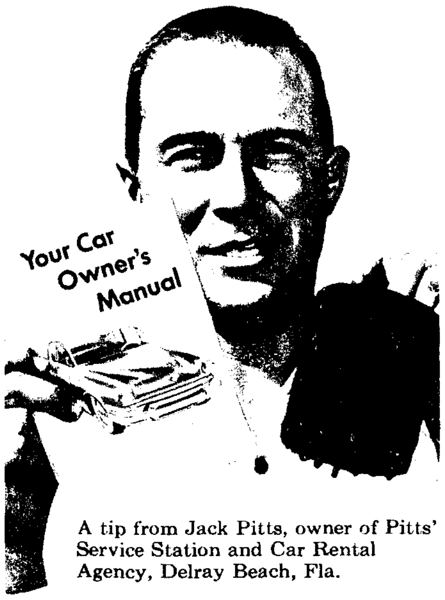

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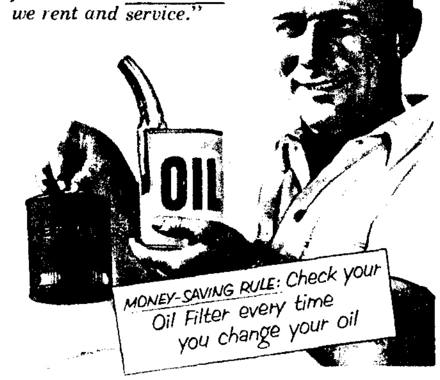
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their awkward position told him they were bound together. Her feet too were tied; the cord went round and round her ankles and then off the edge of the bed and around its right front leg.

His hands, bleeding and painful to the point of agony, fumbled endlessly with the thick knots at the back of Marta's neck. When he finally got the gag off, she tried to whisper something, but no sound came.

He turned her gently on her side, away from him, so he could get to her arms. As he worked on the strong cords he put his lips to her ear and whispered: "Don't even try to talk, Marta. You might make more sound than you intend. Just nod your head. Are you all right?"

Her head went slowly up and down.

"How many of them are there?" he whispered. "Two?"

Marta shook her head.

"Three?"

She nodded affirmatively.

WHEN her arms and hands were free, he turned her on her back again and stepped cautiously to the foot of the bed. He knelt there while he forced his torn fingers to work on the knots at her ankles.

Three men, he thought. Might as well be a hundred. He was exhausted; he felt as if his muscles had turned to water.

Insane plans floated through his mind. He would station himself behind the bedroom door, entice the three men into the room by making a noise, and then hit them as they came through the door. Oh, yeah? his mind replied. And who is to guarantee that they will rush through in a Mack Sennett single file? Well, then—he would go out the front door and get help; but to pass by the living-room doorway he'd have to make himself invisible.

The last knot gave. He crawled back to the head of the bed and took Marta in his arms. Her eyes, enormous in the darkness of the room, seemed less panicky, and as he lowered his head to her ear, she gave him a tremulous but reassuring smile.

He held her gently. "Do you know what they want?" he said.

She mouthed the words thickly but without sound. "They're Bible fanciers too."

"I see. Listen, Marta. I'll have to go for help. I'm going to put you under the bed. It's so obvious a place that maybe they won't think of it."

"How will you get out?"

He hesitated. Then he said firmly, "Up the air shaft."

"That's impossible!"

He saw the growing protest in her eyes and, as he moved her off the bed and lowered her to the floor, he said, "Help me, Marta." As he had hoped, she responded to the plea without recognizing it as a diversionary tactic.

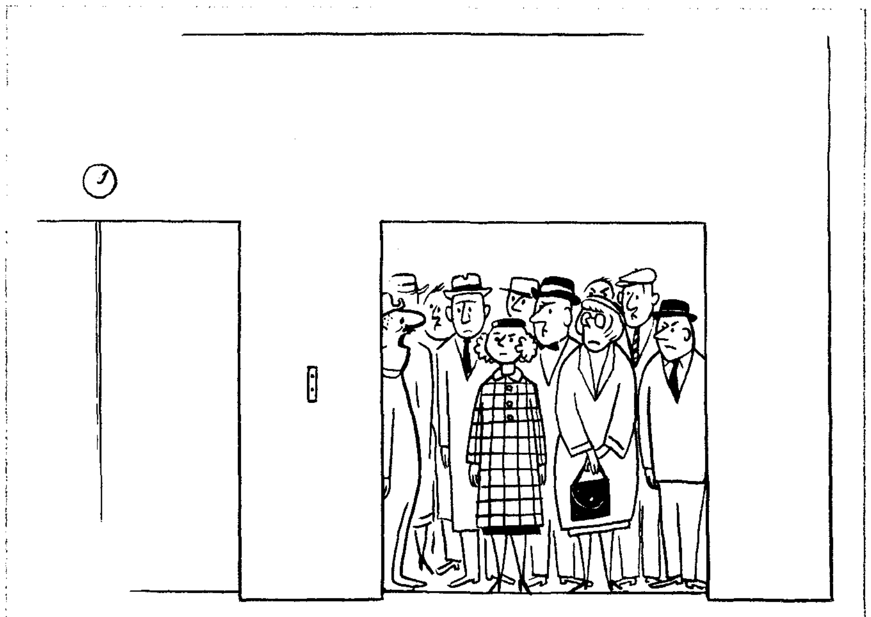
She whispered, "Bob, they come in and look at me every now and then."

Of course, he thought. That explained the flashlight. Well, he would have to hurry.

But the big double bed was very low to the floor and getting her under it involved a good deal of squirming, twisting and maneuvering. Then he wasn't satisfied until she had the added safety of being under its direct center. By the time they had managed that, he too was squeezed under the low frame.

There, he thought. A lousy hiding place for her, but—

A shot came. It was too late—he couldn't get out now. No one can hit us from the end of the hallway, he thought. Why don't they come in here?



"Take the next car, please. This is a broom closet . . ."

COLLIER'S BOOTH GEORGE BOOTH

Then they did come in.

Noise thudded at them—loud, incoherent, rushing noise. Three pairs of feet came into view, inches from his nose. A voice right above him said in a hysterical, almost feminine scream, "She's gone!"

Another, deeper voice, said, "Of course, you fool. She went for them."

"But how?"

A third voice said, "What the hell's the difference now?"

Then, from the hall, someone shouted: "Open that door! We'll shoot through it!"

"There *is* no service entrance," came a whisper. "Anyway, we're locked in."

"I warn you!" came the voice from the hall again. "Stand back—we're going to shoot!"

The frantic whispers multiplied: "Sheer drop." "Air shaft." "We can't tell them we have her, you fool! *They* have her!"

Then there was another shot—very, very close.

Kendall lost track then, because Marta had begun to shake. The lowness of the bed made it impossible for him to turn his head. Only his left arm could reach her, and he tried to put it around her shoulders and couldn't do it. There were more men in the room now, and the noise grew louder and the lights went on. As he lay there, tense and exhausted, one thought obsessed him: If he could crook his elbow just a fraction more he could hold Marta tightly.

He kept trying.

IT WAS minutes later before the mention of his own name in the general hubbub caught Kendall's attention: "What do you mean, they aren't here?" somebody said. "Try the closets—"

Kendall called out, "Gregory! Under the bed!"

There was a second of startled silence, and then he heard Gregory's voice, calmer and with the slight undertone of amusement Kendall had come to know and dread. "Hello!" he said. "Well, you can come on out now."

"Not so easy. We're wedged in."

Somebody lifted the end of the bed. Kendall half closed his eyes against the light and peered at the three men squatting in front of him. Then he ignored them, and struggled stiffly to a half-sitting position, so that he could turn. He said, "Marta? Marta!" And to Gregory—the middle of the three faces staring at him, "Get a doctor!"

Marta's face, half hidden by her dark hair, was white, deathly still. . . .

The doctor said brusquely that humans live on oxygen. "If you remove it," he added, "they faint. Keep it removed, they die. That girl in there was gagged? I thought so. That's why her throat is constricted, breathing difficult. Then she got jammed under a low bed. What miracles do you expect of a respiratory tract?"

"But she'll be all right?" Kendall asked.

"A night's sleep. Fine tomorrow. Keep the window open. She's had a sedative, so she'll be a little confused and upset when she wakes. Someone ought to be around to reassure her."

"I'll be here."

The doctor eyed him sardonically. "And will she find that reassuring?"

GREGORY answered for him. "Infinitely, Doctor," he said in an amused tone. "Infinitely."

The doctor said, "Um. Now, you. Let me see those hands."

When Gregory said, "Oh, good Heaven," with absolutely no amusement, Kendall looked down at his hands. They were covered with dried blood.

When the doctor left, Kendall's hands were wrapped in large white bandages. It had been a painful business, involving stitches and caustic disinfectants. Also, protestingly, Kendall had swallowed some pills.

When they had all gone except Gregory, Kendall sat in Marta's living room. "I never set eyes on more than their feet," Kendall said. "Were they the same men?"

"Presumably. One known and important Communist agent, one handsome, well-dressed pig in a poke, and one punk. Probably the punk was in on the deal because he's pretty good at housebreaking. I'll give odds he also did the neat job on your door.

"They knew she was being followed," Gregory went on, "so they waited until she went out to break in. I think maybe I should have anticipated that and had the house watched too."

"How did you happen to come?" Kendall asked.

"You don't give us much credit, do you? My agent told me you had gone up twice and hadn't come down the second time. I sent him up to see if you were waiting on the landing. You weren't, and so obviously you had felt it necessary to get in. We just followed through."

"Um." Kendall didn't think it was quite as simple as that. "You haven't always been quite so—so clear-thinking, you know."

"No? In what way did we fail?"

"Well, it's patently obvious that Marta was telling the truth throughout, that Hollister was lying."

"It's been obvious all along," Gregory said flatly. At Kendall's glance of shocked surprise, he went on quickly. "We watched her in the hope that they would try to get to her. Hollister's reasoning was pretty clear. His higher-ups knew he didn't have any contact to speak of with the Wentworth girl. He was simply calling attention to her by a lie they would recognize. So they knew they'd have to look here—but they wanted to know exactly where. They caught on to the Bible clue, I guess, and didn't dare wait any longer."

Kendall felt anger welling in his throat. He held it down and tried to speak calmly, "Her—truthfulness—wasn't obvious to me."

Gregory shrugged. "You were prejudiced and consequently blinded. Never trust a woman."

"I didn't say that."

Gregory shrugged again.

"Anyway," Kendall said, "why let me think she was implicated?"

"That was your idea, and it was easier to leave it that way. We—"

"Why?"

Gregory became deadly serious. "Take it easy, Kendall," he said. "Our prime concern was to keep the information from reaching the wrong hands. Two people mulling it over, amateurs perhaps enlisting other amateurs—that's not good. When you showed an ambivalence in your attitude toward Miss Wentworth, it seemed better to maintain that status than to have the two of you actively co-operating on a matter we simply don't want discussed."

Kendall said violently, "I think it was rotten."

"I was trying to keep you from getting in the way—from some quixotic gesture like that descent of the air shaft."

"It's a damn' good thing you didn't succeed, isn't it?"

GREGORY'S voice was gentler. "For Miss Wentworth, yes. For us, not very much difference."

Kendall stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"After they got into this apartment, they were finished. There's a man across the street and a man stationed at the corner; anybody who goes across the roofs has to exit at that corner. Two of those housebreakers would have been instantly recognized. Something could have happened to Miss Wentworth, but—well, it's a hard thing to say, Kendall, but that was a risk we had to take. This was the most important—"

Kendall was furious. "Too bad you didn't get the information, whatever Hollister hid," he said sarcastically. "That would make everything just fine for you!"

Gregory sounded very calm by contrast. "Look, Kendall, you're upset," he said. "You're not going to believe me now, but I know how you feel. As for Hollister's 'information'—our government knows what it is. We wanted to find it only so it couldn't fall into enemy hands. In a month or so, it won't matter anyway if they find and even publish the information. Or, at least, that's how I understand it. We'd like to have it, but this isn't too disappointing a denouement."

He stood up. "Windham and I will be around in the morning. Hope Miss Wentwirth has a good night. And if I were you, I'd stretch out on that couch and try to get some rest." He walked to the door, but on the threshold he turned and looked calmly into Kendall's glaring eyes. He said, "Incidentally, Kendall, although you're in no mood to recognize it, we've done you a favor. You did come to trust a woman and in defiance of a good deal of evidence to the contrary. That's a valuable asset to happiness, you know. Or you'll find out."

He walked on down the hall, and then the front door closed behind him with a decisive little click.

WHEN Kendall woke it was not yet daylight. He did not have to stop and think back over the events of the previous evening; they were still vivid in his mind. He got up off the couch and went into the bedroom.

Marta didn't look as if she had moved since the doctor left her. She was lying on her back with her head turned slightly in his direction. She was breathing softly and evenly.

As he turned back toward the living room he saw a neat little electric clock on Marta's dresser. It was six fifteen. He pulled the door almost shut behind him.

He had slept about nine hours. No wonder he felt refreshed, full of energy. There was a lot he wanted to do, but he was uncertain where to start. He would have liked to straighten up the place, but his hands were too unwieldy. He looked helplessly at the books and beyond them at the opposite wall.

And then he remembered.

He had been rushing over to Marta's last evening to look at the wall opposite the couch. Well, the wall was covered by a handsome built-in unit—television set, radio, desk flap; there was no fireplace.

The thought of a fireplace made him realize, with some surprise, that he hadn't been at all cold during the night. One of the living-room windows was down from the top, and the bedroom window was open wide. The apartment must be heated by city steam, he decided, or continuous hot water.

Heat, warmth, he thought. Fire. Burn. Hearth. Fiery burning furnace.

He walked over to the pair of windows in the south wall. Below them was a long window seat with a grille set into its top. Beneath it must be the radiator.

He didn't see at first how one got at the radiator. Then he found the two small doors on the front of the seat. He managed, despite the awkwardness of his bandaged hands, to open the right-hand door. It was lined with sheet steel; beneath the steel was asbestos, which showed around the edges. Inside the dark opening were the expected radiator coils and control knob. It was dusty in there; in spite of Marta's careful housekeeping, the interior of a Manhattan window seat would be impossible to keep clean. Inside the other small door was the valve of the radiator. He pushed the doors shut and stood looking out the window.

Well, it had been a thought. It certainly was the hot spot of the room. Anyway, this was Gregory's job, not his. For some reason, he couldn't recapture his anger of the previous evening. One did one's job, and if your

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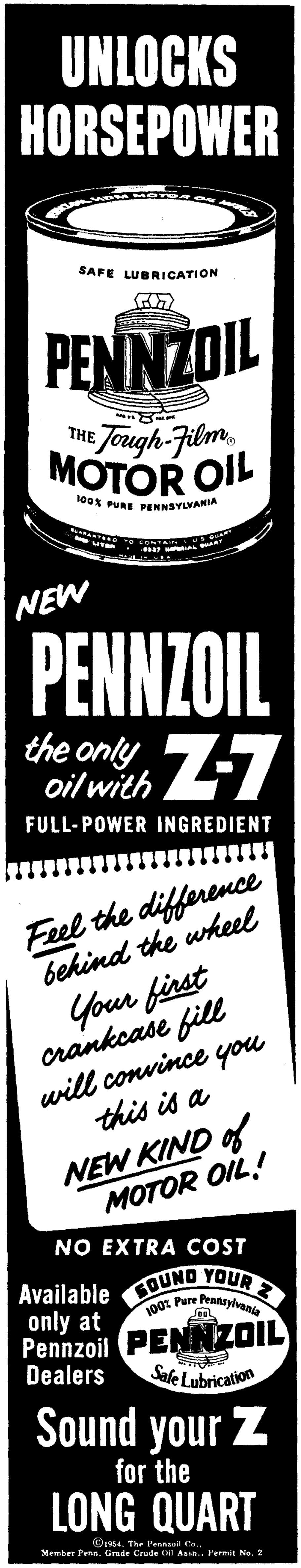
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job was the security of America, he supposed you had to weigh the costs. One girl's life against—what? An H-bomb? An army? The world? He didn't know, and not knowing, he couldn't judge. They didn't feel about Marta as he did. He knew, without any sensation of surprise, that she had become his reason for living.

He stared out over the low roofs. On his left was a dusty, off-pink glow—the sun coming up. Like everything in New York, it had to do its work behind a dust screen. It often achieved beautiful effects through the dust clouds, but it would never have the brightness of a country sunrise . . .

He suddenly bent and opened the small radiator doors again. The asbestos lining the right radiator door showed dirty brown-gray at the edges; in the left-hand recess, part of the asbestos was bright white.

Even brand-new asbestos, he thought, is not bright white.

He thought he would never get the slip of paper out from between the steel and the asbestos. He finally accomplished it with a sharp grapefruit knife from Marta's kitchen.

The words were written in a vertical line, down the slip of paper, which was about an inch and a half wide and eight or nine inches long. They said:

American
Chin
Knees
Wil.
In Phil.
(T) rate
Chemulpho-Weihaiwei
Taitotei-Huitow Pt.
In
Doctor
Nation
Seutaconawa
Land
1/22
Approx. 2,000

BY EIGHT THIRTY, after an hour of puzzling, Kendall had decided only that the list was a combination of geography and anatomy. *Seutaconawa* was obvious; *Phil.* could be Philadelphia; *Wil.* could be Wilmington—though that seemed pretty far-fetched. He had thrown *Land* and *Nation* in with the geographical group; he didn't know where to include the word *American.* The four Oriental words were presumably Chinese, Manchurian or Korean. But what the hell were the anatomical and medical references: *Chin, Knees and Doctor?* He had decided, in view of Gregory's and Windham's comments, that *1/22* was a date. But what was *(T) rate?* An army tech rating?

The *Approx. 2,000* irritated him the most of all. Approximately two thousand what?

When the downstairs buzzer sounded, he rushed around the apartment, trying to locate the release button for the main door before whoever it was buzzed again. He wanted Marta to sleep as long as possible. He finally found the buzzer button behind the kitchenette door. Then he waited in the hall, and his mind returned persistently to the puzzle.

Hollister had been in the apartment less than a half hour; he could have been in the living room alone for only a few minutes. Marta had probably made him a cocktail; perhaps he had written the message and hidden it while she was in the kitchen.

This explanation only partially satisfied Kendall. Hollister had known he might be picked up before he got a chance to pass his information on, so he had left a message. He must have known where he was going to put the paper before he wrote it, and so he had deliberately chosen a strip of paper narrow enough to fit between the close nails. He must have written the message vertically because of the space problem, and because of his haste he had probably had no time to prepare an elaborate code . . .

The doorbell rang, and as Kendall went to answer it he suddenly had the answer he'd been groping for. The code unreeled before his eyes with perfect intelligence, clear and concise. He opened the door and faced Gregory and Windham.

They were standing side by side, hats in hand, their expressions as noncommittal as they could make them—Windham's tinged with pompous belligerence, Gregory's with deprecatory boyishness. Kendall's elation over his decoding success, plus his recognition of the distinctive quality of the two men's poses, combined to amuse him. He laughed.

They again reacted characteristically. Windham looked huffy; Gregory, amused and curious. He said, "Just high spirits? Or are we naturally funny-looking?"

Kendall smiled. "You looked characteristic."

When they stepped over the piles of books in the living room, Gregory's quick mind caught up with Kendall's laughter. "You and I must have an uncharacteristic drink someday."

Kendall said warmly, "Sure. I'd like to."

Gregory looked at him quickly. "All is well, then? We're forgiven?"

"Sure. If I dwelt on it I'd get angry all over again, but common sense tells me you were just doing your job."

"Ah—yes," Windham said. "Glad to know you feel better about our—uh—necessary part in your—uh—affairs. Is Miss Wentwirth better?"

"Still sleeping. She looks okay."

"Good." Windham really sounded pleased. "And your hands?"

"They're awkward. But I'll live."

Windham repeated, "Good." Then he chose a chair with deliberation and sat down heavily. "I understand, Mr. Kendall, that Gregory—uh—misinformed you," he said. "The emergency *is* a little less acute, but I shall certainly not feel safe until I have—uh—apprehended the message I still think is secreted—"

Kendall said, "Major—" but Windham frowned slightly, held up his hand for attention, and went on: "—in this apartment. I must add that I—"

Kendall interrupted again. "I have found the message," he said.

Windham gaped. Then, as expressionless as ever, he said, "Indeed? Do you have it here? Of course you have it here. May I have it, please?"

KENDALL went to the desk, got the slip of paper and handed it to the major, who studied it briefly and then looked up at Kendall. "But you didn't make anything of this—this mishmash—did you?" There was a frankly longing note in his voice.

Kendall said slowly, "Yes, Major, I'm afraid I did."

"I see."

No one spoke for a moment, and then Gregory said briskly, "Well, I must be going. You'll excuse me, Major?" It was an empty politeness. He was obviously not wanted.

"I'll walk you to the door," Kendall said.

In the hall Kendall asked in a low voice. "Am I in for it?"

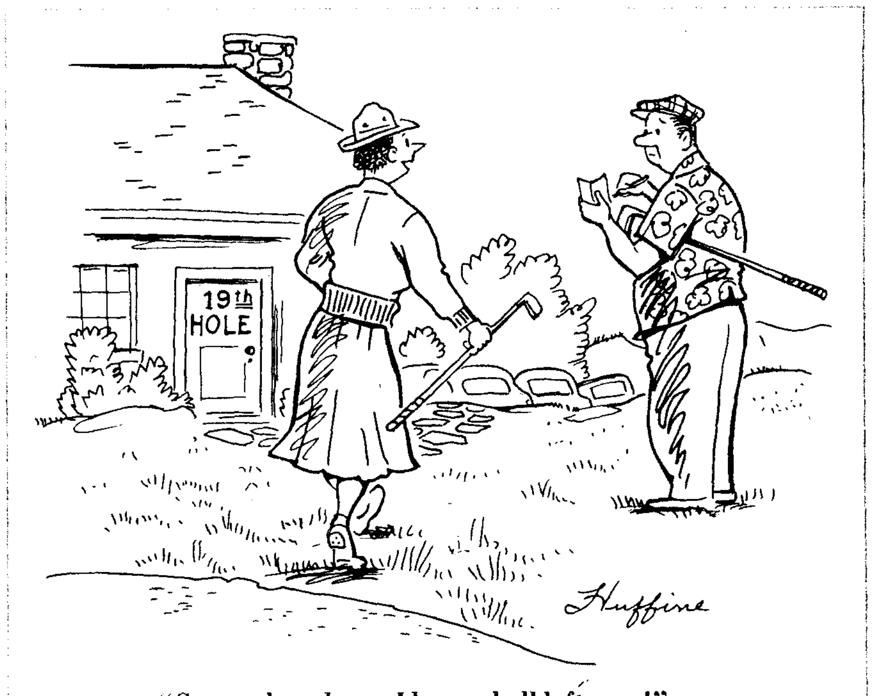
"I'm afraid so. The major wanted it both ways: he wanted you to be bright enough to find the message and dumb enough not to understand it. Someday I'd like to know how and where you found it." Gregory had almost closed the door behind him when he turned back and said, "Oh, and, Kendall— I wish you great happiness." . . .

"I'm sorry, Major," Kendall said. "Can you take my word for it that I will never divulge to a soul what I read on that paper?"

Windham didn't answer directly. He asked, "I would like to be certain you understand it before I give that any thought. What does it mean to you?"

"Well, exactly what it says. All you have to do is read it downward. Some of it isn't completely clear—those Chinese names I'll have to—" He paused. "I must admit, I mean to rush to the nearest atlas and look them up."

Windham half smiled. Kendall had never seen him even that near a smile before. Windham said, "Well, that admission gives me a measure of your honesty. What *does* the code mean to you, Mr. Kendall?"



COLLIER'S "Guess what, dear—I have a ball left over!" DAVE HUFFINE

"Well, if you read it fast—which I failed to do at first—it falls into sentences: American Chinese will infiltrate. Chemulpho-Weihaiwei. Taitotei-Huitow—" Kendall hesitated. "I don't know what the *Pt.* stands for—presumably 'point' or 'port.' Then: Indoctrination Seutaconawa. The rest means that the indoctrinated Chinese-Americans, approximately two thousand, will land at the ports January twenty-second."

"Yes." Windham heaved a sigh. Then, unexpectedly, he became comparatively cheerful. "It's 'Point,'" he said. "Hollister added a little cloudiness by using a couple of the old names. It's as if he had called Seoul Keijo—no longer popularly used. Chemulpho, usually called Inchon, is in Korea—just west of Seoul, and just across the Yellow Sea from the China mainland. Taitotei is in northern Formosa, across the Taiwan Strait from the China mainland.

"I thought your articles excellent," Windham went on, "but they nevertheless had an undertone of mystery, as if you were faced with a complicated man whose depths could never be entirely fathomed. But, actually, all you have to understand is that Hollister was single-minded. Single-mindedness is a rare characteristic, much misunderstood." The major paused and then added in a strangely humble way, "Don't think I'm setting myself up as an interpreter of human character, but, well—you see, we have much in common, Hollister and I. I, too, am single-minded."

In that one word "single-mindedness" lay the whole measure of Major Windham, Kendall realized. He asked, "But what has the H-bomb to do with all this?"

WINDHAM permitted himself another half-smile. "You don't give up easily, do you, Mr. Kendall? You are determined to cling to your H-bomb theory. Well, Seutaconawa has nothing to do with a mechanical explosive, and it never did have. That is a rumor we carefully leaked.

"Seutaconawa, Mr. Kendall, is a vast camp at which we have been preparing a project called Operation Boomerang. Briefly, Operation Boomerang consists of the training of a large group of carefully screened American volunteers to do a specific, highly unusual job. These servicemen are all of Chinese descent. Their training consists largely of a re-education in the knowledge of the present-day land of their forefathers—Chinese traits, dialects, arms, propaganda; Chinese terrain, villages, habits, current state of mind; Chinese—well, everything." He added slowly, "They are to be let loose on the Chinese mainland."

Kendall said, "Operation Boomerang. So we're returning them in a real boomerang gesture!"

Windham nodded. "That's one interpretation," he said. "Another is the boomerang of infiltration. Infiltration is, after all, their weapon. And still another is the weapon of propaganda. They have used it to the hilt; now *we* shall strike with propaganda, the strongest kind of all—truth. I'm not going to tell you how these men are trained, but I will tell you that their weapons—psychological, physical and, uh, others—are incredibly ingenious.

"If you knew the details," Windham said, "you wouldn't have a doubt of it. It will stop them—at least in that one area, and it's a vast area. And as the Chinese learn and change their viewpoint there is an excellent chance that the whole Orient will be swept along on a tide of honesty. Do you know anything about brain-washing?"

"A little. The meaning and origin of the term."

"Well, it's a virulent, insidious practice, and for years it has been used unremittingly on the Chinese. They are thoroughly poisoned. Perhaps time would cure its effects and bring a return to healthful sanity. But meanwhile we would have to fight its results in one land or another, losing the youth of democratic lands and killing off those poor dupes too. But we'd never cure the ones we didn't kill. So the slaughter would go on and on, in one country after another, frighteningly, ceaselessly, fruitlessly. But this infiltration method, intelligently expanded, can be the antidote—"

KENDALL'S mind was racing, trying to assimilate the plan's vast possibilities; he did not really hear what Windham said next, but in a few seconds the major's words seemed to echo back at him. He looked up, startled, and said, "I beg your pardon?"

"I said that as a result of these—revelations—you will certainly understand that I cannot let you go."

"Let me go?" Kendall stared at him. "Major, you don't *have* me! I will give you my word, a pledge of secrecy—"

"Mr. Kendall, wait," Windham said. "I am not a very tactful man and phrased it incorrectly, perhaps. Holding you *would* be a bit difficult. But we managed Seutaconawa, Mr. Kendall."

It struck Kendall as being a powerfully convincing argument.

"We can't legally hold you, Mr. Kendall. Personally I would be willing to accept your pledge, but actually no one could make a complete enough pledge. You might go suddenly insane. Or suppose they kidnaped you? Can you pledge yourself not to talk under torture, the refinements of which neither you nor I can even imagine?"

No, Kendall thought numbly, I can't.

"Wouldn't it be better all around if you simply gave yourself voluntarily into protective custody?"

"For how long?"

Windham looked hopeful. "About—uh—five weeks. We would make you very comfortable. Perhaps we could help you with information toward articles. Not top-ranking secrets, of course, but much information not yet published."

Kendall found himself smiling. The offer was made so earnestly, with such naïveté. He felt like a child promised candy if he'd go quietly to bed.

Windham smiled back faintly. "All right, Mr. Kendall?" he said.

From the bedroom came Marta's voice, drowsy and low. "Bob. Bob?"

Kendall stood up and said hurriedly, "All right, Major Windham—on the condition that you first give me some time alone with Miss Wentwirth. There's a lot I want to—to explain. It's a—personal matter." He stood up. "You can take my word of honor that I won't mention the contents of the message to her."

Major Windham looked at him for a second. Then he settled back comfortably in his chair. "I have complete faith in your discretion, Mr. Kendall. I'll just wait here."

As Kendall crossed the hall, walking firmly now, the whole world seemed to be within his grasp. Immediately behind him was the major's trust—infinitely worth having. Immediately before him was Marta. He hurried in to her.

—HOLLY ROTH

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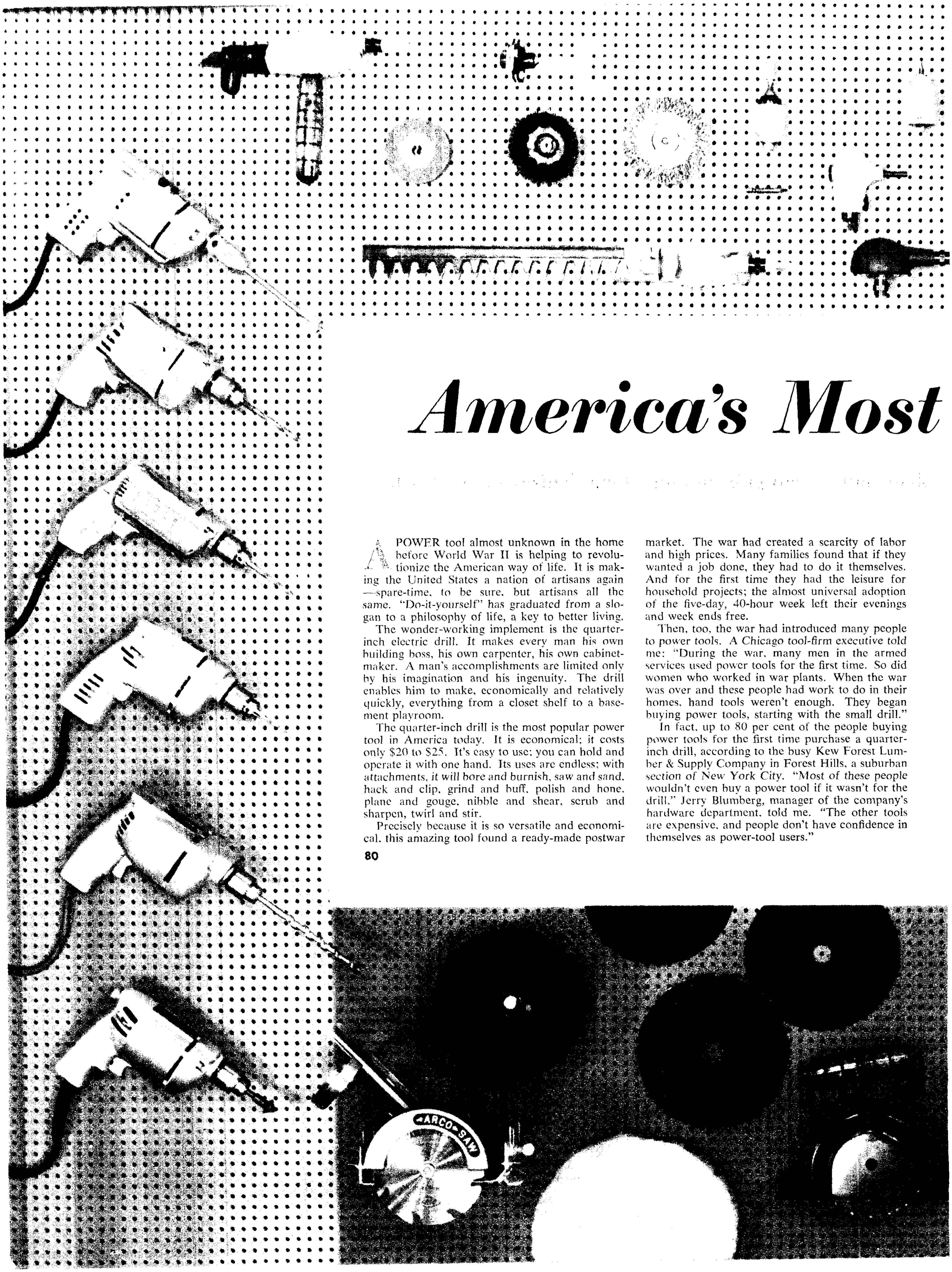


America's Most

[illegible]

A POWER tool almost unknown in the home before World War II is helping to revolutionize the American way of life. It is making the United States a nation of artisans again—spare-time, to be sure, but artisans all the same. "Do-it-yourself" has graduated from a slogan to a philosophy of life, a key to better living.

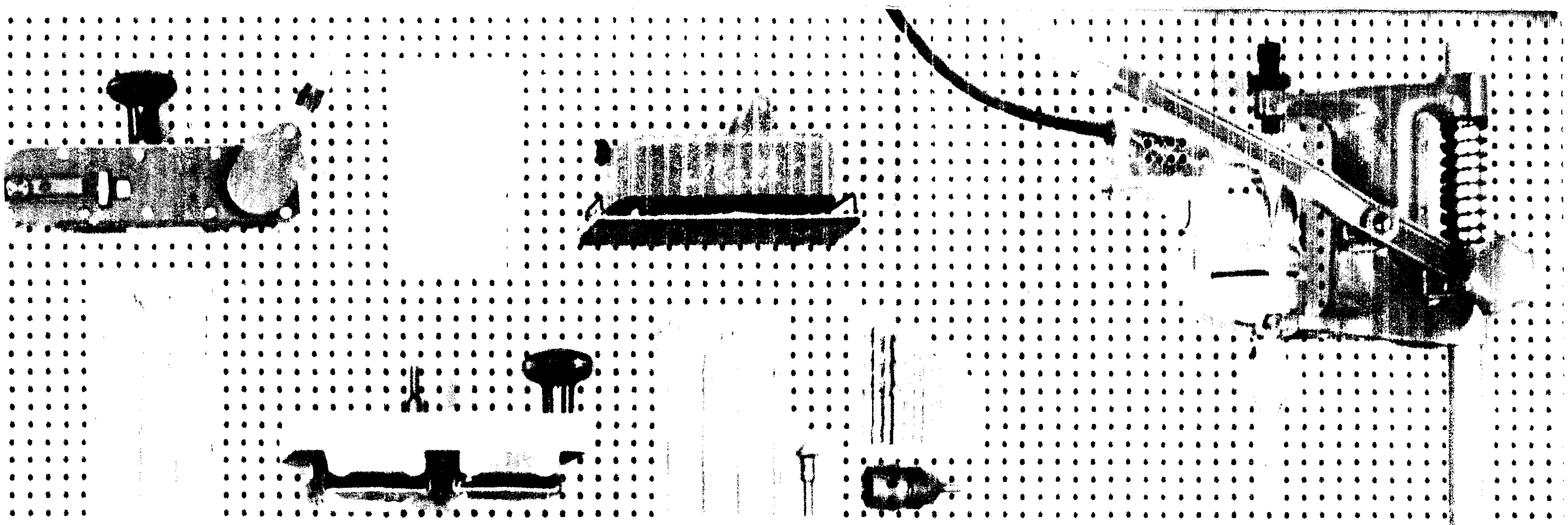
The wonder-working implement is the quarter-inch electric drill. It makes every man his own building boss, his own carpenter, his own cabinetmaker. A man's accomplishments are limited only by his imagination and his ingenuity. The drill enables him to make, economically and relatively quickly, everything from a closet shelf to a basement playroom.

The quarter-inch drill is the most popular power tool in America today. It is economical; it costs only $20 to $25. It's easy to use; you can hold and operate it with one hand. Its uses are endless; with attachments, it will bore and burnish, saw and sand, hack and clip, grind and buff, polish and hone, plane and gouge, nibble and shear, scrub and sharpen, twirl and stir.

Precisely because it is so versatile and economical, this amazing tool found a ready-made postwar market. The war had created a scarcity of labor and high prices. Many families found that if they wanted a job done, they had to do it themselves. And for the first time they had the leisure for household projects; the almost universal adoption of the five-day, 40-hour week left their evenings and week ends free.

Then, too, the war had introduced many people to power tools. A Chicago tool-firm executive told me: "During the war, many men in the armed services used power tools for the first time. So did women who worked in war plants. When the war was over and these people had work to do in their homes, hand tools weren't enough. They began buying power tools, starting with the small drill."

In fact, up to 80 per cent of the people buying power tools for the first time purchase a quarter-inch drill, according to the busy Kew Forest Lumber & Supply Company in Forest Hills, a suburban section of New York City. "Most of these people wouldn't even buy a power tool if it wasn't for the drill," Jerry Blumberg, manager of the company's hardware department, told me. "The other tools are expensive, and people don't have confidence in themselves as power-tool users."



Popular Gadget

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

No one can say for sure how many quarter-inch drills have been sold since the war, but several manufacturers estimate the total may be 10,000,000 to 15,000,000. Major companies in the field include Black & Decker Manufacturing Company, Towson, Maryland; Cummins Portable Tool Division of John Oster Manufacturing Company, Milwaukee; Mall Tool Company, Portable Electric Tools, Inc., Speedway Manufacturing Company of Thor Power Tool Company, and Skil Corporation, all of Chicago; Porter-Cable Machine Company, Syracuse, New York; and Stanley Electric Tools, New Britain, Connecticut.

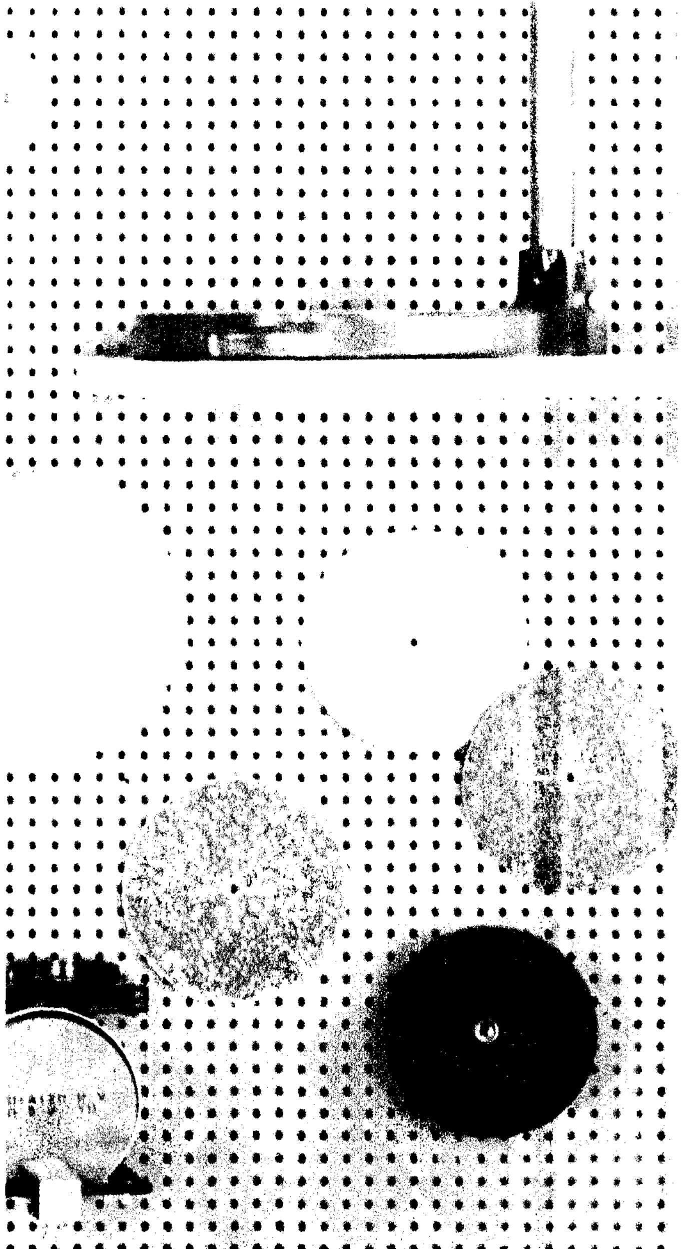
Mail-Order Houses Get into the Act

Black & Decker, which has made electric drills for industry since before World War I, put its first quarter-inch model for home use on the market in 1946. In the last eight years, the company has sold 1,500,000 of just one low-priced model—the biggest-selling item in its history. Portable Electric Tools never made a quarter-inch drill before 1946. Since then, it has sold hundreds of thousands of them. Mail-order houses have shared in the boom. Montgomery Ward says its sales of drills and accessories have increased 250 per cent since 1949. Sears, Roebuck reports similar increases.

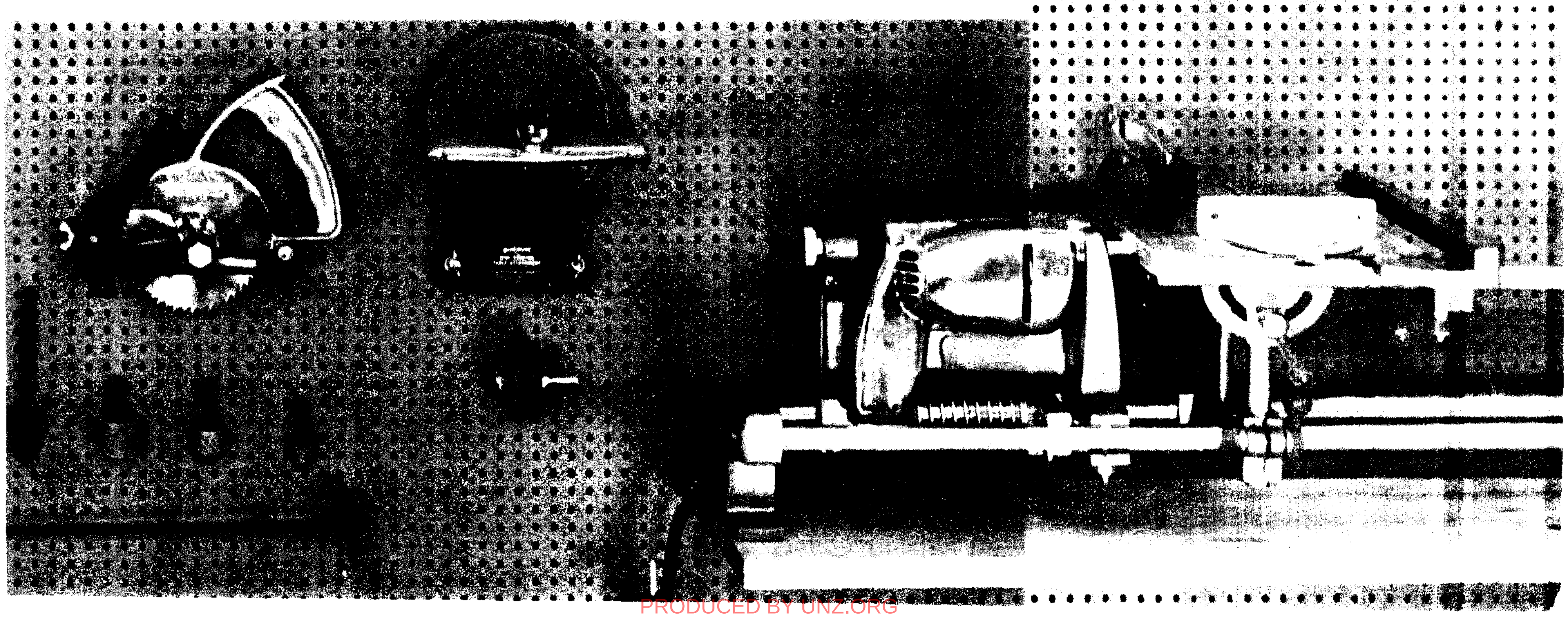
Who are these millions who buy the little wonder drills? Typical, perhaps, is Wallace Kessell, of Iowa City, Iowa, a war veteran married three years, who bought a seven-room house last September. Although he had had no carpentering experience other than manual training in high school, he decided he'd better learn how to use tools so that he could make improvements on his house. His first purchase was a quarter-inch drill. "I bought it," says Kessell, "because I couldn't afford any other power tools. It gives me an all-round tool without too high cost. And even if I later buy other power tools, I can always use the drill."

Kessell already has used the drill and attachments, including a circular saw, to construct a workbench, build a cabinet for his living room, enclose the bottom of his kitchen sink and refinish a chest of drawers. This year he plans to make screens for his windows, install a TV antenna, build a shower stall, and make furniture for his lawn and recreation room.

Although men like Kessell are the main users of



LOUIS CHECKMAN



the drill, buyers aren't limited to the male species. A Columbus, Ohio, woman wrote to a Chicago toolmaker taking the firm to task for always saying in Christmas advertising, "Give *him* a quarter-inch drill." "May I be so bold," said the woman, "as to ask why *him* and not *her?*"

The toolmakers have corrected this oversight. They know now that women do use the drills. Mrs. Susanne Satterfield, of New Canaan, Connecticut, for example, bought a drill and attachments two years ago. She has used them constantly ever since, polishing antique silver, sharpening kitchen knives, repairing garden equipment, sawing kindling wood, removing old paint from window sills, waxing furniture, sanding furniture, and building two tables to hold flowers she grows indoors.

Description of a "Typical" Model

Certainly such a versatile tool for modern living deserves close inspection. A typical model has an electric motor housed in a metal case about four inches in diameter and approximately six or eight inches long. At the rear of the case is a pistol grip with a trigger that turns the motor on and off. Under normal load it consumes only as much electricity as a 60- to 75-watt light bulb; under full load it uses as much as a 150- to 200-watt bulb. The power from the motor is transmitted through a series of small gears to a spindle at the front end of the drill housing. On this spindle is screwed a device called the chuck. The chuck in turn grips bits and other attachments with shanks up to a quarter inch in diameter.

A surprising variety of bits is available for quarter-inch drills. And you're not even limited to a maximum hole diameter of a quarter inch. Using a "hole saw," you can cut a hole up to 2½ inches in diameter. A hole saw resembles a small cup with saw teeth around the edge. As the drill whirls the cup, the saw teeth cut wood, plastic or metal.

Then there are masonry bits that will eat through the toughest brick wall in two minutes or less.

For precision work, the toolmakers offer a small inexpensive drill press that holds a quarter-inch drill. The press takes the "hand-held wiggle" out of the drill and enables you to cut a perfectly round hole at exactly the angle you desire. The press is especially valuable if you use dowels in making furniture. Dowels are wooden rods used to fasten two pieces of wood together when you don't want nails or screws to show. It's difficult to make accurate holes for the dowels with a hand-held drill.

If you're artistic by nature, Don Brann, president of the Easi-Bild Pattern Company of Pleasantville, New York, has developed a new technique that may interest you. For 16 years Brann has been marketing patterns that show how to build everything from a stool to a house. Now he's selling patterns to guide you in making designs in thin materials by drilling hundreds of small holes. One pattern is for a valance to go above window curtains. To make the valance, you place the pattern on a sheet of thin aluminum and, guided by the holes in the pattern, drill through the aluminum. The result is a drawing or design traced in small holes. If a light is placed behind the valance, the design stands out like open-hole embroidery.

Another firm has figured out a way to clean paintbrushes with a quarter-inch drill. Its attachment, selling for around $2, is advertised to clean a brush in 90 seconds. The attachment fits into the chuck of the drill and clamps onto the brush handle. You just dip the brush in solvent, take it out, turn on the drill, and centrifugal force whirls out the liquid, leaving the brush clean and dry. A word of caution: hold the drill end-down in an old box or pail, or you'll wind up speckled with paint. The quarter-inch drill can help you at the beginning of a paint job, too. For about a dollar, you can buy a paint-stirring attachment.

Probably the most useful attachments of all are the polishing, sanding and grinding gadgets. Nearly all are simply disks or drums covered with the material needed to do the job—lamb's wool for polishing, sandpaper for sanding, abrasive stone for grinding. You can also buy circular wire brushes for rough cleaning jobs, such as scouring the bottom of a skillet; a buffing wheel, good for small polishing jobs; or even a circular scrub brush, for washing floors and woodwork!

There are times when you need both hands to hold or guide the material with which you are working. For a few dollars, you can buy a stand that will hold a quarter-inch drill horizontally and leave your hands free.

Circular Saw Adequate for Home Use

Another highly popular attachment is a circular saw. Most have blades about four inches in diameter. They usually are recommended for sawing wood no thicker than one inch, but few home jobs require a greater thickness. The saws sell for $5 to $12.50.

New on the market are screw-driver devices. One model I saw fits into the chuck of the drill, but does not revolve until the blade is pressed against the head of a screw. It costs just under $10. (So far no manufacturer has come forward with an attachment to remove screws.)

A Kansas City manufacturer recently developed a planer attachment. It has a rotary blade that makes a cut up to two inches wide. The planer can be used for such jobs as trimming doors, storm windows or window screens and for planing dressed lumber to the correct dimensions in making furniture. It costs about $20.

The most ambitious attachment for the quarter-inch drill is a lathe. At least three companies, one an English firm, have recently developed lathes that use the drill for power. Cummins calls its model the "Do-It Shop," and the rig sells for just under $80 including a drill. The attachment looks much like the conventional lathe, except for a mounting for the drill at the headstock end (where the power is applied). With this attachment, you can turn out wooden lamp stands, salad bowls and ash trays.

The lathes in turn can be fitted with other attachments that convert them into circular table saws and drill presses.

Attachments that operate with a circular motion make the quarter-inch drill a Jack-of-all-trades, but they don't complete the gadgets available. By using cams or crankshafts, the toolmakers can change the drill's circular motion into a back-and-forth or reciprocating action. This permits the use of a hack-saw attachment that will saw hard metals faster and easier than a hand-driven hack saw, and

ARTHUR LAVINE

With patterns from one firm (Easi-Bild), drillers can build all items—except boy and blonde

a jig-saw device that saws around turns in wood, plastic or soft metals like the "do-it-yourself" aluminum.

The reciprocating action also can help make life easier for people who surround their homes with hedges. By attaching a set of moving blades that have a shearing action, you can convert your drill into a hedge trimmer. The attachment sells for about $15.

With the reciprocating motion, the quarter-inch drill can even be made to nibble. The Mall Tool Company makes an attachment that cuts thin metal by nibbling through it. The nibbler costs less than $18.

In fact, the quarter-inch drill is so versatile and adaptable that you might think it would do every kind of job about the home. Actually, of course, it won't. It has very definite limitations.

Engineer Explains Drill's Limitations

Robert Eisinger, product research engineer for Black & Decker, put it this way: "The quarter-inch drill is really designed only for drilling holes. Whenever you add an attachment to the drill, you have a compromise for which there are bound to be limitations."

The main limitation is one of power, according to Eisinger. Take the circular-saw attachment. It will cut through soft wood up to an inch thick. But even then if you push the saw too hard, you can overwork the motor.

"You can tell by the speed of your motor and the amount of heat produced whether your drill is being overworked," Eisinger says. "Learn what your drill feels like when it's running normally, and if it begins to stall or get too hot, ease up on your work."

Eisinger offers several other tips for drill owners. "If your drill begins to stall," he says, "always pull back and let the motor come up to speed again before shutting the switch off. If you release the switch while the motor is stalled, you will damage the switch contacts.

"You should also avoid any kind of work where the drill is likely to be suddenly snapped to a stop by a shock-type overload. It may burn out the motor or strip the drill's gears.

"Moreover, with several of the attachments sold today you run the danger of damaging the spindle bearing at the front of the drill. If too much pressure is applied to this bearing from one side, the bearing will wear unevenly. You can detect such wear by taking hold of the spindle and trying to move it sidewise. If there's undue wear, the spindle will wobble."

Still another limitation that several manufacturers pointed out to me bears on the quality of work you can do with the drill attachments. The average quarter-inch drill runs at one speed only—about 2,000 revolutions per minute—and it isn't the best speed for all the attachments. The drill is too fast for most polishing jobs if you expect the utmost in quality. It's too slow for the best sanding and sawing jobs.

The speed discrepancies are important to the perfectionists, but the average handy man usually isn't that fussy. After all, the quarter-inch drill and its attachments will enable him to do most jobs faster and better than he could do them by hand.

Moreover, toolmakers are dreaming up new uses and attachments for the drills all the time. One company is working on a drill-turned rotary pump that will spray paint, inflate your automobile tires or blow up a back-yard plastic swimming pool. Others are working on small garden or flower-bed cultivators.

"How about an attachment to scratch your back?" I asked one engineer.

I was joking, but he considered the suggestion seriously. After a moment, he nodded his head and said:

"Sounds like a good idea!"

Shmoo of the Orient

Bangkok, Thailand

In all the world there's nothing freer
Than love among the tilapía,
A fish whose life is brief but happier
When reproducing more tilápia.

HOWEVER you pronounce it, the tilapia is tasty fried and satisfying boiled. It is also dried, salted, smoked and pickled. It reaches the age of consent at four months and the answer is invariably yes. Two weeks later there are 502 tilapia. Where? In any warm body of water, fresh or brackish, from a flooded ditch to a tile tank. (The king of Thailand stocks a spare palace swimming pool with 100—oops, 600—tilapia.)

The tilapia resembles an American perch but behaves like an Al Capp shmoo; it is rapidly becoming the fish-farm favorite of southeast Asia. Bangkok is the recognized tilapia capital of the world because here the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO) and the Thai Fisheries Department, in pioneer experiments, proved that you can multiply tilapia more easily than you can split an infinitive.

As early as 1939 a few of the species *tilapia mossambica* were discovered under mysterious circumstances in Indonesia—mysterious because the tilapia is a native of East Africa. Some found their way to Malaya and a few were imported into Thailand. Here they languished in aquariums until the FAO decided they were just what most hot countries needed—a good five-cent meal, rich in proteins.

In February, 1953, Dr. S. W. Ling, of FAO, and Thailand's Nai Boon Indrambarya decided to smash the tilapia barrier. They dumped 200 pairs of adult tilapia into a half-acre pond four and a half feet deep, stood clear and waited. They didn't have to wait long.

In the next nine months 113,000 fingerlings were seined out of the pond and distributed to tilapia fanciers.

One year after the debut of the original 200, the half-acre pond was really harvested. The yield was 21,700 mature tilapia weighing, in all, more than four tons.

Tilapia thrive on a ridiculously cheap diet of rice bran (the husk that is thrown away), mosquito larvae and microscopic organisms in the water. But the priceless ingredient in tilapia breeding is mother love. It is mother love that makes it possible for as many as 85 per cent of infant tilapia to wind up in the frying pan full grown and weighing seven ounces.

The female lays her eggs just long enough for the male to fertilize them; then she picks them up in her mouth and carries them around until they are hatched. Hatching takes two weeks, and all that time the mother fasts. Finally the quarter-inch fry swim out of her jaws and into the world—but not very far. At the first sign of danger she inhales the whole cloud of them again until the all-clear.

"Only in cases of extreme provocation does a tilapia turn cannibal," said Dr. Ling in answer to an obvious question. "For instance—when there is a shortage of food."

Tilapia are now being cultivated in Malaya, Indonesia, the Philippines, Pakistan, Indochina and Burma. The fingerlings are often airfreighted to their destination, from the Bangkhin Fisheries outside Bangkok, sealed in five-gallon tins of water and compressed oxygen.

In Thailand, His Majesty King Phumiphon Aduldet gave tilapia breeding a royal boost by having it recommended on a palace radio station broadcast. Everyone from cabinet ministers to pedicab drivers who owned a pond responded by tossing in a few tilapia. The fish were recently introduced—and flourished—in rice paddies during the rainy season. Cash tilapia crops are forecast for the near future.

Inevitably, a reaction set in. A Bangkok newspaper columnist, taking a swipe at some aspects of American economic aid, coined the phrase "tilapia diplomacy." The Russians are biding their time. They haven't attacked the tilapia, nor have they claimed they invented it. But the tilapia's future is assured. There are already so many in Thailand that anyone who tried to take a census would always be a full generation behind. —PETER KALISCHER

The Only Game in Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

played center field for them. He was a good hitter, though he seldom hit the long ball, and his legs were all right even as he neared his thirty-seventh birthday. It was the arm that had gone on him. In consequence, he had accepted almost gratefully the opportunity to manage the Conway Bears—in behalf of the Philadelphia Bears, the major-league team whose farm system, cut to the bone because of falling attendance and rising costs, consisted now of just six teams, only one of them, Conway, as low as Class C.

NEXT year, there might be no baseball at all in Conway, and for Stat Hunter—he had earned the nickname "Stat" somewhere in a past now obscured by time—there might be nothing but memories next year, and the hope of finding another baseball job somewhere. That was why it was important to him to do a workmanlike job as manager of the Bears in Conway. It was incumbent upon him to develop at least one good young player—as well as to win enough games to keep the Conway Bears from utter bankruptcy—and Philadelphia was interested first of all in Joe Whittier, the coming star. All this Hunter knew.

No night was a typical night in the Empire League, and yet every night was the same. No ballplayer was a typical ballplayer, and yet they too were all alike. Good nights were the nights you won, bad nights were the nights you lost, and when you were the manager, you played the games all over again when you got home—the winning games as well as the losing games. If you worried only about the losing games, you were not a good manager.

There was always something. This was only the first season as manager of the Bears for Andrew Hunter, but now, as early as the month of June, he felt he had become a somewhat unrealistic combination of tutor, teammate and turnkey—not to mention his role as camp counselor, seeing to it that the youngsters wrote home twice a week.

June can be hot in Conway, and someone had put a small electric fan up on the wall of the Bears' clubhouse. Tonight, when Hunter got there, the fan was whining in an empty room.

Old Jack Merced, who served as caretaker for Fairchild Park and took tickets at the gate, came into the room behind him. "Hey, Stat, that scout's coming into town tomorrow or the next day," Merced said. "What's his name? Marcus or something? Gonna want to see young Joe Whittier in action."

"That's right," Hunter said. "His name's Marcus." The manager was undressing at his locker. When he was down to his shorts, he took a safety razor and walked through the doorway into the combination shower-and-lavatory room that served both the home and visiting clubs.

Merced followed him. The two of them made up an uncommon picture—the one in front tall and black-haired, his body perhaps too slender, his face not handsome but the eyes deep and alive, the nose and chin a trifle outsize; and the man behind, white-haired, wizened and short.

"There was a letter for you, Stat. You get it?"

Hunter shook his head.

"I'll get it for you now." Merced went out of the room and came back almost immediately. Hunter wiped his hands on his shorts and took the letter, and when he saw who had written it, he went back into the other room and sat down on the bench in front of his locker and read the letter there.

Dear Daddy, We went and saw the cows, and I held open the gate they went into. Mommy said I could have a surprise. Not a kitten or a dog but a real live—GUESS?? The kids next door have the chiken pox. I am fine. xxxxxxxx Janet

Andrew Hunter sat there holding the letter. There still remained two hours before game time, and Stat, alone in the clubhouse, found his mind, like an old, old man's, retracing the past. The past was a pyramid. It built itself into the day that Marian, his wife, had taken their daughter and left him; after that, the pyramid sloped down and away, at an angle so steep that a man must stumble and fall.

"You're not a father," Marian had said. "You're a center fielder."

It was like a parody of a line a comedian might have worked to get a laugh, but it was not funny. When he came home at night, his thoughts were on the way he had misguessed a pitch in the sixth inning with a man on second base; on the way the umpire blew the call when he had the bag with his foot.

"You're a stranger in your own house," Marian had gone on quietly.

He'd looked at her, still without seeing. "Let me alone. Lay off me."

"No," she had said, and he had seen then that she was crying. "I'm not going to do it any more. There's not going to be any more."

He had nodded. She had said that before.

Only this time she went away and did not come back to him.

He had seen once, long, long ago, that she was beautiful—small and brown-haired, and with a sudden vivacity that always took him by surprise. And that long-ago impression was always the way he remembered her.

HUNTER stood up now and opened his locker. He put the letter in the inside pocket of his suit coat and then, leaving the locker door open, went back inside to finish shaving. There was activity around him. The visiting Rome Senators had arrived in the dressing room to his right. Hunter nodded at them in the mirror and went on shaving, and in his mind now he began to plot tonight's game in advance. It was what he had to do, and, besides, it was a way to avoid thinking about the letter from his daughter, about his wife, who had left him two years ago. No, he thought, not quite two years. It was in August.

There would be no need to go over the Rome hitters with his players. They had done that two nights before, Tuesday night, before the four-game series with the Senators began. Now it was Thursday night, and Conway had taken two straight from Rome. The Bears were in second place, four games back of Auburn, which had a club that hit well but which already had dropped two series to the Bears. Stat Hunter liked that. If your club beat the front-runner with any kind of consistency, then your club had to be sound. He also liked the fact that the Bears only once, so far this season, had lost as many as four games in a row. Those were good signs—good signs in the majors, good signs in Class C.

He finished shaving and went back into the locker room. Almost all the players were there now. Two of them—Luis Aloya, the first baseman, and Simon North, a promising young pitcher, who was the only local boy on the Conway team—had already finished dressing and had gone out onto the field. Hunter looked around the room and said, "Where's Vagrancy?"

"Sitting on an ice wagon somewhere," said Monk Gladstone, the veteran third baseman whose locker was next to Hunter's.

Vagrancy was Vagrancy Williams, a forty-six-year-old pitcher who had been in organized ball when Andrew Hunter was still playing kid games on the sidewalks of Long Island City. He was one of Conway's five pitchers, and it was his turn to start tonight.

"Mr. Hunter?"

Stat Hunter looked up and saw a lean, large-boned man, sharp-faced and dark-haired, looking down at him. He wore a brown summer suit and carried a small canvas traveling bag.

He said now, "I'm Walt Corio. Mr. Kelly said I ought to see you about suiting up."

From time to time, Kelly, the club's general manager, would sign on new players on a trial basis. Though they carried only fifteen men regularly, the Bears, as a Class C team, were entitled to carry seventeen; it was in the interest of economy that the parent Philadelphia club preferred to keep the contract maximum at fifteen.

"Kelly sign you?" Hunter asked. "I haven't seen him in a couple of days."

"He's paying my expenses for a week," Corio said. "I told him that'd be all right. I'm trying to get back into ball."

"Get back in?"

"I been in factory work. Played some first base for a while in Tennessee and Kentucky."

"Organized ball?"

Corio nodded.

"Play anywhere else?"

Corio understood the question. "Sure. I'm right-handed when I throw. Bat left."

"Hit a ball?"

"All I want is a try."

Hunter finished tying his shoelaces and stood up. He told Corio where to get a suit and then he said, "I want to see you hit when you get dressed."

TAKING his black leather glove from the shelf of his locker, Hunter went out the doorway that opened onto a dirt runway that ran underneath the stands to the Bears' dugout. When he got there, Arnold Margolies, the sports editor of the Conway Times, was sitting on the bench. He said, "Hey, Stat, Waterloo's winning the first."

"Big?" Hunter said.

"Four to one in the fifth," Margolies said. The Waterloo team was playing league-leading Auburn tonight in a twilight-night double-header.

"Well, all right," Hunter said. "How's Sylvia tonight?"

"Same as ever." Margolies was a plump, preoccupied young man. "She's three days overdue."

"My wife was a week overdue before she had our little girl."

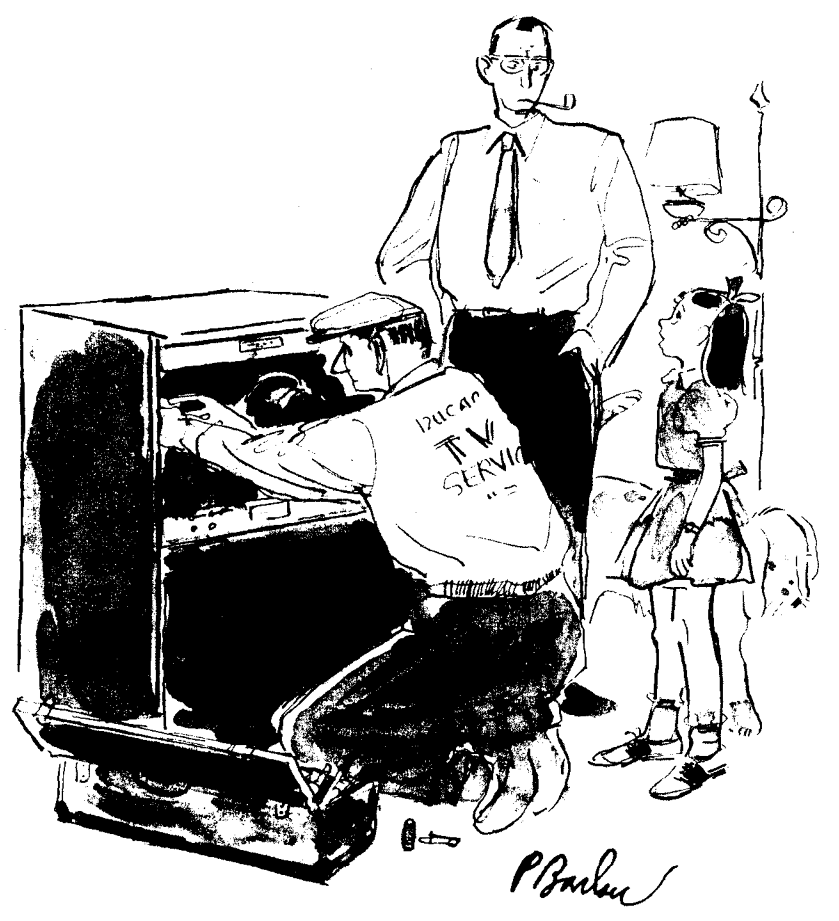
"I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not," Hunter said, "now."

"No?"

"No," Hunter said. "What are you looking at me that way for?"

"I'm not looking at you any way."



COLLIER'S

"Tell him about the pretty blue flash when *you* fixed it"

PERRY BARLOW

Margolies shrugged his shoulders. "I'm a newspaperman."

"Well, you want to do me a favor, leave it alone," Hunter said, and he went out to watch the new man, Walt Corio, taking batting practice.

Corio knew how to hit—against this pitching anyway. He swatted a couple on a line, and then he hit the ball over the fence and onto the railroad tracks, a shot of three hundred and fifty feet.

Monk Gladstone came up to Hunter. "Stat, I've run into this guy someplace before."

Hunter nodded. It was very possible that Gladstone had run into Corio someplace else. On the other hand, it seemed part and parcel of being an old ballplayer that you remembered events that had never happened. George Crimeau, the catcher, had memories of big-league games he never played in; Monk Gladstone, the third baseman, remembered people he had never met; Vagrancy Williams, the pitcher, remembered bars he had never been in. Hunter wondered when it would start happening to him. As of the moment, his memory was sharp—too sharp, as evidenced in the way he had spoken to Margolies, the sports editor, remembering the way Janet had been born. He said to Gladstone, "You play against him?"

"I don't know," Gladstone said, watching Corio hit. "He's familiar, that's all. I didn't remember him before, but watching him hit a ball, it's different. You know?"

"Yes," Hunter said. He looked to his right and saw Lester Kelly, the team's general manager, sitting in the dugout. Stat went over to him and said, "This one hits a hell of a ball. Know much about him?"

"No," Kelly said. "We had room for him, so I told him all right for a week."

"Say, Les," Hunter said suddenly, "if an eight-year-old girl told you she was going to get a surprise and it wasn't a cat or a dog, what would it be?"

"Why," he said, "offhand, I'd say a pony. By the way, there's something I want to talk to you about. The white hope. Joe Whittier."

"What about him?"

Looking at him, Kelly realized that Hunter's thoughts were far away. Kelly sighed. "Nothing. If he behaves."

AUBURN, leading team of the Empire League, had lost the first game to Waterloo and was losing the second. It was a chance for Conway to pick up a game and a half.

Out in center field, Andrew Hunter was swearing to himself that from now on, Vagrancy Williams was going to show up in time for a sufficient warmup on nights when he was scheduled to pitch. Twice during the first inning, Stat Hunter had come in to argue with the umpires, so Williams could have time to throw some more, but Vagrancy still was off. He had walked six men. Conway trailed Rome 5 to 1 in the top of the fifth, and Williams was in trouble again. Art Vincent came on in relief to get the Bears out of the inning, and Hunter was glad he had made the pitching change when he did, even though Vincent would be first at bat for the Bears in the last of the fifth. And Vincent did indeed strike out, on four pitches.

Then Joe Whittier got up. He dropped the first pitch down the third-base line. It was a bunt that had English on it, and it might have rolled foul, but the Rome third baseman did not give it that chance. He grabbed it barehanded and threw to first—threw high and wide, and Whittier went into second base standing up.

That's the trouble in this league, Stat Hunter told himself. They make it so easy for you that you think you have nothing left to learn.

Gladstone was at bat now. He got a walk, and now it was the Rome bull pen that began heating up. Stat Hunter stepped in. He singled to left on the third pitch, loading the bases and bringing up George Crimeau, the old catcher. Crimeau flied fairly deep to left field, and Whittier scored after the catch. Two were out now, and when right fielder Chet Maraczewski walked, loading the bases again, the Rome team still did not make a move to change its pitcher. Luis Aloya, the first baseman, was coming up for Conway, and he had struck out twice tonight.

STAT HUNTER called time, and moved off second, gesturing toward the dugout. Aloya got the idea and turned back. Corio, the new man, came out to hit. He hit the first pitch with a certain even grace, so that it did not seem much of an effort. Three runs came in and Corio stopped at third. The fans were shouting excitedly.

Now Rome did change pitchers. The new man was a young, scared-looking left-hander. On the first pitch to Ed Rosch, the Bears' left fielder, the southpaw kicked high, came down, and realized only then, in the very motion of releasing the ball, that the man on third was stealing home on him. His throw to the plate was creditable but late, and Corio was home in the dust, putting Conway in front, 6 to 5.

Then, in the sixth inning, Joe Whittier hit a home run with a man on, making it 8 to 5. Conway won. Auburn lost two, and Auburn's lead was down to two and a half games. . . .

In the locker room after the game, Joe Whittier said to Hunter, "Stat, I got a favor to ask of you."

"Sure," Hunter said.

"You know that girl I been dating?"

Hunter nodded. "What's her name? Jo Ann?"

"That's her," Whittier said. "Well, it's this. That beat-up heap I been driving's down at the garage getting the rings jobbed, and I didn't tell her, and she's going to meet me outside."

"Oh," Hunter said. "Well, sure. I've got my car. Where can I take you?"

Whittier licked his lips. "Well, that's it," he said. "You can't take *me* anywhere. You know that boardinghouse where I stay out on Valley Road? Well, this new guy, the one that hit that ball tonight, he's at the same place, and he's got a car. Being as it's late, I figured I could grab a ride with him. Go straight home."

"Good idea," Hunter said. "And you want me to drop her off?"

"Being as you both live in the same direction," Whittier said solemnly. "You want the truth, Stat—you're the only guy here I trust."

"All right," Hunter said. "But I'll be a while."

"She'll wait," Whittier said.

It took Andrew Hunter a while, when he got home, to adjust to the business at hand. The clock on the bureau in his furnished room said it was one thirty in the morning, and on the little black table that he used as a desk, there was a pile of sheets of white paper headed *MANAGER'S REPORT*. Hunter had fallen three days behind on his reports—he was supposed to make one out after each game, as soon as the newspaper account of the game became available, so he could clip out the box

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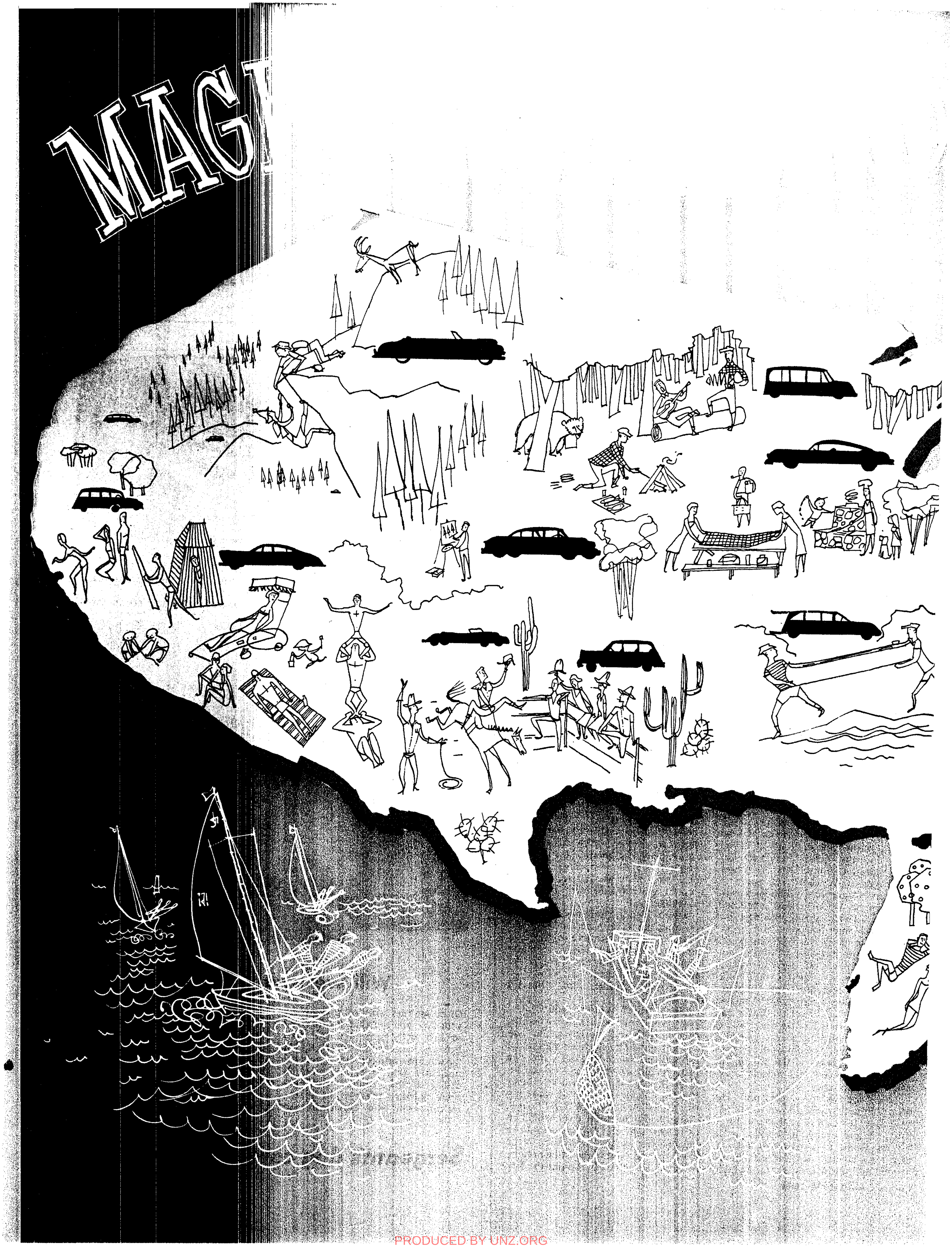
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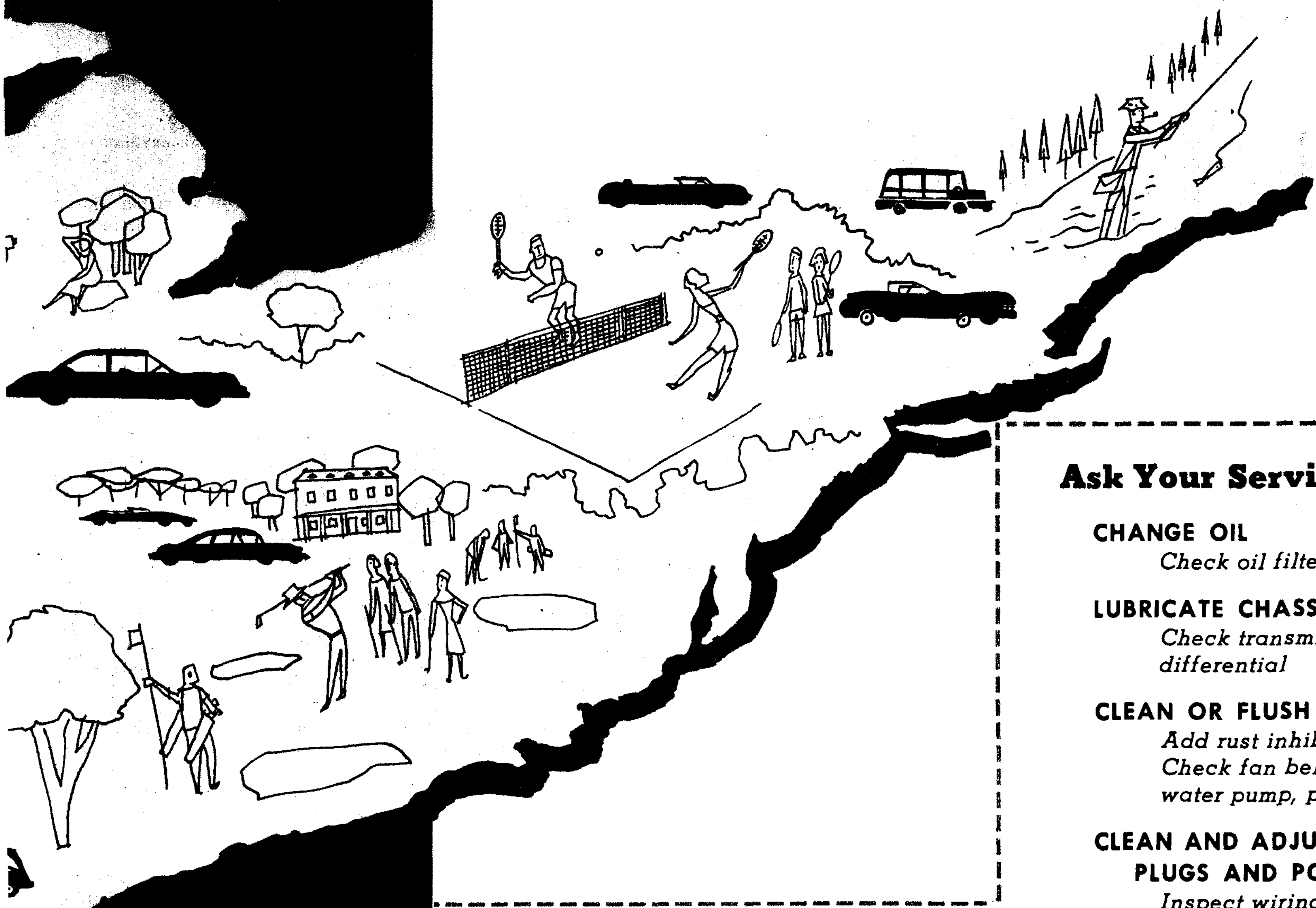

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Inspect wiring

ROTATE AND INSPECT TIRES

REPLACE WINDSHIELD WIPER BLADES

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score and mail it to Philadelphia along with his own comments.

Now, staring at the blank sheet in front of him, Hunter felt a thrust of futility, and he knew he would do no work tonight.

Just tonight he had found out about Joe Whittier, found out so easily that it was obvious Whittier did not care whether he knew or not; and he did not know what to do about it.

THERE had been the girl, Jo Ann, who was Whittier's girl and who had appealed to Hunter in a way that he had told himself he could never be attracted again. And that complicated everything.

"You're late," she had said when Hunter came out of the ball park.

"Oh," he had said. "Jo Ann. Hi."

"Hello," she said. She was wearing a sun dress with her hair done up in back. She had on high heels and no stockings. She walked with him to his car, and there was something about her that made him feel that even though they were not touching he still was holding her to him.

He said, "Joe said he wanted to make sure you got home right away."

"He picked a funny way of doing it."

Hunter said nothing. He drove a two-door, 1951 sedan, and he held open the door for her, then went around the front and got in beside her.

The girl smiled. "I'm just as happy. Is it all right for me to say that?"

"Sure."

"And I don't want to go home."

"No?"

"Not right away. I want a drink. Do you drink, Mr. Manager?"

Hunter started the engine. "Sometimes. Where do you want to go?"

"Maybe you've got a place in mind."

"No," he said, "I'm not a fan of any particular one."

"Some things you're not a fan of at all. Are you, Mr. Manager?"

"Some people don't call me Mr. Manager," Hunter said.

"Joe does."

"He does?"

"He sure does," she said. "I know a lot about you. Here, turn left. We can go out to the Black Widow."

"Isn't that a roadhouse?"

"Yes," Jo Ann said, "and I'm Carrie Nation."

"You talk like you know a lot about all that stuff I don't know about," Hunter said. He turned the car onto the highway. "No offense."

"Quit it," the girl said. "Let's have fun. I can forget Joe and you can forget your wife and we can have fun."

"Everybody talks about my wife tonight," Stat Hunter said. "How is she?"

"Stat," the girl said. "I'm going to call you Stat. I like you, Stat. Let's have fun tonight. Do you want to?"

"Sure," Andrew Hunter said. "While Joe's having his car fixed."

"There's nothing wrong with his car." She looked at his face in the dim light from the dashboard. "Joe wanted to shoot dice," she said, and Hunter realized that she was not really exposing Joe Whittier, that she was talking as much to herself as to him.

But he wanted to know more. "He does that a lot?"

"Yes," she said.

"Win much?"

"He owes more than two thousand dollars."

"All right," Hunter said softly. "I didn't know it and now I know it and all right. Let's have fun like you say."

Jo Ann said, "He's a good baseball player."

"But, darling, you ought to have known Daddy's itsy-bittsy car keys wouldn't be heavy enough to hold down such a beautiful big balloon"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

"He could be even better. He could be great." Hunter licked his lips. "Does he drink too?"

"Some," she said.

"Well, all right," he said. "Who does he owe?"

"What do you mean?"

"Who does he owe the money to? Gamblers? Friendly games? The house somewhere? Professionals?"

"He just owes the money to people. What difference does it make?"

"All the difference," Hunter said. "If he owes money to the wrong man, somebody might start suggesting to him that the way to get even is to dump the games. The hell with it. Who's he with tonight? That new man? Corio?"

"I met him today," Jo Ann said. "He's a good-looking fellow."

"No high-schooler," Hunter said.

"No," she said. "About your age."

"You like the mature type, hey?"

"Sometimes," she said, and she stretched her long, young body so her legs were out straight and hard. "This is it. You can park right out front."

"I'd like to find out about that Corio," Hunter said. "Damned if I wouldn't."

"So would I," the girl said.

THEY got a table, and Jo Ann ordered a Daiquiri. Andrew Hunter had bourbon and water. He said, "Well, here's to us."

"To you and me," she said, watching him as she sipped from the glass. "You know what you are? You're a nice guy."

"That's what everybody says." Hunter looked at his whisky. "You don't know how tired you get every once in a while, being a nice guy."

They were silent for a time. "I'm really not much company," Hunter said, at last. "A girl like you could have done a lot better."

"You think so?" she asked, and then: "Do you want to talk about her?"

"Who? Marian?"

"Is that her name? Marian?"

Her saying that, the way she said it, made Hunter want to talk. If he had stopped to reason it through, he would have known why. It had been Jo Ann's simple use of the present tense, when she said, *Is* that her name? Most people, talking about your ex-wife, would say *was*. The way she said it, it still existed, and it was still good.

"Sure," Andrew Hunter said, "I'll talk about her. I married her eleven years ago. I was twenty-five then. She was twenty-one—about your age.

"She had brown hair and a good figure," Stat Hunter went on, "and she came from a big family in a town outside of Omaha, and she thought there wasn't anything in the world like a ballplayer. I was in the big league then, and we were living in Chicago, and she didn't like it when the ball club was out of town, but she understood. That was it with Marian—she understood. When Janet was born and we were hot up there in the pennant race and playing in the East, and Marian was in labor for two solid days and I got a wire from the doctor, what do you think I did? Go home to be with her? Hell, no. Not Stat Hunter, the nice guy. No, I didn't even tell my manager anything was wrong. I just went out and played ball, and after the baby was born I talked to Marian on the telephone long-distance. She didn't say a word about my not having been there.

"The time I didn't take her to spring training, because the club decided the players would be better off without having their wives along, she understood. I never cheated on her. So help me, I never cheated on her. But I'll tell you something." Hunter drank from his glass. "I'll tell you something. I think it would have been more of a marriage if I had. It would have meant something was wrong at home. The way it was, nothing was ever wrong at home.

"One time I welshed on Janet's birthday party. Why? Because the club had booked me for an Elks luncheon someplace. All the Elks were really happy to see me, but my kid cried because I'd stood her up. That's Stat Hunter—a nice guy."

"So she left you?"

"Sure, she left me."

"I wouldn't have."

"Why not?"

"Because," Jo Ann said, "if you're a ballplayer's wife you know how it's going to be, you accept it."

"It wasn't a question of that. I told you Marian understood about that."

"I don't think she really did."

"I do. It wasn't just baseball. Do you want another drink?"

"All right," Jo Ann said, "if you do. Would you like to dance with me while we're waiting? Do you have special songs you hate to hear?"

"Get off my back," Hunter said. "Sure, I've got special songs. I've got special places, too, and certain dishes, and certain times of day. What are you going to do about it?"

"You're sorry for yourself, aren't you?" Jo Ann said.

"You're damn' right," Hunter said.

SHE danced close to him, and they did not say much. He told himself he liked the music, and he liked the place and he liked the girl. Get yourself a girl, he said to himself. Get yourself something to come home to after the ball game. Maybe in the old days you wouldn't have thought much about anything except the game, but what about it now? He was thinking about it when a man he had never seen before cut in and started to dance with Jo Ann. After the dance, the man brought Jo Ann back to the table, and she said, "Let's go home."

He drove her home. "Who was that guy?" he asked.

"He's part owner of the Black Widow."

"What'd he want?"

"Just to say that Whittier and Corio were downstairs in the basement while we were there, shooting dice." She smiled at Hunter, watching for some reaction. "You can kiss me good night."

He kissed her. She looked at him and said, "I like you, Mr. Manager."

"I like you too," he said.

"You know where I am," she said. "Good night." . . .

Ollie Marcus, the Philadelphia scout, was in town two nights later, stopping by the clubhouse before the game against Batavia. He was a smallish, exceptionally round man who wore a straw hat and had on a blue shirt that was open at the throat. He came over to shake hands with Andrew Hunter, and then he saw Walt Corio and nodded to him. Corio nodded back.

Marcus said, "Didn't I see you before?"

"Don't think so," Corio said. His voice was soft.

"Sure I did," Marcus said. "Wait a minute. Let me think. What's your name? Corio?"

Corio nodded.

"That's not the name I remember," the scout said. "Give me a minute."

"I played under another name—"

"What other name?"

"I'm not telling that," Corio said. "I needed a little money and I had a couple of medals from amateur track, and if they found out I was playing ball they'd make me give the medals back. I aim to keep them."

"Amateur track?" Marcus said.

"A.A.U.," Corio said, and headed for the shower room.

"Amateur track," Ollie Marcus said again, watching Corio go. Then he sat down on the bench next to Hunter and lowered his voice. "Stat, what about Joe Whittier betting his money?"

"I give up," Hunter said.

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing," Hunter said, "except that everybody knows Whittier's been gambling, how much, where he lost it, why he lost it, who he lost it to, the exact amount he owes and probably what he's figuring on doing to recoup. Me, I just found out about it two nights ago, and then it was sort of accidental."

"Well," Marcus said, "we wanted to give you a chance to get straightened around on the new job, and the kid's been going great out there, and we figured you'd find out soon enough."

"I haven't talked to him about it yet." Hunter laughed without mirth. "I figured I was going to wait till you got out of town. I didn't know you knew about it."

"Nuts," Marcus said. "Well, you'll have to do something. Exactly what, I don't know. I could kill that Kelly."

"Lester Kelly? Why?"

"He's got that new man rooming with Whittier. I wish I could remember where I know that Corio from. He hits pretty good in this league. He's been there before. I don't like it, Stat. Nothing I can put my finger on. I just don't like it. How's your little girl?"

"Janet's good," Hunter said. "I got a letter from her yesterday. She said she was going to get some kind of a surprise. Kelly said he thought it might be a pony."

Marcus went up in the stands to watch young Simon North pitch against Batavia, and North was blazing fast. He struck out his sixth and seventh men in the top of the fourth, with Conway ahead 2 to 0. There had been only two base runners against him, one on a walk, another on an error by Joe Whittier. Then in the top of the fifth, with one out, North grooved a fast ball and the Batavia hitter rammed it on a rising line out toward left-center field.

Stat Hunter had his back turned with the swing of the bat. He looked once over his shoulder, then put his head down and ran. Ahead of him, the fence loomed closer, like a curtain in the dark. Now, still going full speed and without turning, he put up his gloved hand, felt the ball there, and turned his right shoulder so that the impact of going up against the fence would not jar the arm and hand that held the ball. Another foot, and he would have crashed the fence hard. This way, he caromed easily off, holding the ball up for the umpire to see.

There was more in the rising cascade of sound from the stands than mere salute for a remarkable catch. It was as if everybody in the ball park realized, for the first time and at the same moment, that it was official now—Simon North was going for a no-hitter.

North got the next man to pop up. Hunter got a big hand from the fans back of first base as he came in to the dugout. He said, "Couple of runs, you guys. Let's go."

Conway got three and the Bears led 5 to 0 going into the sixth, and Stat Hunter wanted no more runs. He wanted North to pitch with as little wait between innings as possible.

NORTH got the side out in order in the sixth, seventh and eighth; then, in the top of the ninth, he walked the first two men he faced. Stat Hunter called for time and came in to the mound. George Crimeau came out from behind the plate.

"That umpire ain't givin' this boy a break," Crimeau said.

"Never mind that," Hunter said. "Simon, you're working these hitters too hard. Just quit worrying and throw the fast ball. We'll catch them if they hit them. That's what we're out here for. Is your fast one all right?"

"I think so," the pitcher said.

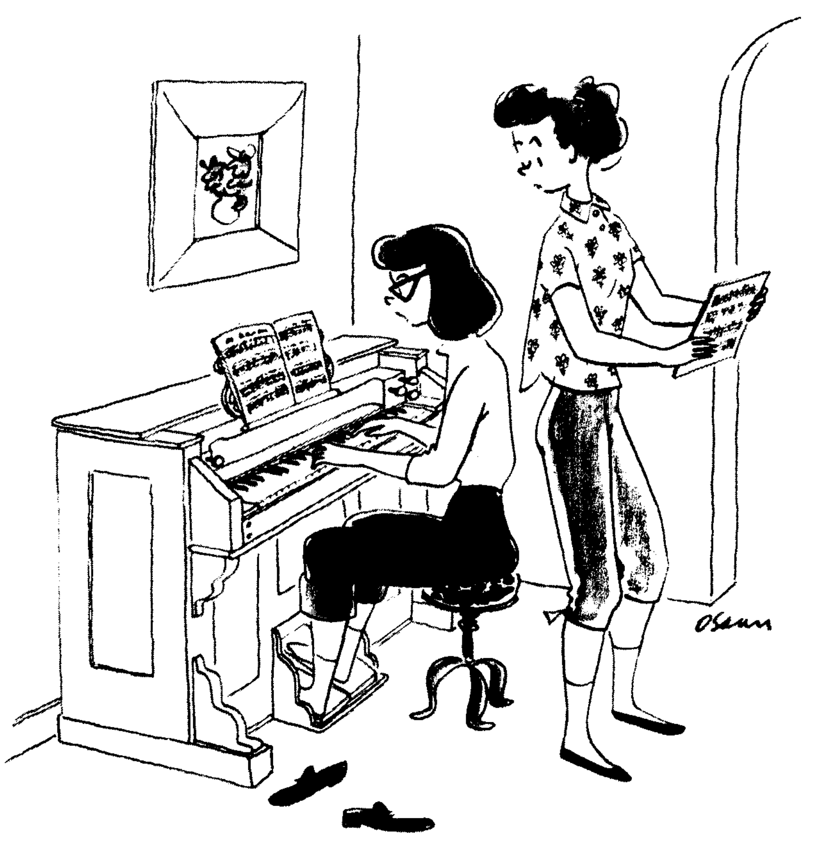
"All right," Hunter said. He slapped North on the shoulder and headed back for center field.

Squinting in the lights, he saw Crimeau put down one finger. North wheeled in with the fast ball, and as he did, the base runners took off in a double steal. Crimeau shot the ball down to third base and Gladstone put it on the man for the out.

North struck the batter out with his fast ball. Now there were two out, and the next hitter was the Batavia left fielder, a right-handed batsman. He took ball one inside and low. On the next pitch he swung, a little late, and the ball traveled upward in a high arc, headed for short right-center field.

For a moment Stat Hunter lost the

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "I heard of the craziest thing the other day. An *unlisted* telephone" KATE OSANN

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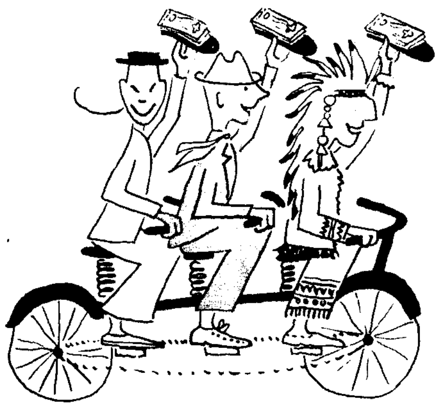

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ball in the glare of a misdirected arc light. He flicked his sunglasses down from the underside of his visor and saw it now, and he knew there was neither loft nor strength enough in the ball to carry it far. Hunter was moving in now, patting the pocket of his glove with his bare hand, and then he became aware of Joe Whittier, backing up on the grass, headed his way.

"I got it, Joe!" Hunter called, and kept coming. Whittier still was backing up, his eyes on the ball.

The two fielders were coming together. Oscar Johnson, the shortstop, yelled out, "Stat's ball! Stat! Stat!"

Hunter was almost under it now and still Whittier came. In one final sickening moment they collided, Stat falling away, rolling once, ending up on his hands and knees.

Whittier had caught the ball for the final out. The place was a madhouse now. The no-hitter was in. Whittier looked down at the manager. "You knew Marcus was in the stands. What the hell are you trying to do?"

Still on his hands and knees, Stat Hunter looked up. "That'll cost you twenty-five, Joe," he said evenly. "As long as you owe everybody else in town, you're going to owe me too."

In the stands, Ollie Marcus made a note with his pencil.

CONWAY ran its winning streak to thirteen straight and led the Empire League by four games. Joe Whittier had raised his batting average to .386; he had thirteen home runs, he led the league in runs scored and runs batted in, was second in stolen bases. During the streak, Corio had batted in more runs even than Whittier. The pitching was hot. The fielding was hotter.

In the excitement, everyone forgot about Stat Hunter's bad arm, Joe Whittier's bad debts, and the bad way the girl, Jo Ann, had of playing them off against each other. The night before the team had left for its out-of-town swing, Hunter had seen Jo Ann. She was sitting in his car, waiting for him when he came out of the ball park.

"Joe didn't see me," she said, as though Stat would want to know that.

"You're a big girl. Why don't you leave him alone?"

"You're not jealous, are you, Stat?"

"Cut it out," Hunter said. "You know what I mean."

"No, I don't." Jo Ann yawned and put her hands back of her head and stretched luxuriously. "He says you're not talking to him."

"I fined him twenty-five dollars."

"He's not going to pay it."

"Don't be pointless," Hunter said. "The only way that boy can save himself is by getting called up, so he can get out of this town. If I tell Philadelphia he's a bad man to deal with, Philadelphia won't touch him."

"Joe doesn't think about it that way," Jo Ann said. "He thinks Philadelphia will call him up no matter what you say. Besides, he says if Philadelphia doesn't call him up, some other club will."

"Joe has all the answers, doesn't he?"

"There's one he doesn't have. You don't have it either." She spoke now with an almost childlike pleasure. "Walt Corio."

"You mean you and Corio? What have you—"

She interrupted him. "Jealous. That's you. Suspicious. That's you. Is that why your wife left you?"

"Cut it out," Hunter said. "Lay off, Jo Ann."

"All right," she said. She lighted a cigarette. "Let's don't fight, Stat."

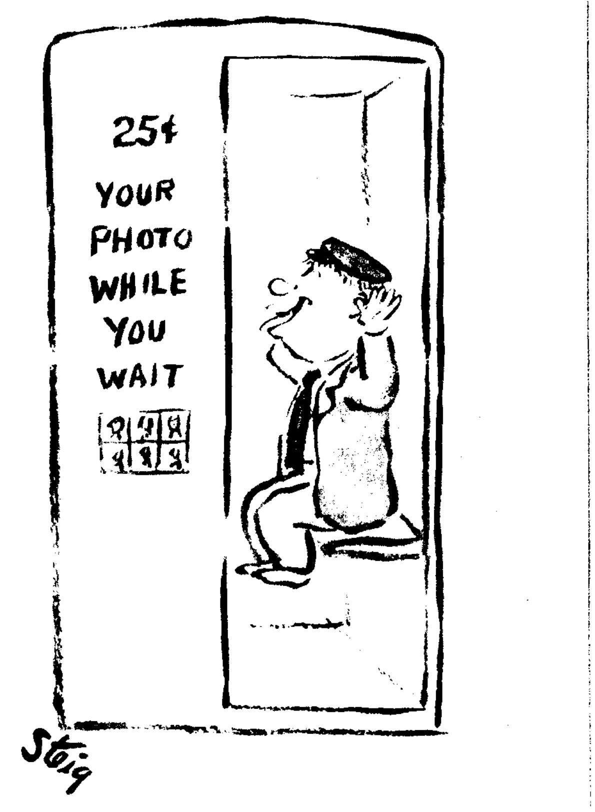
"Okay," he said. "Okay. It was my fault too. I'm cantankerous and edgy and no good nowadays. I wish to hell I knew why. Nothing's going wrong. The club's winning one game after another. I don't know what's wrong. I just don't know."

"I do," she said quietly.

AFTER that, they did not talk until they were at the table in the Black Widow. They sat over by the wall, next to a table where an old man sat by himself, and after a while Hunter glanced over and saw it was old Jack Merced, the caretaker at Fairchild Park.

"Jack," the manager said. "Come on over here and sit with us."

The old man looked up and said, "Hey, Stat," and got up and brought his chair with him, and Hunter could see he already had had a lot to drink.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COLLIER'S WILLIAM STEIG

The manager said, "Let me buy one."

"Sure," the old man said. "Sure. Good evening, miss. Oh, look, it's Joe Whittier's girl friend, out with the manager. So, we'll drink a toast to Stat Hunter. Manager of the team with the winning streak. Pilot of the Conway Bears. Skipper of the Flying Dutchman. Captain of the Titanic."

Hunter signaled the waiter, and then he said, "What's the matter, Jack? Trouble?"

"Trouble?" The old man looked as if he were coming back from far away. "Trouble? Me? Trouble? No, me I got no trouble. Except I'm an old man and I know too much. No. Stat Hunter's got the trouble.

"You're the best manager the Conway Bears ever had, Stat. I've seen you in action not even two months now, and I'm telling you you're the best manager they ever had. I've seen them come; I've seen them go. I don't know if you're the best baseball man. You may be."

Hunter smiled and said, "Thanks, Jack. I appreciate that."

But the old man shook him off like a pitcher refusing the sign. "I'm sitting here and getting drunk because I want you to know something. The team's rotten. It's going to go down the way a ship goes down when the ocean's cold and it's the middle of the night and the waves are quiet and big and everything's black and you're all through. The club's loused up and lousy. They stink, those guys. They're dishonest men. They're going to go down and they're going to take you with them."

Allowing for the old man's condition, having heard somewhere that old Jack Merced invariably got drunk once a season and foretold the doom of all, Andrew Hunter still could not fight off a feeling of fear that came over him. He said, "All right, Jack. All right. Thanks. I appreciate this."

The old man nodded silently. "Now you'd better leave me alone."

Hunter looked at him. Then he nodded at Jo Ann. Hunter put his hand on the old man's shoulder and said, "All right, Jack. We'll see you."

Outside she said, "We can drink at my place where there aren't a lot of old men making a lot of noise."

He said nothing, but drove to her place. Then he said, "I don't think I'm going to come in with you tonight. I wouldn't be much fun. I've got too much on my mind."

"You didn't take him seriously?" Jo Ann asked.

"No," Hunter said. "It's not just that. I'm tired, and I'm just not good company. It's not your fault. As soon as we get back from this next swing, we'll have a real time, you and I."

"Well, now you can at least kiss me, Stat," Jo Ann said.

He kissed her there in the car, and to him it was not the same as it had been before. Then he drove back alone to his own place and went up to his room. He took off his coat and shirt, and sat at the table and wrote slowly on his portable typewriter:

Dear Janet, I have been trying to think all this time what your surprise could be and I give up. You are going to have to tell me WHAT. Tomorrow morning Daddy will be on a bus going to a place called Auburn. There are some lakes near it called the Finger Lakes because on a map they look something like the fingers on your hand.

Are you being a good girl and doing everything that Mommy tells you? You know that is the best way to be. I hope you will write soon and tell me all about your BIG SURPRISE!!!!

Love and kisses from,
Your Own Daddy

CONWAY was winning on the road, and Hunter had come to the only decision possible. He would put off a showdown with Whittier as long as the second baseman's play on the field held up. It was a moot question whether, as long as Whittier was playing this way, any manager would have the right to do more than give him a little fatherly advice. And Stat Hunter and Joe Whittier were not gripped by any fa-

STARLIGHT
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COLLIER'S "How did it end? Our windshield wipers stopped working" ROBERT DAY

ther-and-son relationship. They spoke coolly to each other when they spoke at all. Hunter had avoided a showdown on the twenty-five-dollar fine by instructing Lester Kelly to hold that amount out of Whittier's next pay check.

They were in Geneva the night they ran the winning streak to twelve. Vagrancy Williams allowed nine hits, but the Bears were hitting everything three Geneva pitchers threw, and Conway took it 9 to 4. Vagrancy had talked mournfully to himself throughout the game, and the Conway players had been laughing. Stat Hunter thought of this now as he returned to his Geneva hotel room. Merced, the old man, had been wrong. There could be nothing wrong with a club that laughed and won at the same time.

HE WAS tired tonight, and when he let himself into his room and saw a man lying on his bed, his first thought was that he, Hunter, was in the wrong room. Then he recognized the man as the one who had cut in on him when he had been dancing with Jo Ann that night at the Black Widow.

The man sat up now, blinking in the light. He wore a badly wrinkled seersucker suit.

"Okay," Stat said. "What's yours?"

The man took a handkerchief from the hip pocket of his pants and wiped his face. "My name is Bird, like bird, tweet-tweet. I decided the best way to see you was this way."

"See me about what?"

"Money."

"Get out of here," Hunter said.

"—money," the big man repeated, "because there are debts, and when there are debts they ought to be paid. Do you have any idea how much he owes me?"

"Who?"

"Whittier," the man said.

Andrew Hunter sat down. "How much does he owe you?"

"To be honest," the man named Bird said, "it isn't only Whittier. There are four of your splendid young players who owe me money." He waved a hand. "Piddling amounts, really. Fifty dollars here, seventy-five there, a hundred and fifty over here. I'd even write them off, if I could think of some way to settle honorably with Joe Whittier."

"All right. How much does Whittier owe you?"

Bird smiled and said, "One thousand six hundred and fifty dollars."

Andrew Hunter rubbed his jaw. "Gambling?"

Bird looked offended. "Gambling, you say? No. There was gambling connected with it, but they—those splendid young players of yours—were the ones who did that." He spread his palms. "All I did, you might say, was supply them with working capital. And I would have waited longer, except that something, ah, came to my attention, and I wanted you to know about it, being an old, old Conway fan myself."

Hunter said, "The Black Widow?"

"A tavern," Bird said, "in which I have a small interest. I know you've been there. You know—Jo Ann? Splendid young creature. I would like to marry that young lady."

"I wish you would," Hunter said.

Bird shook his head. "She has a—predilection for, ah, baseball players. There are young women like that, you know. She is fond of young Whittier, and of that Corio fellow, and, I believe, of yourself. But to go on. You may know that there are gambling games downstairs at the Black Widow, games of chance that are, ah, illegal under state law. Occasionally, when players run out of money and desire to keep on playing, the house provides them with small amounts of additional capital, on a businesslike basis of course. In the case of your splendid young baseball players, Whittier and —what's his name?—Masick, and Rosch and Mara—Mara—"

Stat Hunter said tonelessly, "Maraczewski."

"That's it," Bird said. "Well, in their cases we were willing to go along. But now something else has come up. Another one of your players has been in contact with gamblers. The reason I know of this is that this player has approached the four players who owe me money. They say they are going to get the money to pay off their debts. They are going to do this under threat of exposure.

"They are going to lose certain specified games of baseball, Mr. Hunter. Not just one game, and not every game, because young men like Joe Whittier are too intent upon doing well for themselves, hoping to get the call from above." The man on the bed pointed upward with his index finger. "I mean, of course, the major leagues."

"Who's putting in the fix?" Hunter demanded.

"Some gambler. I don't know his name."

"Cut it out," Hunter said. "I mean the man on my club."

"Oh, that one," Bird said. "Yes. His name is Corio."

"All right," Hunter said. Whittier he had known about. Masick, Rosch and Maraczewski—that news had numbed him. And Corio, well, by this time, anything figured. Yet Hunter was surprised to find himself so calm. "Now two questions: One, why are you here? Two, how do I know you're telling the truth?"

Bird shrugged. "To reply inversely, the answer to the second question is simple: you don't. But you will probably find out when it is young Mr. Masick's turn to pitch.

"As for why I am here, I have already explained to you. I want my money. I am afraid that if these young players become foolish and get mixed up with gamblers, they might, under the pressure of scandal and investigation, tell the authorities about the Black Widow."

"You mean the police don't know about it?"

"Only local ones know about it and they have agreed, for reasons which you may imagine, not to broadcast their findings. I do not wish to go any further."

"Suppose you never get paid? Suppose I hold a meeting and find out everything you said was true and get rid of Corio and they never throw a game? And suppose I just tell my players to forget about you?"

The large man stood up and gazed sadly down at his wrinkled suit. "Ah, Mr. Hunter, you're too honest a man to do that," he said, looking up. "And besides, with the information already in my possession, I could run your splendid young men out of baseball for life. The fix is on, Mr. Hunter. Don't you understand that? Move, Mr. Hunter. Move fast. Act, Mr. Hunter. Forget you ever saw me, but act. Act quickly. Good night, sir."

The man named Bird smiled sadly, and opened the door and went out.

WHAT was it the old man, Merced, had said, the night he was drinking? "They stink, those guys. They're dishonest men. They're rotten. They're going to go down and they're going to take you with them."

When would Masick pitch? The night after tomorrow. If it rained, Stat would have that much extra time to check, to find out, to stop the fix before it became a reality on the ball field. It would have to be Masick the night after tomorrow. Hunter had only five pitchers, and all had been working starting turns. Tomorrow night—Stat Hunter looked at his watch and saw it was after midnight, and amended it—tonight Simon North would be pitching. So there was time. Not much time, but a little time.

Hunter picked up his telephone, and after a good while the operator answered and he put in a long-distance call to Lester Kelly in Conway.

Stat Hunter slept badly after that. He stayed around his hotel the next day, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the wire came from Conway, and Hunter went over by the cigar counter in the lobby and tore open the envelope and read:

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—CHARLES EINSTEIN

(This is the first of three parts)

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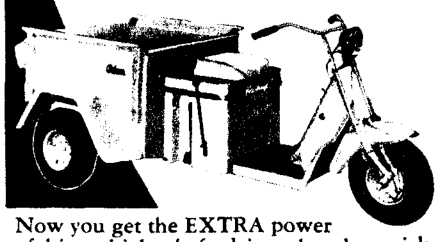

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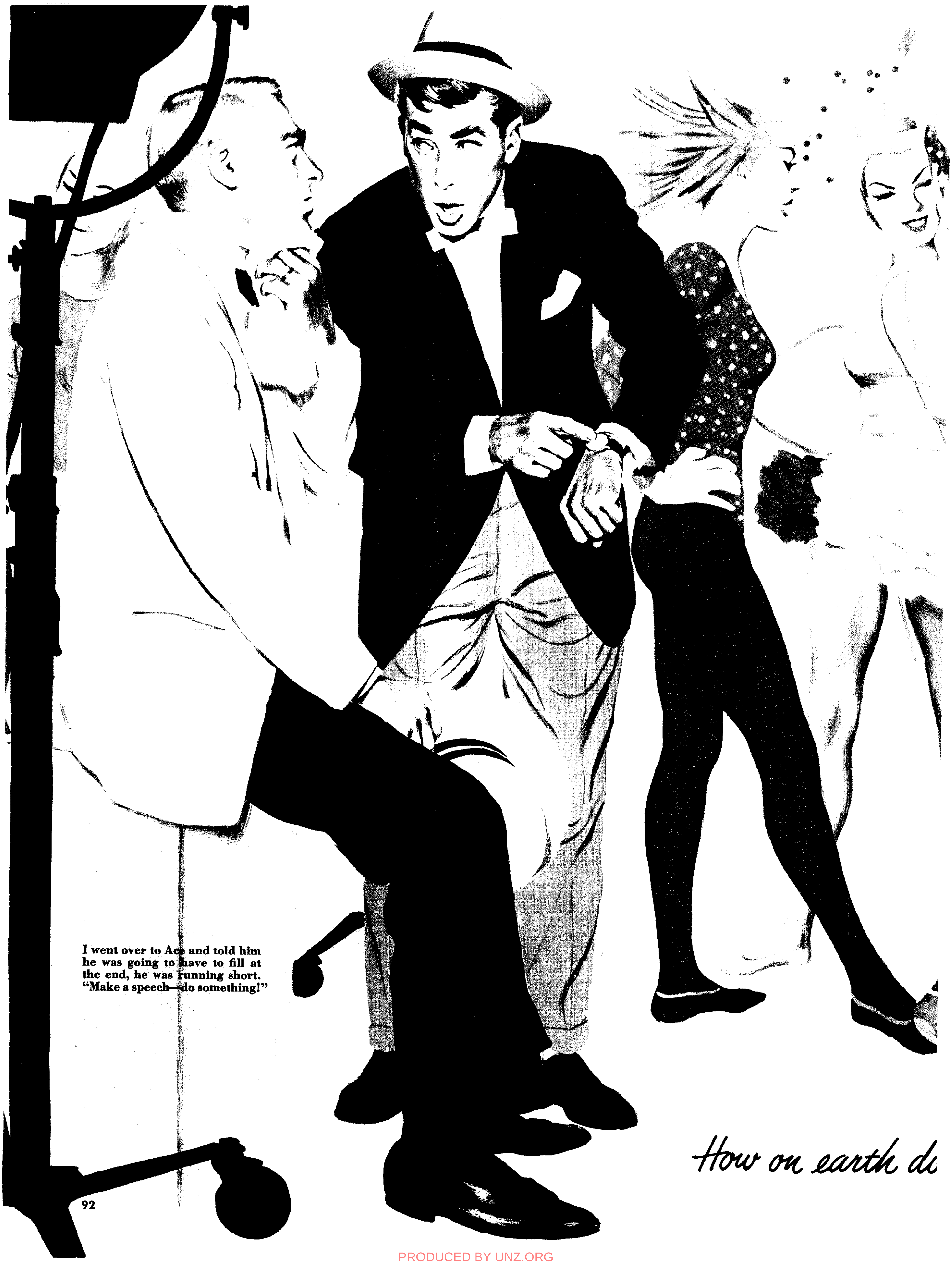


I went over to Ace and told him he was going to have to fill at the end, he was running short. "Make a speech—do something!"

How on earth di

We're Not Crazy... We're in TV

by EVERARD W. MEADE

HAPPY HARTMAN called me on the interoffice telephone and hollered for me to come on the double. I finished my coffee. A good actor's agent shouldn't hustle, shouldn't get there too fast. He's got to have dignity—particularly when he has a hunch he's going to get fired. In about five minutes Happy called again and I dropped the carton into the wastebasket and strolled down to the lion's den. This is it, I told myself. All of a sudden my mouth was dry and I was thinking about all the dough I owed.

"Take your time, Sandy," Happy Hartman said. "Where you been?"

"I had to finish my coffee," I said. "I was up late. Covered the opening at the Copa." I shrugged, trying to seem casual. "It was nothing."

"Sit down," he said, and pointed a manicured finger at an antique chair covered with French needlepoint. (Our whole joint went antique right after Music Corporation of America, the big talent agency, did their place in old chairs. Gives class.) "Sandy, I want to talk to you like a father."

That was a laugh. My old dad should have lived to see the day when he wore gold cuff links as big as Brazil nuts.

Hartman hunched himself forward. He was one of the big frogs in the talent-agency puddle where little flesh peddlers like me splashed around. I figured he was about to say au revoir to Sandy Minor, the lad with the cheery smile, and I wanted to get it over.

"What's on your mind, Hap?"

"Sandy, you know I've had my eye on you for years. I've brought you along. Watched you grow. First night clubs—bands, dancers. Then actors and singers for radio. And finally TV." He shook his head. "But look at your record in television, Sandy. A couple of lousy guest shots. No steady deals like in radio. You got to get off your seat, Sandy. I'm telling you. For your own good I'm telling you. You're in trouble."

I couldn't sit comfortably on that stuck-up chair any longer. I got up and started walking around the room, hitching up my trousers.

"What trouble?" I asked.

"I just heard from the Coast. You got to get the lead out, Sandy. It's not as if we were William Morris or MCA. We got to get in there and fight, boy."

This was the left-field department. I waited. He gave a real sad look, like a violinist on a Carnegie Hall poster. Then he let me have it: "Sandy, you gotta do something big. If you don't sell Ace Bailey in thirty days, you're through."

"You're kidding."

"Sell Ace Bailey and you're a hero. That character hasn't worked in so long the Coast is afraid we're going to lose him."

"This is a loss?" I said.

"Don't be smart," Happy said. "Pretty soon Ace is gonna wake up and see we're doing nothing for him and he's gonna get another agent. Then the Coast will kill me. They hate to lose clients, even if they're dogs. Bad for prestige."

I sat down, suddenly very tired. There it was: get fired or sell Ace Bailey, the worst comedian in the whole world.

Happy cut the tip off a cigar with a gold penknife. "Tell yourself you can do it, Sandy," he said. "Psychology. They like you at the network. Get over there and sell Ace as a summer replacement for the Dopey Duncan show."

"Are you kidding? Dopey Duncan is in the first ten. Ace Bailey doesn't stand a chance."

"How do you know, if you don't try?"

I looked at him. He lighted the cigar and squinted at me through the smoke. "Go already!" he said.

"Happy, you know damn' well the Walrus is not going to buy Ace Bailey."

"How do you know what the Walrus is gonna do?"

"I know. I been selling him people for five years," I said.

"The sale begins when the customer says no," Happy Hartman said.

"How about when the customer says drop dead?"

Happy made a smoke ring that broke on the corner of his leather-topped desk.

"Okay, Hap," I said. "But don't expect miracles. This Ace is a real tired piece of talent."

"You can do it, kid," he said. His secretary came in carrying a silver tray; on it were two pills—one yellow, one red—and a glass of water. She said, "The red one first, Mr. Hartman." He looked up and smiled at her and I left.

IT TOOK me ten days to get to see the Walrus—ten days of notes and telephone calls. But finally I got in. The Walrus had got his name because of his mustache and his size. He was not the typical network executive—he looked more like a banker. And you never saw him alone. He was always with the Bobbsey Twins: Finney, his sneaky little assistant, and a tall guy I called Numbers, who wore glasses and knew all the statistical stuff about the stations and the ratings. I walked in grinning; this was my act—a cheerful guy on the upbeat. Actually, I felt lousy.

Right away I asked, "What about the summer replacement for Dopey Duncan?"

The Walrus said, "Got any ideas?"

I hitched up my pants. I used to be a fighter and I got

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

hese shows get on television? Well, it's this way —

restless. "I got your man, gentlemen. I got just the guy to hold the summer audience and not change the kind of show you're doing now."

"What's his name?" Finney said. He was playing it safe.

"He's so perfect," I said, "you'll kick yourself in the head for not thinking of it."

The Walrus said, "Skip the sales pitch. Who've you got?"

"Did you know," I said, as if I had Bob Hope in my hip pocket, "that Ace Bailey is available?"

"I sure did," the Walrus shouted, "and he's going to stay that way. Who else have you got?"

"Just a second," I said.

Finney now had the party line. "Ace Bailey!" he said incredulously. "Have you the—"

"Shut up, Finney," the Walrus said.

Numbers made a calculation on a small pad.

"What's the idea, Sandy?" the old man asked me. "You know the kind of stuff I buy: fresh talent, youngsters on the way, brand-new ideas, trail blazers, great names due to hit the comeback trail in the new medium of television."

I saw my opening. "Ace Bailey is a great name," I said. "He was a smash in The Angel and the Gangster on Broadway. His radio show was in the top twenty for years. His pictures played at Radio City."

"No," said the Walrus.

"No," said Finney.

"Don't close your mind," I said, getting desperate. I was practically sitting in the Walrus' lap. "If anybody has the genius to put Ace Bailey into this kind of show, it's you. Think of the trade reaction to that: Network Exec Picks Ace Bailey to Replace Dopey Duncan for the Summer. Who else would have thought of it?"

"It's idiotic," Finney said.

"It sure is," Numbers said, nodding. "The decline in sets in use—"

THE Walrus turned. "Why is it so damned idiotic, Finney? Just answer me that! What is so idiotic about having the courage to do something *against* the stream? Something with a touch of daring?"

Finney gulped. "What I meant, sir," he explained, "was that chancing Bailey just didn't seem right for a man with your reputation."

"Rubbish!" the Walrus said, and Numbers grinned. "Go ahead, Sandy. Let's hear how you would use Ace Bailey for the summer."

So then I made my pitch, and when I left the network office, I had a date to go to the advertising agency with the Walrus that afternoon. I repeated my pitch at the agency and they called the client in Detroit. The next morning the Walrus and I, with two agency men, flew out to Detroit and gave the automobile people the greatest song and dance you ever heard. The head man was an old guy who sat with his hands folded on the table and listened to our pitch. He let his board of vice-presidents give their opinions—they were about half for and half against—and then the Old Man cleared his throat and said, "My wife and I saw Mr. Bailey in a motion picture several years ago. He's a nice friendly man, isn't he?"

Every man in that room immediately agreed that this was the friendliest guy since Arthur Godfrey. From then on, it was a breeze.

I flew back to New York twenty feet ahead of the plane. I had made the sale with two weeks to spare. Happy shook hands with me and said, "This should help," which meant: You're half off the hook, kid, and half on.

I went home to my apartment on Central Park West and let my wife know what a big hero she was married to. And then I told my two sons, aged four and five, a bedtime story about a cowboy that shot an Indian named Finney.

Joan and I looked at the fights after that and finally went to bed. I dreamed that Happy Hartman was giving me a big Christmas bonus, but before I could get my hands on it, the telephone woke me up.

It was Hartman. "Meet me at Toots Shor's right away," he said.

"What time is it?"

"It's only twelve thirty."

"I'm bushed, Hap," I told him. "What's the matter?"

"Plenty," he said. "I called the Coast. They sold Ace Bailey yesterday for a picture!"

"What?" I yelled.

"You'll wake the children, Sandy," Joan said.

I walked into Shor's and found Happy sitting at the round bar. We got a table and Happy ordered cheesecake and coffee. I didn't feel like eating. Happy looked at me very sadly and said, "Who would have thought that a tired act like Ace would all of a sudden get sold? It's a lousy break. Call him up, Sandy."

"Call who?"

"Call Ace. He's *got* to do this series. We're in real trouble if he doesn't."

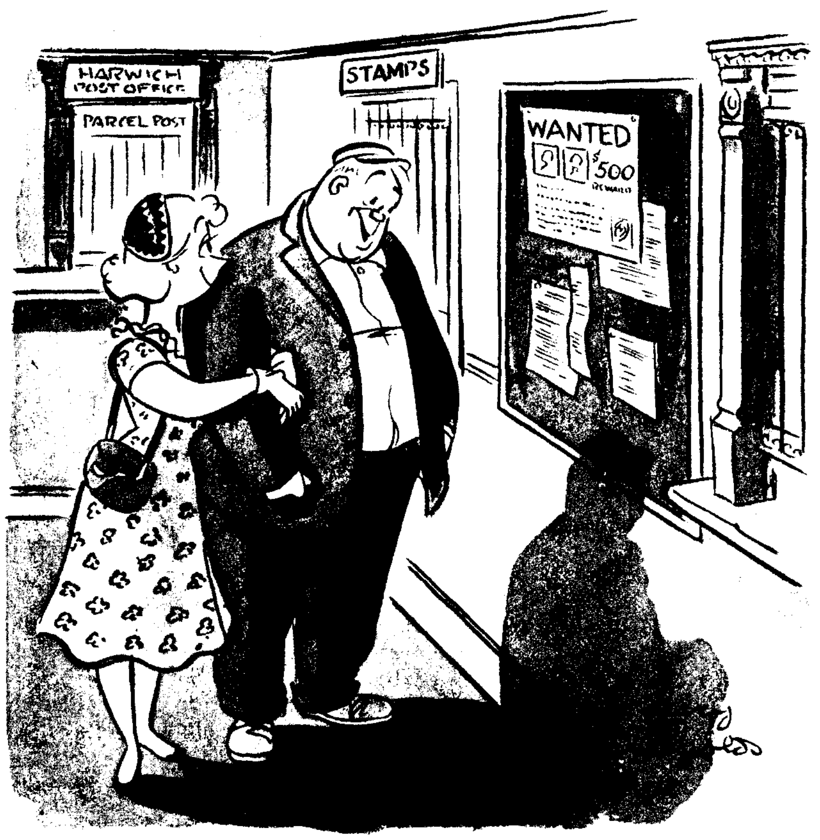
He said we—he meant me. I had a telephone brought to the table and put in the call, and after about twenty minutes the call came through.

"Hello, Ace. This is Sandy Minor."

"How are you, baby?"

"Fine, Ace. Look, I sold you for television."

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Aw, nobody'd offer $500 for me. You're just saying that to make me feel good" LARRY REYNOLDS

"Speak louder, kid."

"I sold you to take the summer spot for Dopey Duncan."

"No can do, doll."

"Whadda you mean?"

"I got a picture."

"How many weeks? Two, three?"

"Ten-week guarantee, kid. Co-star billing. Big dough."

"Look, Ace, it's better in television. You get a sponsor like Dopey's and you're rich."

"Baby, I'm starting the picture next week. Too bad I ain't twins."

I hung up and ordered a double Scotch.

Happy shook his head. "A week ago the Coast bends my arm to get a job for this bum. I don't get around to it for a couple days. Meantime they sell him. They don't say anything because they don't figure I'm gonna come up with anything. What a business!"

My drink arrived and I swallowed half of it and said, "You're coming with me to talk to the Walrus."

"Not me," Happy said. "He's your boy, Sandy. You don't need me."

"You're the head of this office, aren't you? This is a mess that's going to end up on your desk anyhow."

"Not if you handle it right. You can get him somebody else. You need this sale, Sandy. I can't protect you."

"You're telling me. But let's face it, Hap. We sold this hunk of nothing clear to the top in Detroit. You think the Walrus is going to take this without blowing his stack?"

"Sell him somebody else."

"He wouldn't settle for anything less than Martin and Lewis."

"You can do it, kid." And then he added, "In fact, you gotta . . ."

The next morning I called the Walrus and asked if I could come over right away. He was waiting for me with the two stooges. I started out very cheery. "Well, gentlemen, I talked with the Coast last night. There's a complication on Ace Bailey."

"Complication?" the Walrus asked, very ominous.

Both the stooges leaned forward.

"Our Coast office sold Ace for a picture without letting us know."

The Walrus came up bellowing. "Minor, if you're trying to tell me that Ace Bailey is not available, you're in trouble, real trouble."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you."

Finney jumped up. "Not available? This is ridiculous!" Numbers nodded, made a note.

"Sit down, Finney," the Walrus said. "Now, Sandy, give me the story and give it to me fast."

He didn't say a word until I had finished. Then his voice took on a tone of quiet menace and he said, "Sandy, you go back and tell that crook Happy Hartman to tell those crooks on the Coast that I don't give a damn about this picture. You people submitted Ace Bailey as an availability to this network and we sold him to one of the biggest clients in America. Tell the Coast to buy up the picture. I don't care what they do. I want Ace in New York when Dopey Duncan goes off the air. Is that clear?"

I SAID it was clear and then told him he knew perfectly well nobody could buy off a picture. The Walrus stood up and slapped the desk with the flat of his hand. "Get out of here and come back with Ace Bailey."

I remembered how Joan's voice had sounded on the telephone the other time I got fired, and I told the Walrus I wasn't going to leave. He should face the fact that Bailey was out. There was a long silence while the old professional faced facts. I knew we had a fifty-fifty chance when he told Finney and Numbers to get out. If he was going to change his mind and take another act he didn't want any witnesses. He began to walk up and down, and finally he said, "All right, who you got?"

I just sat there; I didn't have a damn' soul. I had come over with no hope of getting him even to listen to reason. I didn't have an act in mind. But no agent stands openmouthed too long when the head of a major network asks him such a question. To think better, I got to my feet, hitching up my pants and seeing an imaginary middleweight punching at me. There were only thirty days until the show started, and half of them were gone. Come up with a name, Sandy, I told myself. You can do it, kid. And then I heard myself saying, "I've got just the man!"

"Who?" the Walrus asked, stopping his pacing.

"How about Ace—"

"Ace who?"

His tone told me this hadn't better be a gag. It wasn't. I was trying to come up with a name that sounded as close to Ace Bailey as possible. The name was there and it wasn't. I snapped my fingers.

"Well?" the Walrus said.

It came to me. "Ace O'Day!" I exclaimed.

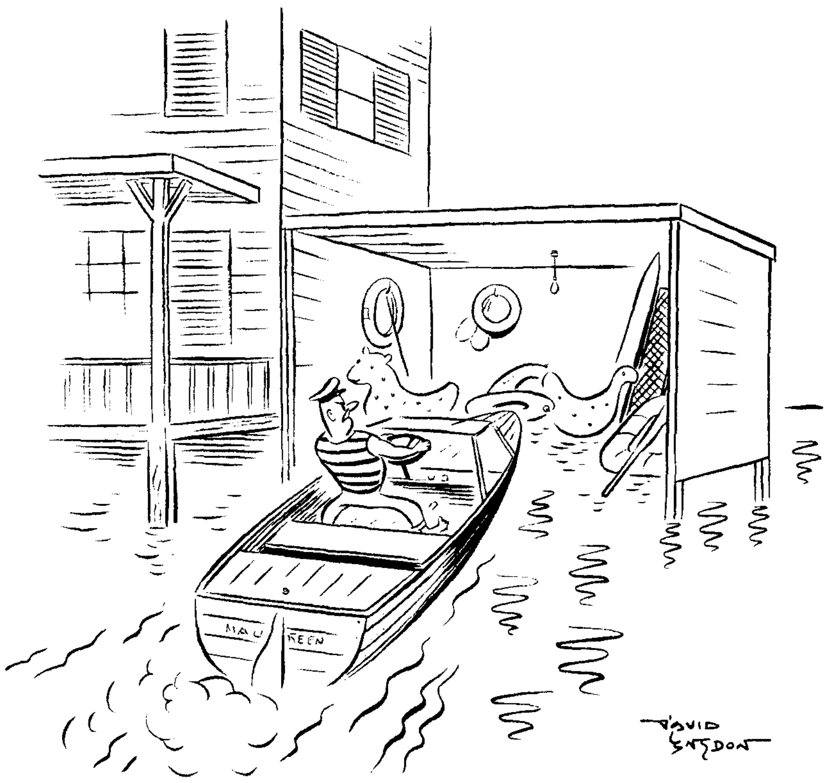
He gave me a withering look.

"Ace O'Day is dead," he said.

Now there are two meanings to this word. One is: forget him—he's out. The other is what I'd be if the Walrus shoved me out of the fortieth-floor window, which he looked like he was thinking of doing.

"Dead?"

"That's what I said. Do you mean you've come down here to try to sell



COLLIER'S DAVID LANGDON

me an actor and you don't even know whether he's still *alive*?"

I felt like an idiot. I got out as fast as I could and tore back to the office. Happy Hartman had a big client in his office, and so I dug up one of the boys who used to handle Ace O'Day.

"O'Day dead? Hell no! He's living on a farm in Pennsylvania. He's loaded."

"If I sell him, will he work?"

"I doubt it, kid. He hates television. He keeps saying, 'Who needs this?' "

They had me on the ropes. I went to my office, sent out for coffee, and paced up and down, boxing a fellow who kept jabbing me with lefts. My secretary came in with the coffee and said, "He hasn't laid a glove on you."

The problem was this: Do I sell Ace to the Walrus and then tell Ace I got a firm offer, or do I talk him into it and *then* try to sell him? I decided he wasn't as tough to deal with as the Walrus. I'd tackle Ace first.

I HAVE to laugh when I think that I told myself Ace wasn't tough to deal with. In the first place he wouldn't come to town; so I had to drive two hundred miles into the *country* to talk to him. He's got a nice layout, if you don't like civilization. There was an old stone house and a field full of black cows. Angus he calls them. Anyhow, Ace sat on the porch in blue jeans and an old gray shirt and chewed a straw while I talked. But I got nowhere. He was very tough. He kept saying he hated television and too many of his friends had got murdered on it and he didn't need the money. I was in a real spot because I didn't want to tell him about Ace Bailey. I also didn't want him to know that I might not get to first base selling him. He kept telling me to go home, but I stuck around all day—even if the quiet *was* giving me the creeps.

His wife was very nice. She was an oldish doll that used to do an act with Ace in vaudeville. She finally turned out to be my savior. It seemed that she was bored and missed the bright lights. She thought thirteen weeks in town might not be so bad. And she began to talk about all they could do with a few extra grand a week. I told Ace that I couldn't go back without his okay.

Along about midnight—mostly so he could go to bed—he finally gave in. I didn't know whether he understood that he wasn't getting a firm offer because his wife kept talking as if the show were a settled fact.

I got home about three o'clock in the morning, really beat. And at ten I was in the Walrus' office, still half asleep. Right off he asked, "What about Ace O'Day?"

I told him that O'Day was alive, in great shape, rested and raring to go. Then I began to sketch in the background: twenty years as a headliner in vaudeville, seven big Broadway musicals, a dozen pictures, six years with his own show on radio. I didn't mention his one television appearance, which was so bad it damn' near brought back radio. I figured there was no point in helping the opposition.

Finney, mother's little helper, was right there with the sticky question: "How about O'Day in television? His first show was pretty bad."

Numbers said, "Share in audience was practically nil."

In my business you develop an act to cover embarrassing questions. My act is to dive right in. "Glad you brought that up, Finney," I said. "We might as well get something straight. If you thought I would suggest selling Ace to Detroit for another show like that one, you're crazy. Ace had the flu, the technical guys corned it up, his writers had never done a television show before—the whole deal was a shambles."

The Walrus wasn't even listening. He was leaning back in his chair. "What do we tell Detroit, Sandy?"

"Tell 'em the truth. Ace Bailey was sold to pictures."

"That makes us look bad."

"What else can you tell 'em?"

Finney said, "Why not tell Detroit that Ace Bailey has a criminal record and we just found it out and got rid of him."

"Thank you, Finney," the Walrus said, cold and tired sounding. "That's brilliant. You've clarified the situation. We'll tell the truth."

I was glad to get away from that

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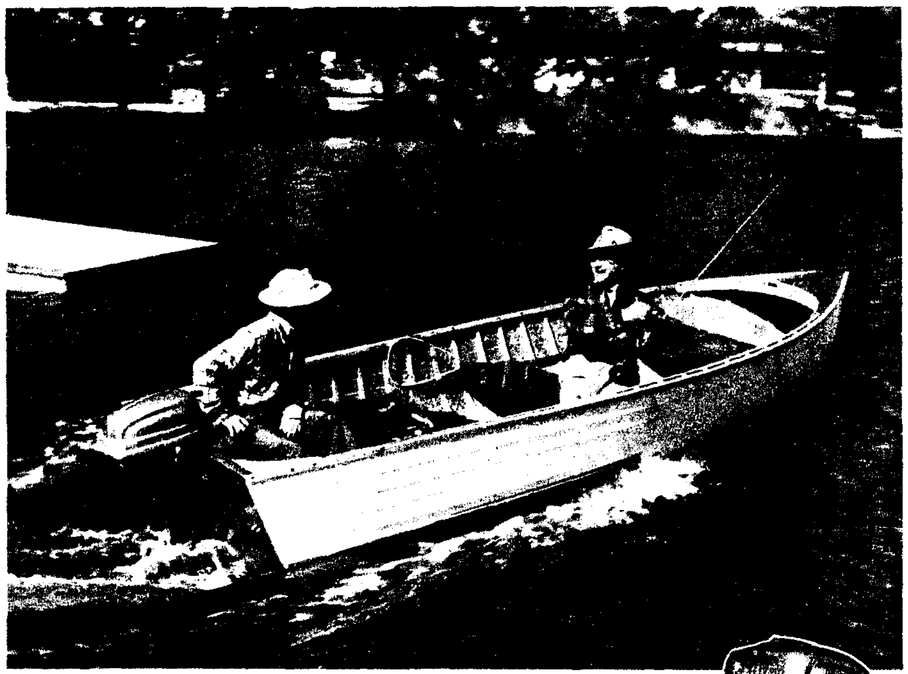
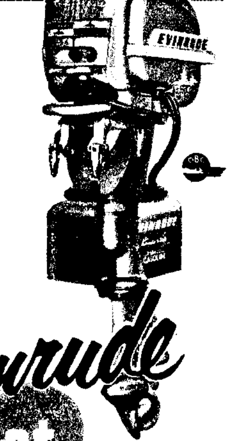

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fat-faced Finney. But it wasn't much better at the advertising agency; the Walrus and I took a shellacking from the head of the account.

Finally, though, he calmed down and saw that there was nothing else to do—and he liked the idea of another guy named Ace.

So then we went out to Detroit again. This time I asked permission to tell the story because nobody else could really be blamed. I figured I was in the most trouble personally on this, and if the Lord was going to help anybody, He ought to stick with me. I told the executive group what had happened, but all the time I kept talking straight at the Old Man, who sat with his hands folded on the table. I told them all about Ace O'Day—what a big talent he was, and what an impressive record he had. When I finished—silence. I could hear the ice forming. Then the Old Man cleared his throat and said, "Will Mr. O'Day do as well as Mr. Bailey in this show?"

I said I didn't think so; I thought Mr. Bailey would have been better.

The Old Man looked at me for a moment and then he said, "Will Mr. O'Day do a good job? Will he give it all he's got?" I assured him that O'Day would do a good job and would most certainly give it all he had. The Old Man sat back then and the lesser men asked the same questions in different words. Pretty soon it was over and we had another order.

When I got back to New York my secretary said Ace O'Day had been trying to get me. I put through a call right away, and he said he had just read this week's Variety. He had read a story about Ace Bailey having been *sold to Detroit and being unable to* take the deal because of a picture. He said that I should have told him, and that if he had known this he would never have considered the job.

I asked him if that was any way to persuade somebody to do something. He *didn't answer.* I reported what had happened in Detroit and requested that he drive up in the morning to talk with the Walrus about the show.

"Sandy," he said, "I think I'll forget the whole deal. Now that it's spring, I'll just go fishing."

I sat there, after he had hung up, and looked at the telephone and shook my head. I thought: Only ten days left, and I'm sunk. I can't face the Walrus again. I went in and told Happy the whole story. "I'm washed up," I said. "Go ahead and pull the string on me."

Happy didn't say anything; he just buzzed for his secretary and told her to tell his wife he wouldn't be home. I looked at him and he was smiling—for the first time in months. Happy is such a slob most of the time you forget he can be a big man. We drove down to the farm in Pennsylvania that evening and I watched him in action. The way he went at it, Ace O'Day didn't have a chance. Happy knocked over every argument Ace put up, quietly, completely. When Ace got mad, Happy threatened him with what would happen if he blew this deal. Close to dawn Ace signed the contract and we all had coffee. I had to give the devil his due. When you needed it, Happy had it. And then I thanked Happy, and he shrugged and said, "All in a day's work." . . .

You'd think with all the trouble we'd had, the opening show would have been a breeze. It was just awful. Ace was so nervous he was running seven minutes short at the half-hour break. He was rushing every sketch. I went over to him, during a tap dance, and told him that he was going to have to fill at the end, so he might as well get ready for it. He asked what he could do and I said, "Bring the cast back. Make a little speech about each one."

"I can't think of their names," he said, licking his lips.

"I'll get you the names," I said. "I'll make a list."

He ended up ten minutes short, and then he brought back all the performers and talked about them and praised them. Still he had four minutes left. Everybody in the control booth was losing a pound a minute. I was doing twice that. Ace ran out of jokes and started telling about his cows, his life on the farm, his nervousness in television, his wife's flowers. It was real nothing.

When this monologue was finally over, Ace collapsed into tears. Happy took him back to his apartment for a few drinks and I went home and told Joan to start packing—we couldn't afford this place. Detroit was a cinch to cancel, and Happy would get the needle from the Coast. When the chips are down, some dames are great. Joan is one. "I don't care," she said, "I've always wanted to live in New Jersey." Imagine!

Next morning I was in the Walrus' office at ten. He wasn't there. Finney and Numbers were smiling and happy—*figuring* I was going to get murdered. And then the Walrus came in and sat down and slapped the flat of his hands on his desk. "Kindly tell me something, Sandy."

"Sure. What do you want to know?"

"What were they trying to say with *that tap dance last night?*"

"Say?"

"What was that tap dance *trying to say?*" the Walrus asked.

"Nothing! It was just a tap dance. A tap dance doesn't say anything. You're thinking of a ballet. Maybe a ballet tells a story, but not a tap dance."

"In television shows all dances and all songs *say* something," he said, very serious.

Finney said, "If a tap dance doesn't carry a message, it's meaningless."

"Are you guys kidding?" I said.

"You should know by now that I don't kid," the Walrus said.

I waited. This was his way. Still no hint about the over-all show.

Finally he gave me the word. "Good show," he said.

I shook my head. Then I looked at the Bobbsey Twins and grinned; they were miserable, but they grinned too.

"Not perfect, but promising," the Walrus said. "Very promising. Talked to Detroit. The Old Man particularly liked the ending."

"The *ending*?" I asked.

"He thought it was pleasantly informal and endeared the comedian to the public. He wonders if we can't have that feature every week—maybe cut down a little."

I went back to the office and walked in to see Happy Hartman. "Well, Sandy?" he said.

I told him.

"You never know in this business," he said sadly, and shook my hand. He took out his red and yellow pills and his secretary came in with the water.

I said, "Am I off the hook?"

He nodded and took the pills. I raced back to my office and got Joan on the telephone.

"Hello, darling," I yelled.

"Tell me, Sandy," she said. "What happened?"

"Forget Jersey," I said.

"I knew you'd do it," she said.

"I'm glad *you* did," I said, and then I had to hang up, because Ace O'Day had just slunk into the room and collapsed into the chair that stood beside my desk.

"I was awful," he said. "I quit."

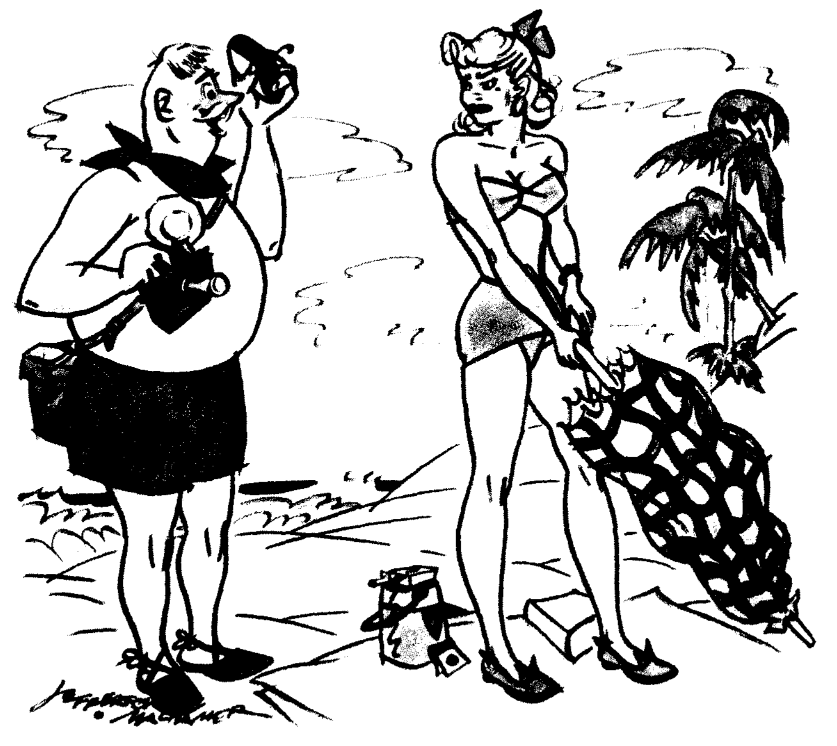
"Now listen, Ace."

"I just came to say good-by. I'm going back to the farm."

This was supposed to flatten me, send me running for Happy Hartman. Only from now on I could do it myself. "You," I said, pushing him back into his chair, "aren't going anywhere."

And he didn't. I nailed him for good. It took an hour, and a quart of coffee, but like Happy said, it was all in a day's work.

I wonder how I'll look at a desk like Happy's. —EVERARD W. MEADE



COLLIER'S "Pardon—could you spare me 1/50 of a second of your time?" JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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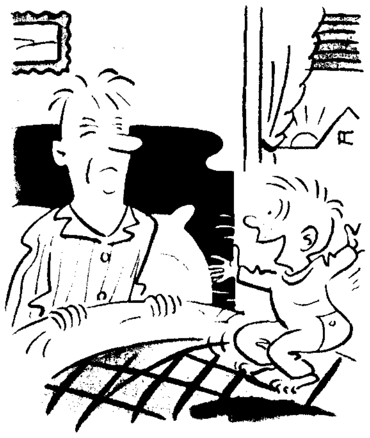
DAY OF REST

By GUSTAV LUNDBERG



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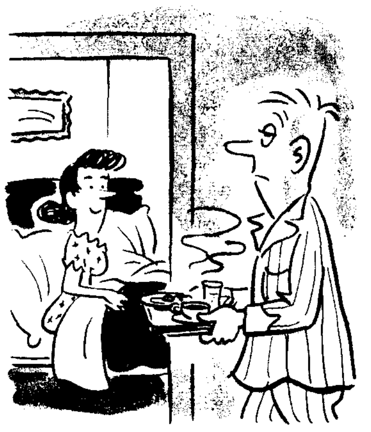

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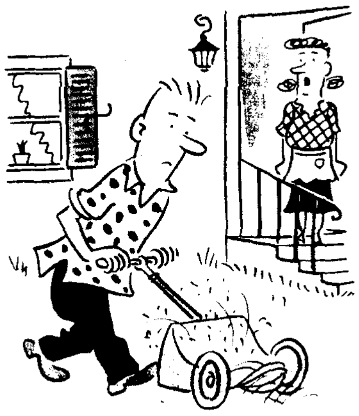

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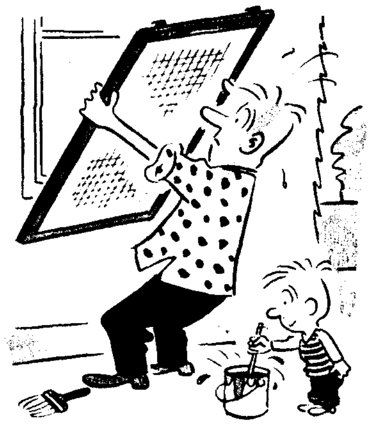

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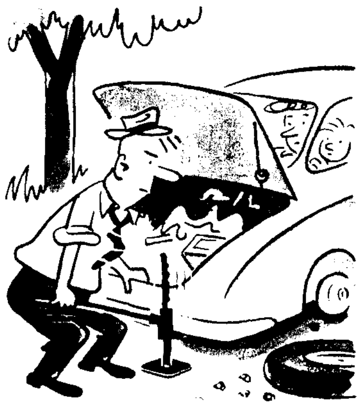

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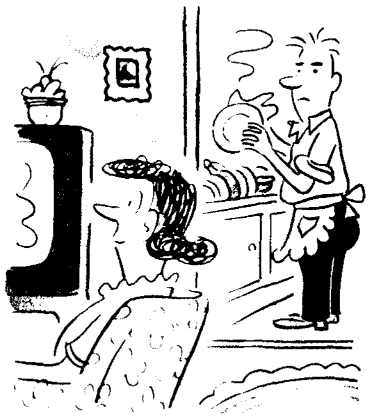

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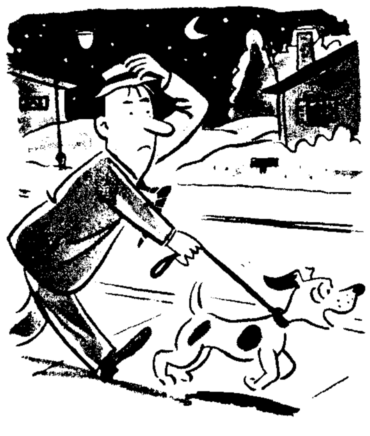

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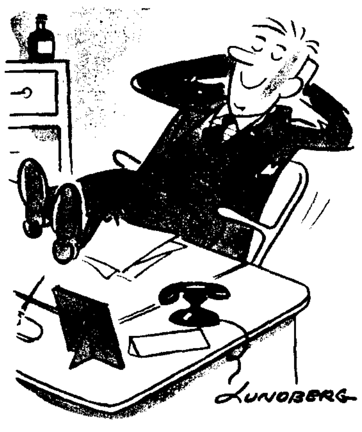

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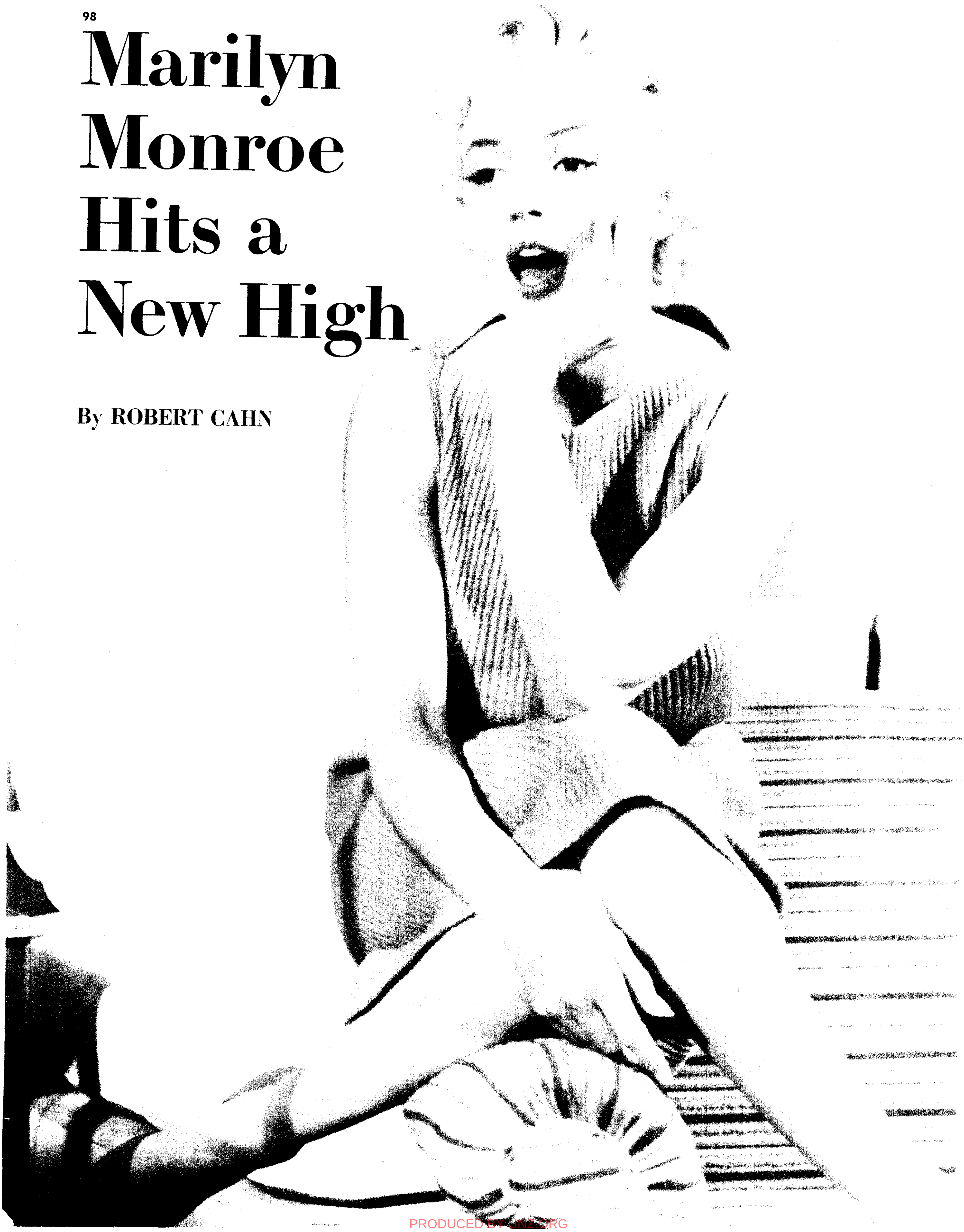
Marilyn Monroe Hits a New High

By ROBERT CAHN



The Monroe has taken up vocalizing in a big way—and critics are saying her voice is as arresting as her personality

TO MARILYN MONROE, currently the nation's favorite daydream, a trophy won is only a prelude to shinier trophies to come. She learned to act and she learned to dance. Now she's learning to sing.

Marilyn hummed her first few bars for a national audience in last year's film Niagara. She was called upon to deliver a solid song or two in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes and in her current release, River of No Return. Cynical moviegoers assumed, as they do with most stars whose appeal is essentially visual, that the voice had been dubbed. They didn't sit up and listen, though they kept on looking. But the Monroe voice is a good one. And it's all her own.

Marilyn takes her new career as a vocalist seriously. She doesn't want to be known as just Monroe, the pinup, singing a song. Apparently she's off to a running start. RCA Victor has given her a contract. Her first record for that label, a bawdy barroom ballad from the sound track of River of No Return called I'm Gonna File My Claim, sold 75,000 copies its first three weeks out. And in her singingest movie to date—20th Century-Fox's There's No Business Like Show Business—she bucks the high melodic wind always created by top-billed Ethel Merman. Marilyn, playing a hat-check-girl-turned-musical-comedy-star, sings four songs, new and old, by Irving Berlin. Studio bigwigs, recording experts and professional skeptics who have heard the results react with fervor. Victor executive Joe Carlton says, "Her voice has a hushed, velvety tone, sort of like a female Nat King Cole."

As a test of quality, disc jockeys received early pressings of Marilyn's new record with a nameless label bearing a large, red question mark. They didn't recognize the singer. But they liked the sound. It's obvious that the midnight music men will be grinning into their microphones, and jukebox nickels will jingle for Monroe, if what West Coast platter pundit Peter Potter says is true: "Marilyn sings like she walks."

CONTINUED

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Marilyn, who wants to be heard (left) as well as seen (right), digs into practice session with voice coach Hal Schaefer (above). She's on Victor label, sings in 20th-Fox's No Business Like Show Business

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

After a high note: "Air in my ears"

Marilyn says singing does something to her. "I don't kno

Under her placid, peppermint-candy exterior, Marilyn is a worker and a worrier. And when she settled down to polish up her octaves she worked hard. Voice coach and arranger Hal Schaefer, who had just helped guide Judy Garland back into harness for Warners' A Star Is Born, was hired to work with her. And the one-room cottage-studio where they rehearsed for three weeks was barred to all but a select few. Collier's photographer, John Florea, on the preferred list, made the candid record of the sessions appearing here.

Every morning at nine or so, Marilyn slid up to the bungalow in her big new convertible. Hal concentrated first on getting her to relax. "She's tense when she starts," says Schaefer, "because she's determined to become a really good singer." The sessions went like this: "Think of your stomach," Hal advised her. "Breathe from there, not from your chest." As she practiced, Marilyn roamed from piano to sofa to overstuffed chair and back to the piano again. Then, singing into an amplifier, Hal took her to the top of her range—B-flat—coaxed her even higher till she hit a very small D-flat, then down past her normal limit of a low F until she just barely touched a bottom D-flat in a husky whisper. When she'd run through a number a few times, Schaefer turned up the sound-equipment volume high enough for Marilyn to hear herself over her

Marilyn tries a low note, misses. "Have I been there before today?" she asks coach. "Yes," he says, "and you had a good trip"

Turning on the slow heat, she goes into old Berlin tune, Lazy. She can do a lightning switch from languid mood to hot jazz tempo

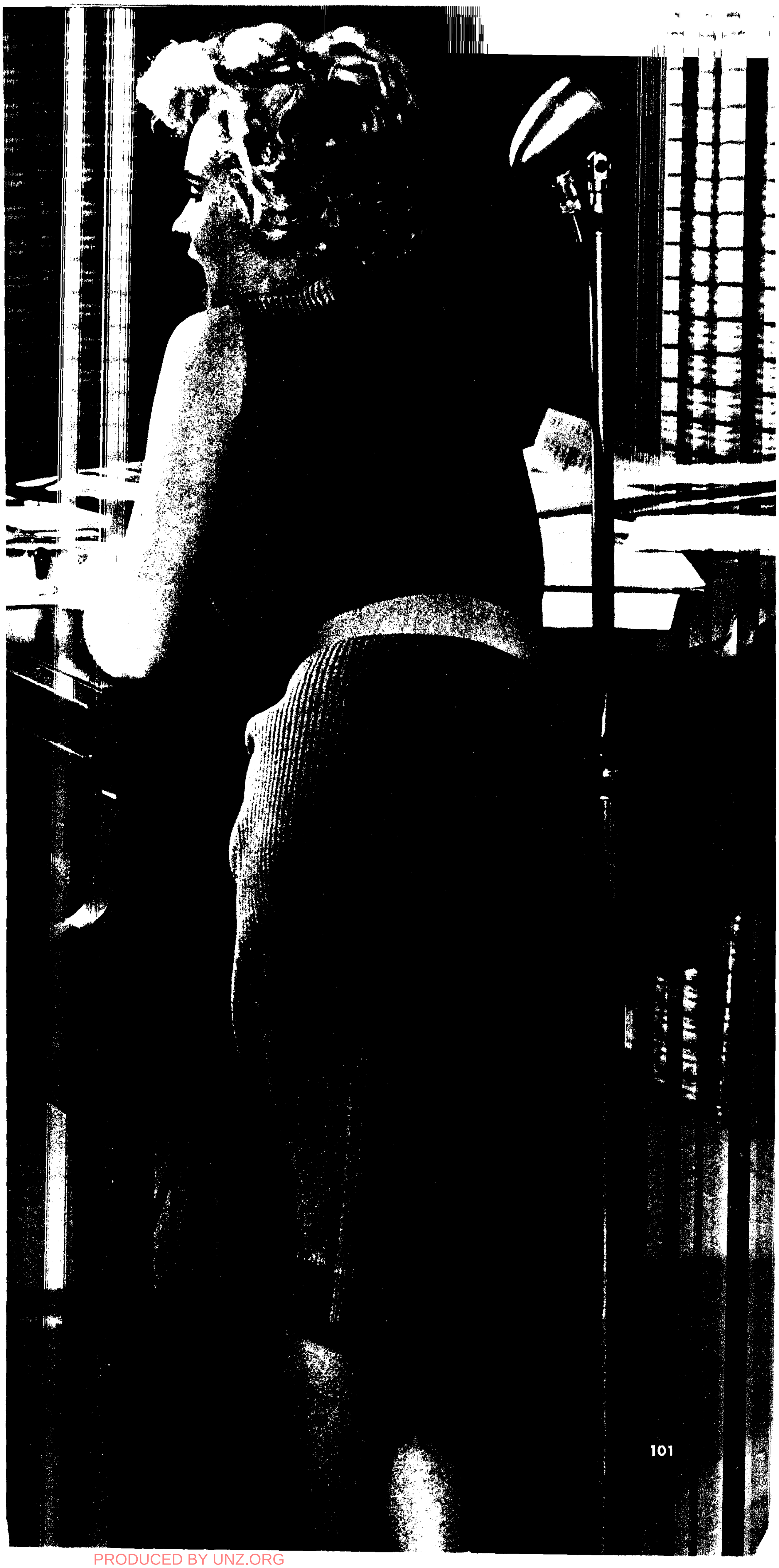
She croons a phrase into practice mike for the third time, trying new inflection. "I want the words to have meaning," she says

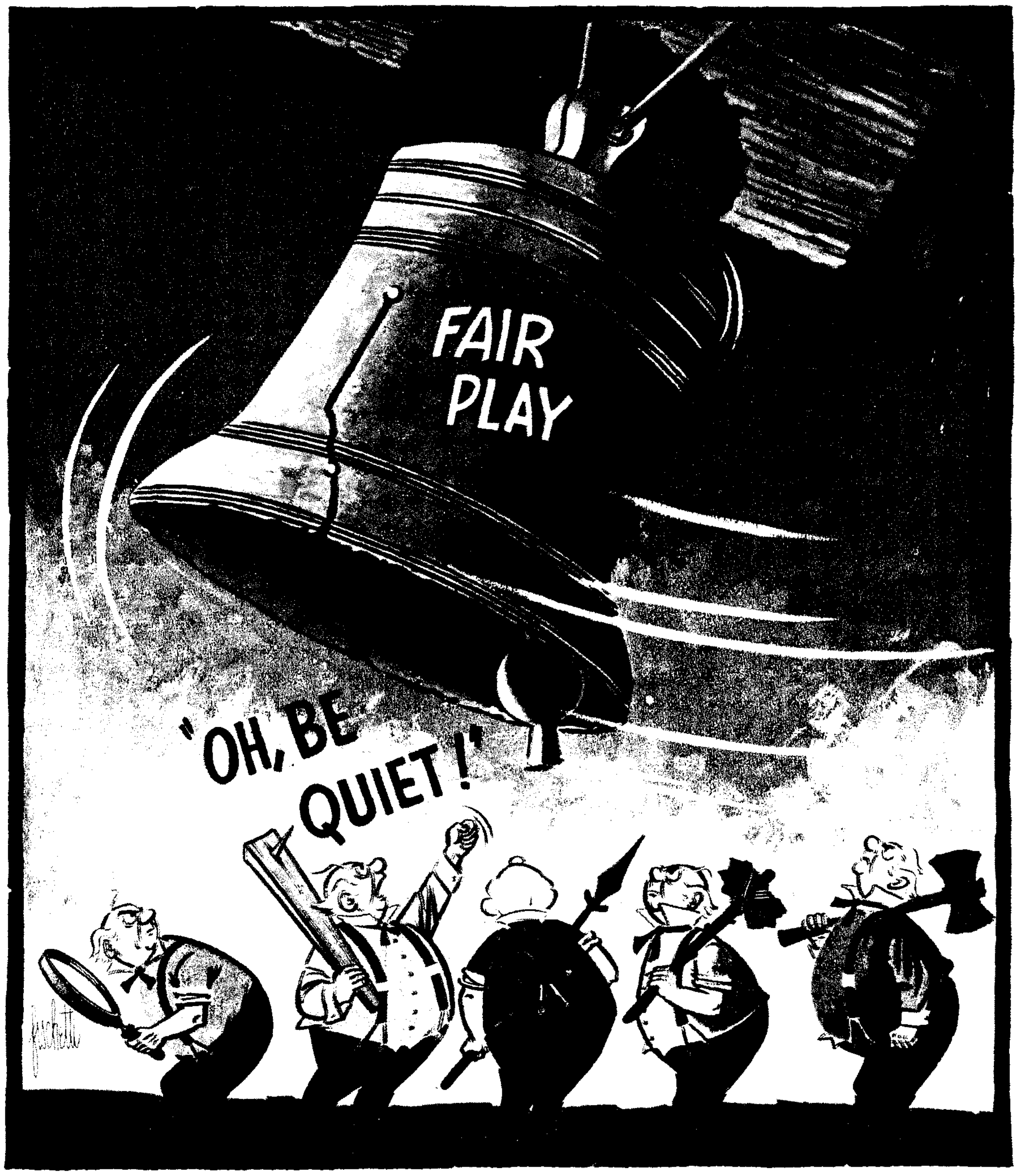
what—it just feels *good*"

own voice. Then he switched off the amplifier, turned on a recording machine, saying, "Let's go for the tape" (which would serve as a test for the final recording that's synchronized with the action of the film). Marilyn closed her eyes, moved her hands to the mike, tried the song once more. When she finished, she pounced on the arm of the chair to listen to the playback, singing quietly along with it.

Schaefer is pleased with the result. Marilyn herself says, "I won't be satisfied until people want to hear me sing without looking at me. Of course," she adds, candidly, "that doesn't mean I want them to stop looking." ▲▲▲

Eyes closed, she emits throaty whisper which makes critics liken her voice to her looks. "You could drive a truck through here when I sing," she says, "I wouldn't notice." Right, she sings along with playback of a recording





JOHN FISCHETTI

Another Kind of Danger

IN A SUPREME COURT decision growing out of an espionage trial during the first World War, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes coined the phrase "a clear and present danger" to define and delimit the circumstances under which words and, by inference, actions may be considered treasonable.

It seems to us that this famous phrase has been pretty well forgotten by many of our Congressional investigators of late, and that it should be remembered. For Justice Holmes's words are capable of a broader interpretation than might be apparent at first glance. And they hold the key which should guide the investigators if their inquiries into Communism in the United States are to be conducted intelligently and in the tradition of American justice.

First of all, a clear and present danger *does* exist. Its focal point is in Moscow, where the decisions and actions of the Soviet leaders dictate America's major diplomatic policies and force upon us a massive military defense program.

Other dangers, clear and present and emanating from Moscow, are to be found in the decisions and actions of the Peiping government, in the aggression in Asia, in the Communist efforts to infiltrate the governments and propagandize the peoples of free countries throughout the world.

And the danger exists in the United States, though the hard-core Communists in this country today are obviously far less numerous and influential than they are, say, in Italy or France. Yet there is a flurry of wild-swinging excitement over Communism here which cannot be matched in other free countries where the Red menace is much greater. This excitement is inspired and perpetuated almost wholly by a handful of investigating committeemen in Congress. Rather than eradicating such danger as exists, they are increasing its potentialities by obscuring and confusing the real issue.

One of their non-Holmesian practices is to rake the dead ashes of past Communist associations, real or suspected. The investigators often seem to forget that 1954 is not 1934 or 1944. Twenty years ago the country was in the grip of a depression. A lot of youngsters, jobless or dismayed by the economic turbulence and instability, sought something to cling to. Many flirted with parlor-pinkism. Some embraced Communism. But cold statistics show that most of them have long since defected.

Ten years ago America and Russia were allied in the desperate fight against the Nazis. Aid and friendship to the Soviets were virtually official government policies. Naturally many citizens, with the best will in the world, were moved to join organizations which later proved to be fronts for Communist subversion.

The postwar years, of course, exposed the Moscow-directed conspiracy in all its duplicity, cynicism and cruelty. Thousands of patriotic Americans must then have learned the facts of Soviet life, and fled from the front organizations or from the party itself. Today it seems reasonable to assume that all that remains of the Communist party, U.S.A., is a relatively small group of zealots and fanatics.

Their intentions are harmful. And those of them who are in positions to do actual harm to this country's safety should be rooted out of sensitive spots. It must be done in the light of a clear and present danger. It is scarcely necessary to neglect legislative duties, to waste time and money, to employ the typically totalitarian methods of innuendo and prosecutor-judge-jury investigation, in order to prove that somebody was a Communist sympathizer 20 years ago, or a friend of the Soviets a decade later.

Yet the only ex-Communists who seem to have escaped unsmirched from the Congressional hearing rooms are the name-droppers and talebearers who ride the investigation circuit and make almost a profession of "informing." Some of their accusations have been patently false. But the life of anyone, innocent or not, at whom they point the accusing finger is never quite the same again. Or at least it is not in today's emotion-charged climate.

It is necessary to remind ourselves once more that the struggle between freedom and totalitarian enslavement is essentially a struggle for men's minds and sympathies all over the world. It is much preferable to fight Communism with example and persuasion than with lives and dollars. But do you think that the United States, founded upon the doctrine of the dignity of the individual and the rights of man, has earned many converts to that doctrine abroad by some of the recent inquisitorial shows put on in Washington?

Responsible members of both parties should take measures to quiet the investigative clamor which is a compound of confusion, fear, bad judgment and a hunt for heads and headlines. It is time that not only Washington but the whole country remember anew that, while subversion is a crime, nonconformity of thinking is not. It is time for an end to the hounding of honestly repentant political sinners—and they are many—whose only misdeeds were an innocent or ignorant brush with leftism in the past.

All of us should take a calm, intelligent and unfrightened look at the clear and present danger for what it is. Congressional investigations have their proper function, but it is the duly constituted law-enforcement officers and the executive branch of the government who have the basic responsibility for preserving our free institutions.

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